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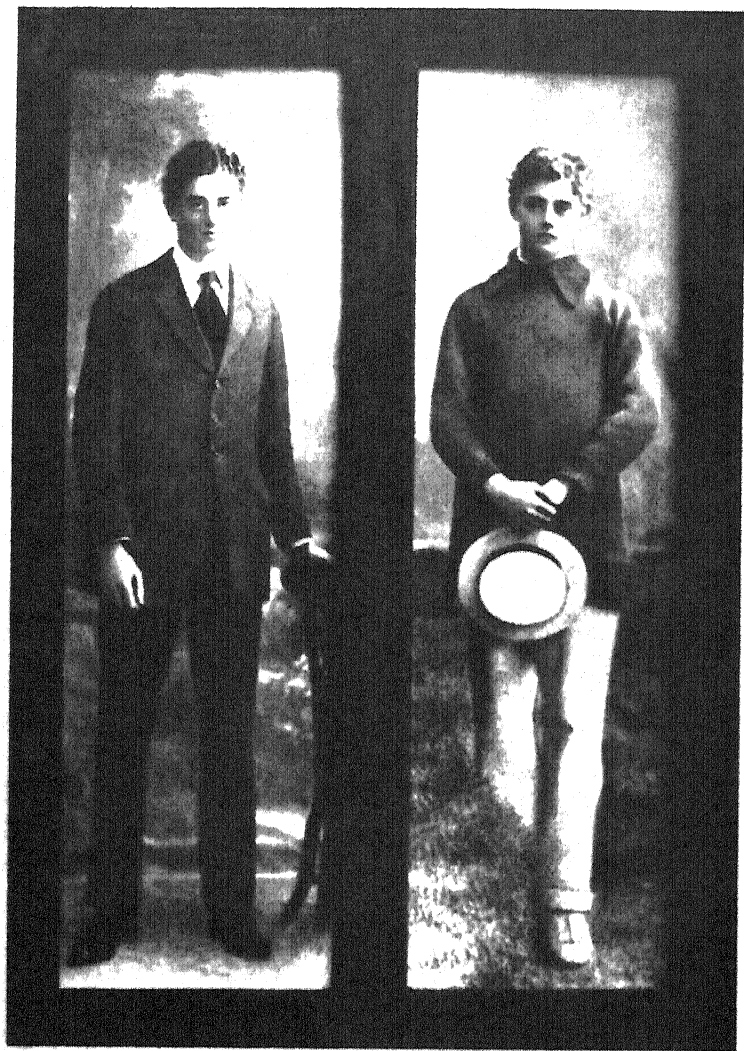
DATE 1934

To: Harry Grant
From Ethel Desborough
April. 1924.

Lord Killington
from Ethel Desborough
August. 1934

PAGES FROM A FAMILY JOURNAL

HIEME ET AESTATE
ET PROPE ET PROCUL
USQUE DUM VIVAM ET ULTRA



JULIAN AND BILLY GRENFELL, 1910.

PAGES FROM
A FAMILY JOURNAL

1888-1915

ETON COLLEGE: PRIVATELY PRINTED
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P R E F A C E

THE following pages have been compiled by my wife from the Journal which she kept for our children from their earliest years. The book is privately printed, and is intended for Julian and Billy's brother and sisters, and for their most intimate friends.

The boys wrote freely, and their letters were often of too personal a character to be printed in full, although they have not been cut down without a sense of loss. The letters were addressed to their mother where it is not otherwise stated.

It is hoped that the few great friends who see the book will be reminded of the happy times with which Julian and Billy will always be associated.

DESBOROUGH.

Taplow Court :

June 22, 1916.

JULIAN HENRY FRANCIS GRENFELL, born March 30, 1888. Died of wounds at Boulogne, May 26, 1915.

GERALD WILLIAM GRENFELL, born March 29, 1890. Killed leading a charge near Hooge, July 30, 1915.

MONICA MARGARET GRENFELL, born August 4, 1898.

IVO GEORGE WINFRED GRENFELL, born September 5, 1898.

ALEXANDRA IMOGEN CLAIR GRENFELL, born February 11, 1905.

N.B.—Monica is often called ‘Casie’ in the boys’ letters, and Imogen ‘Moggie.’

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PAGES FROM A FAMILY JOURNAL.

1888-1915.

CHAPTER I.

JULIAN AND BILLY GRENFELL were born on March 30, 1888, and March 29, 1890, so there were exactly two years between them. Billy was always very big for his age, and soon caught up Julian in height. When they grew up Julian was 6 ft. 2½ in. and Billy 6 ft. 4 in. When Billy was born Julian could already talk a great deal; he was very pleased when he first saw him, and said 'What a keer little thing, a little live thing; call him Billy.' It was in vain that he was christened Gerald, Julian's name always prevailed. About this time, Julian paid his first visit to the Zoological Gardens, he looked up at an enormous elephant, and said 'a nice little Jumbo.' Driving home, he looked round to see whose lap he was sitting on, and said with relief, 'Mummie. *Not* a camel.' He was asked which animal he had liked best, and said 'The guinea-pig.' He was already very fond of animals and birds, and interested in them. When he was eighteen months old his aunt showed him a picture-book, and said 'Look at the dickey-bird.' He said 'No, *hornbill*.' He always said Amen three times after his prayers, and when someone said to him 'Here stands a fist, who put it there?' he said 'God.' When asked what he was called, he looked very sad and sentimental, and said 'A peeg, a wretch'; and when asked if he

was a good boy, he said 'No, a dirty disagreeable fellow.' When he was cutting his teeth, just before he was two years old, he became very unsociable, and said 'Don't like people, 'ate tumpany.' And when old Charles Clifford came to see him, and was very kind, Julian led him towards the door, saying very clearly, 'Like him go away. In his carriage. Like to see him *start*.'

Their mother's old nurse, Matilda Wake, was nurse to them. She was a North-country woman, and very proud of it. Her father had been a ship-builder at Sunderland. She was small, with a very fine face, and pink and white colouring, and silver hair; and untiring activity and devotion. There never can have been a character of greater integrity and truth. She was a very clever woman, with a remarkable power of amusing little children, and making hours of wet weather indoors fly by. The boys were often naughty with her. One day, before Julian could speak, he was found sitting on the floor looking very obstinate, and Nannie indignant beside him. 'That child has broken his word to me. He gave me his solemn promise he would go to bed if he had a biscuit.' Nannie poured out absolute adoration on the children, perhaps on Billy most of all, but used to be very critical about them sometimes. 'It is a strange thing to me that you should have such vulgar common children; Billy is such a vulgar little boy, such a low common child.' She was several years over sixty when Julian was born, but marvellously active, and used to race about the garden after them. She was always with them all, until her death at the age of eighty-four; and the first event of the boys' home-coming was always the rush up to her room, after she grew too old for the happy trembling descent to meet them.

As a very little boy, Julian was called Max, but he did not like this name, and used to say 'Call me Julian

Grenfell, Taplow Court, Bucks.' He very nearly killed Billy when he was a baby by pulling him by his long-clothes off a high-bed, Nannie was just in time to catch Billy's head. Billy was a very big boy, late in walking. Julian used to urge him on, saying, 'Do it, good dog. Get up on hind-legs.' When he could stand, Julian used to try to carry him, but never could move him, and Billy stood quite still and screamed. Looking up the stairs at Taplow, Julian said in a frightened voice, 'What would happen if a man were going down this staircase carrying a very heavy woman?'

Their parents took a Forest in Sutherland—Gobernuiscach—which means The Meeting of the Waters—in 1891, the autumn that Julian and Billy were $3\frac{1}{2}$ and $1\frac{1}{2}$; and they both went, and Nannie Wake. In those days, long before motor-cars and telephones, it was thought rather rash to take such little children to a place 32 miles from Station or Doctor, but they loved it, and were as well as possible. Julian used to be tied to a gatepost, on a long rope, where he could not fall into the burns. Poor Billy, rather unsteady and heavy, could seldom stand on the moor without falling on his head. 'This grass is *sump*-wet,' said Julian with great pleasure. Another day, 'Is it *fogging* midges?' and when someone said, 'Is it Monday or Tuesday?'—'I think it is Midge-day.' They were dressed alike in grey flannel frocks, and grey ulsters with capes, and stalking caps. Julian caught a lot of tiny little trout in the burn, he already had wonderful little ways of his own of enticing them.

An old lady said to Billy, 'You *are* a little darling' but he said 'No, no—no.' That winter, 1891-92, their parents went to India for four months, and Julian and Billy spent all the time at Panshanger with their great-uncle and great-aunt, Lord and Lady Cowper. The

following extracts are from their Nannie's letters to their parents during that Winter.

The dear little boys are very well indeed, and as merry as they are good. The snow not all gone, but the ice has from the paths, so that we can walk about without danger of falling. This morning I was talking to Master Julian about being good, he put up his little finger and said, 'Well, you see, Nannie, whenever I am very good, big tears run down my cheeks, and that is why I am not always good.' How you would laugh to hear them sing, they go down Friday evenings to hear the choir practise, and they get hold of the words too. Master Julian sets a picture-book up before him on the shelf, and runs his fingers across as if he was at the piano; the way he sits and moves his little curly head you would really think he could play; then he sings at the same time 'Onward, Christian Soldiers,' then Billy with his deep voice joins in; and they never laugh. Whenever Julian says anything about Mama, he says 'and Dada too.' They have just come in from their walk and look so fresh and well, and smell so sweet. I asked Julian what I was to send to you in India, and he said 'A piece of my orange.' They listen to your letters being read to them, and liked the little things to put in water.

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I am going to try if I can get the little Julian to write, which I would often do, but he does not like it at all. He is young for it. Billy asked him the other day to dance and sing for him, but he said 'No, Billy, my dancing and singing days are all over now.' He was very interested in his father's letter from the Indian Camp. I said one day to Ada (the nurserymaid) that we must have his hair cut. His face got so red, he left off his play, and said 'No, no, don't have my hair cut, or all my strength will go out of me.' I asked her ladyship if she had been reading to him about Samson, and she said she had. One day Billy said to him, 'Don't hurt me, Max.' He said, 'No, no, it would go to my back to hurt you.'

The ground is so damp and soft one hardly knows

where to walk, but the snow nearly gone. When Julian was dressed to go out, he looked in the glass and said, 'What a very disagreeable face I have got.' He does hope his Dada will take care and not get killed with the elephants and rhinoceros. One day I said I would tell you he was unkind to Billy, and he said 'Oh, please don't tell them that, it would make them so uncomfortable.' This morning when they were in their beds, time I was dressing, little Billy (1 year, 10 months) called out to Julian, 'Let's have a romp, Max.' He surprised me the way he said it, it was like a boy five years old. At dinner one day I told them the little story of the cow opening the gate; little Billy looked hard at me and said 'the cow; well I am astonest.' One evening he would not go to sleep, and I said, 'Naughty boy, shut your eyes.' He said, 'You don't mean it, do you?' His legs were a little rough, I put some honey-jelly on, he dislikes it so much, as it just smarts a little; he began to cry, and got so red, and said, 'I can't stand it and I won't.' Dear Billy, he is such a great darling, and such fun; he cannot bear being in his pram out, but I don't like him to be in the snow. There was company to tea, they wore their green velvet frocks. Lady Margaret came up to say Good-bye to them, I expected her this morning, and I had put on their best winter frocks, the blue ones. I asked Master Julian what I was to say to you, he said 'Tell them I like them better than pesents.' When I read what you said about the little girl Irene screaming, and your telling her they would be shocked, Julian called out, 'Oh I are shocked, I are, do tell her so.' They laughed so about the black men and the boats, and Julian could not forget it. I am sorry Lady Cowper told you I was unwell, cannot bear you to be uncomfortable on my account, I am quite better and strong again.

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I am pleased to say once more that the dear children are quite well and as merry as can be. Billy holds his own with Julian now, I can tell you, but Billy is still so fond of him, and does everything his brother does. Julian likes a little run at night in his combinations, and Billy so enjoys

it too; but everything he must do like Julian, no matter what it is. How you would laugh to see them, they quite converse together now; Billy says 'Bess you, yes,' but talks very plain indeed, and sings 'Pop goes the Weasel' all by himself. One day I took no notice, so he came to me, and said, 'Did you hear? That was me singing.' They are really two such dear little fellows. Julian says his lessons every day, but only a little. There is nothing in the world they like as they do books, Billy never has one out of his hands, her ladyship said she never saw such children for books. Julian stands with those his father sent and says them off by heart, you would think he was reading. Billy looked up at your portrait one day and said 'Bless my Mama.' Lady Lytton lunched here yesterday and her two daughters. Our little boys wore their new frocks, which have been little worn yet, and went in hold of hands, they looked so pretty. They were so pleased I think to see them. You told Julian in your last to teach Billy to say 'What is the matter with Grand-papa,' and he does teach him, since you told him, but it takes a very short time to get anything off by heart with Billy, he is so quick.

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Her ladyship never seems to tire of the children, but always pleased with them. Billy often makes us laugh with his droll sayings. Her ladyship is so kind to me, I feel I cannot respect her enough. It is something to manage Julian, I can tell you, and Billy thinks it right to do and say all he does. They were pushing each other, and Billy said, 'Now then, fight fair.' Julian was very quiet in bed this morning and all at once said, 'I wish Mr. Dyke was dead.' I said 'Why?' He said 'because I never did like him and never shall like him.' He asked to-day if it was tea-time, Ada said 'No, what for?' He said 'I want my tea; you see I made so little of my dinner,' and he had eaten a large dinner, and always does. I put Billy's shoes on, he said, 'Babies' shoes'; then he looked up at me and said 'Dada has *big big* shoes,' so from that he quite recollects his father. Julian laughed so at the

book you sent, you might have heard him outside. I asked Billy at breakfast if he would have a bit of fish, he said 'No thankey, bacon, I afraid of bones.' Julian sends a dish full of kisses, and Billy said 'me too, me too.' Billy, whenever he gets hold of a piece of paper, says, 'Write to Mama Dada.' When your photograph came from being framed I showed it to Julian, he said 'Dear Mama. Make her speak, Nannie.'

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The children are as well and happy as they can be, and I must add as good too, dear little Julian is really a changed child, for he never cries about anything. They both sleep well, and enjoy all their food. The last of the company did not go till to-day, and her ladyship had them down every evening, she is as dear, good, and kind to them as she can be. They are out with Ada now, I can hear them laughing, and in great fun with the dogs, they are a great pleasure to them. One day Julian said, 'May I ring the bell?' I said, 'No, what for?' He said, 'I want one of the dogs, I don't mind which, but I want one; I am sure he will come if he knows I want him.' Mrs. Bell, the housekeeper, is so very kind to them, I like her very much, she is one of my own countrywomen, from the North. The babies have just come in, the gardener has given them some Christmas roses, Julian insists on us sending one to you, and is standing beside me now, waiting to put it in.

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In the afternoon we went on the Hertford road, Julian opening all the gates, the dogs with us, and he quite delighted to have leave from her ladyship to use a whip to them if they ever barked too much. She gave him the whip, which has to be left at the bottom of the stairs when we come in, so that he may not lash Billy. Your photographs shall be kept in their sight. Mr. Loulou Harcourt told me our two were such dear little fellows; Lady Cranborne and many of the company in the nursery a great deal. I don't think they have cried to-day. What to do with the money their Dada sent is still a matter of

conversation every day. Julian is so proud of his buckled shoes, he tells everyone he meets he has them on. He told me to-day he could not play the organ as his legs were not long enough, and he had told the company so. I said, 'Did they laugh at you?' He said, 'No, no, I laughed at them.'

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Last evening when I went for the children, Julian was seated at the organ by her ladyship, and Billy at her other side on Lady Cranborne's knee; they looked so smart in their white silks, the other ladies stood around. They begged to keep Julian a little longer, so I left him till 7. I am sure you would have felt quite satisfied with their looks each day the company have been here. You will, I know, excuse my untidy letter, for I write beside them, and they keep talking to me all the time. Ada is trying to make Billy say 'a hammer,' so she said 'a'—and before she had time to say any more he said 'b.' Julian wears to-day his new pinafore, he looks nice in it; all notice them so much. Lord Compton is next door. He told me he likes to hear them. We are indeed lucky to have them so far escape this terrible epidemic which has caused such havoc all round, such bereavement. I know you will have grieved about the Duke of Clarence.

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LETTER TO JULIAN AND BILLY, WHEN THEY WERE NEARLY
FOUR AND NEARLY TWO, FROM THEIR FATHER, IN CAMP,
IN THE SOUTH OF INDIA.

In Camp: Jan. 25th, 1892.

DEAR LITTLE MAX AND OLD BILL,—I hope that you are both very well and very good. It seems a long time now since I saw you, you little eel, and old Billyfat, who wasn't quite the thing. We shall have a great deal to tell you about when we come back, and have some games of tigers and buffaloes and elephants. (Tell old Bill to say Buffalo Bill—do you remember how we laughed when we saw him crawling upstairs one day? I suppose he is too big to do that now.) In this camp here, there is a nasty tiger who has eaten eight people quite lately—he comes into their

huts and takes them away when they are asleep. The huts are made of bamboo and leaves, so the tiger easily gets in. And another nasty tiger has just killed three bullocks, and I have been to see them, as the tiger may sometimes come back, and if you climb up a tree near one of the dead bullocks, and it is a moonlight night, you may see him, and then shoot, fire, bang, and you may get him, which would be a very good thing—but there is no moon to-night, so it is no use. All the people here are about the colour of the chocolate Auntie Katie gave you, and the men have long frizzy hair, which they tie at the backs of their heads in a knot, and they live on roots which they dig out of the ground, and they eat honey; and do you know I saw a poor old black man in the mountains yesterday who had only one eye, and his head crunched all on one side, and a great hole in his forehead, and his arm broken; all because he was going to a tree to get some honey, and a bear was going to get the honey too, and the bear fell upon him and bit him.

These great forests are full of monkeys, and toucans, and big black squirrels, and snakes, and birds, and butterflies, and tigers, and deer, and bison, and elephants. The elephants have been very naughty too, they pulled down our huts three times in the night, and it was very difficult to drive them away. It is great fun seeing the elephants crashing through the jungle: they look very big, and it is a fine thing to see them fighting. One of them would have squashed your dear dad the other day, but he had a big gun which went bang and knocked it over, or rather both of them over. And the bison here are very big, much bigger than Mr. Rance's bullocks—some of them are nineteen hands—higher than any cart-horse you have seen; and if you wound them, they wait for you, and run at you as hard as they can, and it is great fun hunting them. One day we killed three snakes—one was a very big one, he was over 10 ft. long and was snaking along the river—they are very nasty snakes and run after people, and eat other snakes, so they say. Two nights ago there was a bison skin put up to dry on one of the huts, and what do you think? A great striped tiger came and tried to pull it

down—wasn't it wicked of him? And the men drove him away by firing guns.

I am finishing this down below, as so many of the people with us have got fever that we must go. The tiger came again last night, and dragged away the bullock, and walked all round the camp—and his footmarks were quite plain. Besides all the animals, there are great nettles in the forest, as big as trees, which nearly kill you if you touch them, and even the elephants are very much afraid of them. I saw several of them, but didn't tumble into any of them, I am glad to say. They had one in the gardens at Madras, but it has just died—I send you a cutting about it. Perhaps when you are a great deal bigger and Billy is a great deal thinner you will come and see all these things in the forest, and hunt bison, which is much more fun than a great many other things. And now Good-bye, and I hope we shall find you both very well when we get back—and give my love to your dear Auntie Katie and to Uncle Francis, as you used to call him—and I hope that Nanny Wake is very well.

Your loving

DADA.

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Their parents returned to England at the end of March, just in time for their fourth and second birthdays. Julian was taken to meet his father and mother at Charing Cross, and saw them long before anyone else did, and came rushing along the platform.

In April 1892 they all came back to Taplow. Billy suddenly said 'I don't like strangers and snakes.' He wanted something at breakfast and was told no, not till he was bigger. He went away into a corner, and was suddenly seen scarlet in the face, puffing himself out and jumping. 'I am *getting bigger*,' he explained. He began to ask his father strings of questions, one after the other, 'Do whinocerwosses make a guff noise?' 'Do fishes laugh?' 'Does the North wind make tigers bite?'

They went with their parents to a little house at Hereford that June, for the Election—their father got in as Liberal Member. Julian said that the hay-fields by the Wye smelt ‘like meat and ham.’ They were very good canvassing assets. Lord Cairns did a little picture of them as sandwich-men, carrying placards, ‘Vote for Grenfell and a Free Breakfast.’ Later in the summer, Julian had scarlet fever at Taplow; Billy very soon forgot all about him, and used to talk quite vaguely of ‘the little boy upstairs.’ Someone said to Billy, ‘I am afraid you are not very good.’ He said ‘No, only a very little good.’ They tried to teach him sometimes, but he always answered on his own lines. ‘What are your eyes for?’ ‘To see with.’ ‘What is your nose for?’ ‘To sneeze with.’ ‘What are your ears for?’ ‘To put my little fingers in, like little pockets.’ ‘What are your little fingers for?’ ‘For Ada to wash.’ ‘What is your forehead for?’ ‘To bump.’ When Julian came out of quarantine he was glad to see his family again, and said to his mother, ‘I love you so much, as much as navy-blue.’ He was asked one day if he knew what mutton was made of, he said ‘I think it is made of tough.’

In June 1893, Julian, then aged 5, saw Queen Victoria and was spoken to by her. He was one of twenty-four little children who laid flowers on her statue, by Princess Louise, in front of Kensington Palace, when she came to unveil it. While she was talking to Julian’s mother, he said very clearly, ‘Mama, why did you say I might never see her again?’ Julian walked with little Cicely Browne, the Kenmares’ second little girl. They all wore white, the boys wore frilled muslin shirts and white linen knickerbockers. Billy had sat that morning on a very small wren’s egg at Taplow. He was surprised at the result, and said, with a grievance, ‘*Birds* sit on eggs.’ He said one day,

'Do you know what they feed little moths on? Blankets.'

One day that summer Julian ran away. It was a very hot Sunday afternoon, we had a party, and were all on the river; the nurserymaid was out, and Julian got angry with Nannie and said he would run away to sea. His cousin, Mildred Grenfell, saw him tearing down the village in his little white suit and red shoes, and yellow curls, and no hat on. She ran after him, but could not stop or turn him, and had to go on with him to the station. He said he was going to sea, and had a penny in his pocket for his ticket. Luckily the porter said there were no trains to the sea on Sundays, so Julian very reluctantly let Mildred bring him home. Poor Nannie was quite ill with fright, and had been rushing about in the great heat, dragging Billy, who was screaming; and looking in all the ponds. Julian was very fond of the Taplow Woods, he said one day, 'What a beautiful review' (view). Then, 'No one can *ever* have loved these woods more than I have.' He looked up at the house and said, 'But will it hold all my little 'tilden when I grow up?' Asked how many he was going to have he said, 'Two. If there are any more I shall till (kill) them.'

Their sister Monica, who was to be such a great joy in both their lives, was born at Taplow on August 4, 1893. She was a very small baby, weighing under 4 lbs.; and an immense excitement to them. They asked, 'Is she a female?' And Julian said with delight 'Oh, she is *very* pretty, the living image of I, only she hasn't got no eyes.' They went to her Christening, the first time Billy had been to Church: they went in a great hurry to the animals when they got home, and came back saying, 'We have just baptised the pig John.' Julian was heard saying to the baby, 'Now I haven't hurt you, it is all vaccination' (affectation). They insisted on taking her to the

Kennels, to see the hounds. Billy was still a little afraid of them, and said 'Great h'angry 'ungry things.'

When Nannie took the baby, Harriet Plummer, 'Hawa,' the beloved friend who has been with us ever since, had most to do with Julian and Billy; and later became nurse to Ivo and Imogen. Her father had been gamekeeper at Taplow till his death. The children adored her from the very beginning, but often led her a terrible life. Billy, in a great rage, was heard saying to her, 'You elephant, you jaguar, you wild horse.' On the day before Julian died, his face was being sponged, and he said 'Tooth-brush, Hawa,' as in the early days. (She was not in France.)

In October of that year, 1893, Julian and Billy began little daily lessons with Miss Poulton. It was she who taught them entirely until they went to school, and she played an immense part in making their childhood so happy. She stayed, living in the house after the first year or two, for fourteen years; until Ivo went to school. Dr. Williams (of Summer Fields) used to say that he rarely found little boys so well prepared for school.

In 1894 there was a large New Year family party at Taplow, of elderly relations, and a strong wish that the boys should behave well. Julian was playing with his father, and shouted out, 'I gave him 'ot Jenkins. I served him on the 'ead.' One of Billy's chocolates was given to a cousin; he roared; screaming at the top of his voice, 'I nevere give *anything* away. I dislike it. I nevere do it. I *nevere* give my things away.' One day at a very large party Julian came down announcing with triumph, 'I have got scairf in my head.' They were talking about Monica's relationship in the family. Billy said, 'I know she is Da-da's niece, and I think she is Mama's wife.' Julian said, 'Oh, no, she is Mama's bottle-baby.' Billy was vexed with Hawa for brushing and combing

his curls. He said, 'Why do you first take a mallet and mallet my head, and then a spikey thing and pitchfork it?' He said, 'I have made a widdle. What is it wuns without legs? The wiver.'

Their animals were a great absorption and joy. They had some bantams, and would go in and out of the little wired yard by the bantams' door. Julian said, 'Our pair of bunnies have had eight baby bunnies, four each.' Godfrey Webb made a poem to celebrate this occasion, but it has unluckily disappeared. Another day Julian was delighted, 'Oh, do you know Stephen's cat Turbin made a nest and laid three eggs and hatched three sweet little cats?'

That autumn, 1894, all three babies spent with their parents at Stack, a stalking lodge in Reay Forest. Monica could just walk, and Julian and Billy were six and four, old enough to delight in the fishing and riding the ponies. They used to go out with their mother for whole days by the river and to the sea, both riding on the same old pony, led by a boy only a very little older than themselves, called Johnnie Macaulay. One of their favourite amusements was catching the big river-mussels and making their mother grope in the bodies for pearls. She did not like this occupation. They got quantities of periwinkles, which Nannie luckily enjoyed. One day Billy was heard roaring; he had just seen the cow eat his nightgown, spread on the ground with the washing to dry. He asked one day, 'Do bulls make good mothers?' Lord Cairns was at Stack, and his large yellow Guisachan retriever called 'Crocus.' 'Crocus' spent whole days in knocking the little boys down, and at last whenever they saw him coming they used to throw themselves flat on the ground.

They all came back to Taplow in October. Julian and Billy had little scarlet Russian coats and caps trimmed with brown fur. They had very curly golden

hair, and very bright colours, and it is to be feared that great trouble was taken about their clothes. In summer and in the evenings they generally wore white, with bright green or scarlet stockings and shoes; and in the winter, red or dark blue jerseys with breeches to match, and velvet suits on Sundays with frilled shirts. Billy went out of frocks that winter. Kingsley's 'Heroes' was read to them over and over again about this time; they loved it. Billy tried to tell Nannie about the Argonauts, 'a lot of men went forth in a ship to search for golden fleas and got caught in a whirligig.' They also liked 'Gulliver's Travels,' which their father read to them, and 'The Little Duke,' and 'The Crofton Boys.'

Julian said, 'My tricycle would go much quicker if it had rheumatic tyres like your bicycle.' They were very much exercised about the devil. Billy asked his father anxiously, 'Is he hovering about me now, or does he really live in Van Diemen's Land? Where is his home?' His father said he would tell him to-morrow. It was about this time that they had their first pony, 'Taffy,' who coincided with an unbroken succession of donkeys. They used to ride him, and drive him in a little cart. One day they went to the beech-woods with their mother, and had tea at a little cottage. Billy asked for 'Port.' Coming home Julian said, 'I wish the moon would tumble down and that I could kiss her.' It was this spring, 1895, that Billy began to dictate his history of the family. He used to scramble down to his mother's room after nursery-tea before the other children, and dictate it quicker than she could write. Some extracts from it follow.

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CHAPTER II.

BILLY'S HISTORY OF THE FAMILY.

Dictated by Billy, February 1895.

BILLY is a good boy, but his Dada will never in the winter stop at home. He is a tall man. But his wife is a good mother. She reads to her boys every evening, and plays with the little baby. The little baby brings her a little book and some scissors, and after she is going to bed she brings the scissors again to have her 'gogga' (chocolate) because we used to cut it with scissors. Now we have got some new gogga—it used to be Polony, that is chocolate sausage. And sometimes she is a cross baby, and what makes us laugh is when Mama calls her back and she will not come. And she is very fond of her brother named Billy—fonder than of her brother called Julian. Billy is kind to her and lies on the cushions and cuddles with her, and at night he hides behind the curtains and when she comes after him gallops down the passage and makes her laugh. Sometimes she looks like a sour little thing, but other times she is good and laughs. Her hair is yellow goldish colour and her size is about as big as a yard. And nothing she likes better than walking out with her Billy, and he takes her up and down the South Terrace. And when she is lifted into her prammie she roars.

And Dad, sometimes when he is not away he reads to us, the book called 'Gulliver's Travels,' and there is little Liliputs, and the big enormous giants' country, and where he is carried about in a box. And very seldom in the summer they go away. 'They' mean Mama and Dada. Dad is 39 years old and looks very young for that age, and his mother is 27. I mean Billy's mother. Dad is

six foot high, and he sometimes does read to us, and other times Billy and Maxie's mother does.

Billy is a very funny boy, he says very funny things which makes his nurses laugh. He is nearly 5 years old and his brother Julian is nearly 7, and Monica the baby is only one-and-a-half. And Julian when they are in bed comes and reads to his brother Billy. We have read twice times through a book called The Little Duke, Mama read us that, and The Heroes: Perseus was one of them, Theseus another, and the Argonauts the next. But one day Harriet said to Billy 'I have got a Christmas card.'—'Has it a monkey on a swing?' the little boy answered.

One day when Nannie was wheeling Billy at Panshanger, Billy said 'A pheasant, my darling!' he was only one year then.

Nannie is the nurse and Harriet is the other. Nannie has always taken care of us, and our Mama she taken care of when she was a baby too.

Monica is a very good baby, she roared to-day when her Billy was out of her sight.

Harriet is a good nurse, she takes us out sometimes and other times Nannie does, and Mama; and Miss Poulton takes us out. Every day in the morning. Sunday she does not come nor Saturday. Harriet in the afternoon does (take us out). She plays with us sometimes. She is very kind and she one day when little Ada was here played on the floor with us. Baby was young then. She does undress us, Harriet does, and she in the winter rubs our legs. Nannie makes a sort of stuff for the roughness.

Julian is four ft. 4 in. high, and he likes the gardener's boy, called Alfred Williams. And Mr. Barrett's little boy Willie. And he likes his brother Billy very much, and plays with him just as well. Alfred does not play much in the winter because he is at school. Julian can ride very well on his little pony Taffy, but he cannot go without Tommy the stable-boy. Billy rides Taffy too but he cannot gallop yet. He can ride very well too. Billy can do tables up to 12 times 12, and Julian is just going to learn French.

Miss Poulton is very kind, she comes at half past nine,

and does not leave off till luncheon time. Then holidays we have Saturday and Sunday. We have luncheon with Mama, and Billy's favourite meat is mutton. Beef he is allowed to eat, and chicken he likes too, but not so much as mutton. Maxie likes chops.

Mama is very kind, every week she gives us pennies for our marks. Billy's highest marks for one day is 54. Mama is very dear and when she can she takes us out. Billy does not go skating because I do get so cold—and I stop with Nannie and baby. One day in the winter, Maxie went with Nannie, and Mama took Billy to Maidenhead, to get a book to write The Family History in, and Mama buyed him a puzzle too, what he choosed himself. Mum is very rather tall, but Dada taller. And he is a very kind man. To-day Dad gave Billy a bit of toast, he crammed it into baby's mouth, but out it came.

We live at Taplow Court, that is the name of the place. Dada was born in London 1855. Taplow is a very big house, it looks red outside, and the flower-beds are some in the shape of stars and others round pieces. Taplow has also very kind gardeners. The woods are very dear, they end at the river Thames. The river Thames runs into the North Sea through Taplow and London. It runs out at Kent. We did have dinner out in the summer, and tea always, and if this summer is a nice one we can again.

Next March is their birthdays, for Julian to be seven and Billy five.

Billy has got a bow-and-arrow, and so has Julian. Julian has Willie to pick his arrows up and so has Billy. Billy has not shot a bird yet, and Julian hit one but did not kill it: but Billy has not seen any yet. He has a gun, and a governess, their governess is Miss Poulton. Billy can do reading and writing and spelling and history and geography and dictation, and Julian learns them too. Billy is learning to do capitals, he can do a capital B, and an A, and a C, and he can do more lessons than that. Their Mama reads them Scrippy. Scrippy is the Bible, they are reading the Acts now. We have just begun them, we have read Luke before and have got to the end. We choosed the Acts. We can say two Scriptures, and we say The

Lord's Prayer. The two Scriptures are the storm one and the shepherd. And we go out for an hour walk, and then we do lessons again, and then Miss Poulton goes away. We do not have any lessons in the afternoon, only the morning. We have a walk in the afternoon in the cold winter, but in the summer afternoons we play in the garden. Maxie and Billy sometimes ride Taffy in the mornings.

They have tea out in the summer, but in the winter up in the nursery, and in the middle Mama and Dada comes in. Sometimes at night when Dad comes up to say Good-night, Billy sees the shadow and thinks it is Mama. Sometimes they come up together.

Max and Billy and the little baby Mon come down to Mama's room at six, and the little baby goes to bed at half-past six. It is a very nice room, it has got a lot of pictures, it has a piano, Max and Billy play an awful din on it, one is called the Iceland Chills, another the Iceland Wings. They light their candles on their own table, and when they go to bed each blows out one. They, I mean Mon, comes in to say goodnight when they are in bed, and comes in to their beds, and when she used to be taken away from Billy's bed she used to squall. Mon has her room at the end of the nursery passage, the nursery door leads into the passage. The nursery has got two little chairs of Billy's own, one which Nannie gave him and another which his Mama gave. Billy very often sits upon them, he rocks upon his Mama's chair to pretend to go yachting. The nursery has got pictures too; there is three windows, we can see the park named Bapsey out of them, the cows are in it now, and we can see the churchyard too, and the river Thames. And in the schoolroom we can see the front door, and in the nursery the path which is called the South Terrace.

This is a letter to Mr. Moser: Mr. Moser is Billy's friend—he teaches him songs, and some of them are awful dins what their mother cannot bear. Mr. Moser is not a real person, Billy makes up about him. He tells a lot to Miss Poulton and Mama: he whispers in his sleep and sometimes has funny dreams. I think I will not write a letter to Mr. Moser. Billy can paint, but he used to make

an awful filthy mess on his paintbox, what he used to call artist's bubbles. But his grandmama have given Maxie and Billy a new paint-book.

Maxie went to the Tableaux to act, he done the picture called 'Bubbles,' he was took by one of them to do it. And Billy went with Mama to see it. They stopped up till 10 o'clock; they was tired because they always go to beddie at seven.

They went to Scotland last autumn and there was the gillies and the sea, and they used to go out and see the deers getting skinned which Dada shot. One day Billy and Maxie had a fig instead of their sweeties, it was poor Dada's figs. Full stop, Mama.—It takes you a day and a night to go to Stack, they went right up into the Highlands, they had to drive from Lairg to Stack, that is 34 miles. They went often fishing, nearly every day, and one day Dada found them coming home dripping wet, pouring showers of rain. They bought their mackintoshes at London, at the rubber shop. They used to walk along the road to where the mail comes, and get in, and it used to stop for them to get out, and then they used to walk the rest of the way to the Atlantic Ocean. And they used to find little caterpillars, brown with stripes of red and yellow. And once little Billy found thousands of mussel shells with fish in. And nothing amused them most than cockles. And when they got home from the Atlantic Ocean one day their hands was all rash, from those disgusting caterpillars. Billy stopped up awake nearly all night with his rash, and then stayed asleep till the others had nearly done breakfast. Probably they had breakfast of lobsters. We used to have porridge, and venison minced, that is from the wild deer in the hills what they shot. And there was grouse what they shot too, and fishes what Maxie and Billy caught. They once got tired of them, and used to have kedgerees of their trout, and they never tired of that till they went away. They stopped there 8 weeks. There was one mountain called Arkle, another Stack. The hill and house Stack had the same name. We used to go up some little hills called the Arkle Flats, one near the house which Max and Billy called Steep-Hoe, and it was very steep too.

Mama and Maxie and Billy used to take sticks and be hunters, and carry home big stones and pretend they were deer. Mama used to carry them, and we pretend she was the deer-pony. They used to stop out till dark sometimes on the hills with their Mama. We used to take tea out often, it was very late when it was dark because it was summer—we are in Winter now. Billy knows how many months are in the year—Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter—Winter I used to like but now I hate.

They used to go to the burns at Stack, and those were very long walks: they used to pick up nice stones, and there was some very high rocks. They used sometimes to ride on the deer-pony from the Atlantic Sea, both on the same pony, and Johnnie, the little gillie-boy used to lead them. They used to go pearl-fishing. Pearl-fishing is wading in the river to get shell-fish, Johnnie used to rip them open and they used to find inside the fish-flesh real pearls. Max and Billy used to bring the shells to Johnnie, he used to sit down on a stone in the middle of the river. There was hundreds of rocks in the river and some high ones too. Dada and Mama used to fish for salmon, and Dada went sometimes to the Duke's pool, that is a very good place for salmon, Billy and Maxie call it the salmon-pool; they used to go there for a change sometimes with Harriet, and other times over the hills.

Stack was a very tiny little house. Billy used often to have drinks out of the filter.

Lord Cairns came to Stack, he used to go out shooting too, and sometimes shot at the target near the house—there was an awful bustle, it made the ponies start and Maxie and Billy run in. There was Donald, one of the gillies, and Robert another, and Mr. Macaulay was a stalker. Johnnie was the little boy 12 years old. He used to come down and fish with us, and sometimes walk in the river to loose their hooks from the stones. And once Maxie caught a very big fish; Billy used to catch little trout.

The company who often comes here, we like George Curzon best, what gives us fruit under the table. We like him very much, he gives us more than we ought to have

of fruit. He is merry, and very fond of travelling. He writes books.

Dick Grenfell lives near here, Taplow Court, and he has a water-hose, and a little girl called Mollie what comes to tea sometimes. There was a little boy came called Eric—and we went to see him two days after.

And there is 'The Settlers at Home,' where the awful flood is—and Stephen and Roger Redfern, and Oliver. The Redferns was Oliver's enemy. Mildred was his sister, and George his brother—only two years old. 'The Crofton Boys' belongs to Max, and 'The Settlers at Home' to Billy. Crofton is about Hugh Proctor and he crushed his foot—and Agnes Proctor—and Mrs. Proctor Hugh's mother and all the Proctors' mother.

George in 'The Settlers' was a very funny little boy.

Billy and Maxie are going to have birthdays soon, that is at the end of March, they are in the month of March now. It has been a very cold winter, and we have swept their hands along and caught hold of all the icicles they knocked off—Max has got a little place under a pair of bushes in the shape of a hut, and Billy a place in the shape of a long little passage, and at the end there is a little path into the Church-yard where all the graves are: and there is a mound in the middle where they often scramble up: it is a grave too, of a great Sea-King; and there is a lot of archways as you go out of the west door of Taplow Court, each leading into the Church-yard, and a gate at the end. There is some trees in the Church-yard—in the summer it is near where we scramble up, and Billy digs in his bushes. There is a path near to the dairy, and as you come out of the other side of the house you see a lot of cedar-trees; we all play under them and miles and miles in the woods.

Billy and Mum and Maxie was all going a walk together Sunday, and they had Taffy the little pony, and while they were talking to Dad who was going to play tennis-court, Taffy gave a little jump and Billy came streaming off!

We play at Enemies, and to-night before we came down to Mama we had an enemy fight.

March 14.—Monica one day pulled the draughts off Maxie's board, and that was a day which she got a scolding from Max. Draughts are little round things, and there is a board with squares on them. Draughts are black and white, that is Indian and English, and you hop over and the draught is taken off the table. That is one of our games, and dear Lotto, and Logical Lotto (—Zoological Lotto) and the guessing-game, and Dumb Crambo, and there is wax modelling-game who belongs to Billy—you melt the wax soft and put it in moulds and it comes out animals—you have to press it first in a little press that belongs to the box—that was Auntie Katie's Christmas to Billy, and a real microscope to Julian—no, not a real one. And Maxie has got one called 'All round the World,' it shows you the palaces, and where they capture elephants, and where the man is spearing the oppotamus, and the slave tribe, and the Leaning Tower, and the burning mountain Vesuvius. And the Gorillas climbing—the father and mother and the tiny baby which is just like our Mon.—You can call it whichever you like, All round the World or the Panorama. Mount Vesuvius is a volcano, really.

Well, in winter we used to go skating but Billy didn't like it because one day it was so freezing which he cried—that was coming home from skating, it was horrible ice—all cracks. That was on the floods.—Now it is quite warm, and some days are quite like Spring days, and boiling hot too those days are, and we go with quite light coats those days. The colour of the coats is blue—but sometimes little covert-coats which we have just bought. And Spring and Summer days directly we have our dinner, we play about, and in the autumn we like knocking down the horse-chestnuts, and taking them out of their shells.

SPRING IDVENTURES.

Billy and Max like nothing better than birdsnesting, they make poor Mama climb the trees, and when they are not very big trees we climb them, and then we take only one egg from each nest, in turns—one nest Max and one nest Bill. Last year we watched a little robin's nest in the ivy on a big elm near the cedar-walk where all the cedar-

trees are, and the Avenue which leads down to the river way—at the end there are some steps, and then comes the boat-house, and past the boat-house our dear river. When Mama birds-nests with us Harriet stops in and does her work—doesn't she, Mum?

We do look forward to going out after tea now, because Winter is nearly passing off, and then Spring-time will come—soon we will have tea out too, and play about till bed-time comes, and then go in for the night. And in the morning wait till breakfasts is over, then out for a run before lessons—and then all the afternoon playing. And an hour walk with Miss Poulton in the morning, and a biscuit. And the dinner-time a quarter-to-two. And then sometimes a drive, and yesterday we got out of Taffy-cart to have a run in the fields, Billy was standing by the cart and Maxie in the road—there was a bicycle coming, Nannie kept calling 'Take care,' but before he could hear, the man was coming such a terrific pace, there was Maxie head-over-heels in the road! Max's nose bled, for the left handle touched it. That was close to the Dyke's house. Daisy Dyke took him in to have some water, and when he came out he was all right.

Billy found a nut and wanted to crack it but Nannie told him which it was rotten, so he thrown it down on the road.

We went to Reading last week to see the biscuits made—Billy and Julian and Mama, and we eat a great quantity of biscuits, and seen a line and a brass rails where the boxes are sent shooting down, and Billy and Maxie pushed off some of the boxes. And they seen the 'Maries' made too, and Cracknels, and how they were put in boiling water the Cracknels till they were done, and then men took them out with great sieves and put them in cold water, and then bake them: we all took one hot-baked one, so there were 3 biscuits gone. It was very amusing to see the man mixing the ginger-nuts with a great shovel and putting in the sugar and butter in pailfulls. And we saw all the girls packing up the boxes to go abroad, their lids were soldered in before they went. Then they were sent to all sorts of countries—India, Iceland, Rome, America, Australia,

Europe countries, Italy, Scotland, Portugal, and nearly all other countries. And we saw some soldiers and sailors and clowns all made of sugar for birthday-cakes. And trains run all through the factories, and engines to pull them, and trucks which men push along. And one of the kind men drew them a violet and a bird and a running rabbit all with a little screw of paper full of white sugar that came streaming out at the bottom. And when they were just crossing the railway bridge a train passed and splashed up steam in my face. And that was the day which we finished in the train 'Settlers at Home,' and how they got away from the Red Hill, to the friendly farm-house. And now we have just finished 'Jackanapes,' when dear Jackanapes was a baby he went out after the little duck, and it said 'Quawk' when it got away into the pond. And how Jackanapes rescued Tony and how Jackanapes was shot, and about the Major, and all about the war. And there was the gipsy's red-haired pony, when Jackanapes was little, and how little Jackanapes started him by blowing his twopenny trumpet, and how he spent his two shillings.

And Mr. Balfour came here for Sunday, he is in Parliament. And Evan came too, and the 'babies' as Mum calls them came down to luncheon too. I cannot tell any more about that thing.

Maxie is writing a family-history, but he just wrote a line or two and then left off.

Billy and Maxie, it is their Birthday evening. They were going to the Zoo, but the rain stopped them, and they had to go the Aquarium, where they saw flying-people, and a juggler, and the strong people, and the strong woman put a pole over her shoulders and two men hung on it and she whirled them round, and the woman lifted a platform with seven men and Dada on it. And how a little girl sang she can't and she won't, and two and two make three, but of course it doesn't. And then how the little dando came dressed up like a real man, and then like a Scotchman, and sang. He was a dwarf-man.—And then the flying-girl blindfolded her eyes and then caught hold of the rope, and swung herself all across the Aquarium and

through a paper hoop and smashed it in bits, and caught the other flying lady. And Billy's present from Nannie was a horn and a drum—and Max's birthday is to-morrow. Billy will never any day ever again be four years old. Harriet's present was a Racing game, and Monica's a compass. And Mama's present was real field-glasses, and a box of writing paper and envelopes for Billy's very own. And how we liked the Aquarium; our sugar men from the biscuit-factory were on our cake, in an almond-boat, rowing, both the clown and soldier.—Dad's present has not come yet, but I guess what it is. One day we run away, and Maxie rang the back-door bell and Bill the front-door, and run away again.

Billy and Maxie can sometimes go out after tea—Billy is very fond of writing secret letters to Mr. Moser, he has got two letters now what he dictated to Max.

April 15.—Billy likes seeing trains when he is out on Taffy, but Taffy does not like them at all, they make her shy. Billy likes to go in them too very much; I am very fond of little Reay-dog, Mama and I took him such a walk in the woods to-day, we brought him in and gave him a saucer of milk, but Mon wanted him to have it quick, so she picked it up and threw it at him! And we gave him some biscuit. But there was a lot of trouble to get him out again—Billy opened the door and Dad and Max chased him out.—The woods looked very pretty this afternoon and the river was shining like the sun; lessons begin again to-morrow, we have been having Easter holidays. We all went to Church on Easter Sunday, they sang our 'Alleluia' hymn.

Maxie does not always attend to his full stops in reading.

May 5.—Billy and Maxie went to Burnham Beeches this afternoon with Mama, in Taffy the pony-cart. They had tea at a little house, they had home-baked cake, they drank some ginger-beer—two bottles of it, they had glass corks and were opened by a little wooden thing with a great dip in the middle. Billy asked for port. They great hollow trees have places to get in them, and there are a lot of sly ponds—and they gave pony-Taffy to a man

to take care of and he put her into a stable, and they had to call for her and give the man only sixpence—and the old woman a shilling for their tea. Bill and Max went to the station yesterday night to meet their mother—her carriage was left behind by the train, but it came up afterwards, and their mother brought them a present—each a pencil and a pencil-sharpener and an indiarubber. Mama and Dada have gone to London now, but always comes back and stops to them for Sundays. Billy sent Mama a nice letter but Maxie wouldn't. We plays hide-and-seek, and Deer-hunt—Mum and Dad played yesterday—it has two horses three deer and a driver and three hounds. It is a new game and very hot and our favourite game—sometimes we play in the hay-loft but then it is only rats or rabbits and not deer—and we have to jump the bundles. We have finished nearly 'Pilgrim's Progress.'—We had Easter eggs, Billy forgot to say—chocolate and sugar. We all three babies once found a black-beetle in the dining-room and all shouted at it with three little curly heads. Monica tried to touch it but was too afraid. Dad has brought us two new books, Max's about the Sea, and Billy's about savages and Mount Vesuvius.

September 15, 1895.—Now we have come to Fresh-water, we bathe, and one day Mr. Rogers came in with us and ducked my head for me, and he gave me a little lesson of swimming and floating on my back—I don't think he gave me much. One Sunday we went down on the rocks with Mama with bare legs and I got such a lot of periwinkles. There are slimy things on the rocks made of sea-weed, and you pinch them, and water comes out of them like a fountain. We found some sea-snails too and whelks. To-day we went to see the house Farringford where Lord Tennyson lived what wrote Charge of the Light Brigade—and went into the garden, and I found a chestnut and cracked it and there was only two little tiny broken things inside—then we went on the downs and had tea there and read Treasure Island. The house what we are staying at is called Beach House, and it is very near the sea. There is very few shells, and Billy and Maxie go out catching crabs with rods, they fish with limpets—

and one day we went in a rowing boat with Mama and Dada, and Dada let us row a little, we each had two turns. It was green by the boat but farther out it was blue—and we went into a big cave with lots of sea-weed and limpets. And there was another boy went in a canoe in the cave. It was very shallow in there, and we saw a jelly-fish in the water. And we got on a rock, and it shook our boat, and Dad shoved us off it.

We went to Carisbrooke Castle, and saw the donkey which winds up the water out of the well, and the man had a lighted lamp and let it down by a string to show us how deep it was—200 ft. with the water. Carisbrooke is a very old building, it was built in William the Conqueror's time and then in Henry I., and there was a moat round it, and we saw the prison which King Charles was in, and the window what he tried to get out. And we went to the top of the Keep where the flag is hung, there is steps up. And there was a box at the top and said on it 'All orange-peel and refuse put it in this box.' And Mama read 'Treasure Island'—we love it. Mama bought us some pea-shooters and sago to shoot out, at the shop—no, pearl-barley it was called—and we shot out of the loop-holes what the arrows used to be fired through.

We went over to Cowes, and we saw a picture of the Crimea in Osborne, the Queen's house, and we saw a picture of them all going up a hill in Scotland—and two figures of Prince Eddy and Prince George when they was little, made of marble. We have caught some azure-blue butterflies, and at Taplow Maxie caught a Red Admiral. One day we went over to the 'Gabrielle' Yacht, and we each caught a herring, Maxie caught one before Billy, when the tide was high. It was a very nice yacht, and the sailors went up the masts for us, and we went in the steam-launch to the Needles. We went to see a Bishop—but we went down to Totland Bay first that same afternoon, and saw a big steamer and Helen and Frank on board, and you pay 1d., for going on the pier. We had a good tea with the Bishop—he is the Bishop of London and Aunt B. We came here from England in the 'May-flower.'

We have gone from Freshwater now a long time, and

when we came back we went to Auntie Katie's house, and we shot a duck. We did not do it ourselves, Auntie Katie done it. And Uncle Francis was there too, only he went home before we shot the duck. And we had four aims at bald-coot and didn't hit one. And a pheasant and a partridge we aimed at too and knocked a feather out of each of their breasts.

CHAPTER III.

JULIAN was page to Norah Lindsay that spring, he wore a white cloth 'skeleton suit' with a gold brocade vest, and walked with Vera Cavendish-Bentinck. Poor Billy had been a little upset, and said he had had 'Grey-powder, magnesia, senna, and stomach-ache.' The whole family went to a little house at Freshwater Gate, in the Isle of Wight, that September. The boys learnt to swim there. One day on coming in from the downs, Monica, who was just two, shuffled very quickly upstairs, rushed across the drawing-room, and began to get out of the window. Billy who had followed her, full of suspicion, was just in time to catch one of her legs. 'Treasure Island' was read to the boys there for the first time. One day Billy's father was teaching him to row, and said 'Don't back-water.' Billy said 'But how do you front-water?' He said one day 'The white cow is so fierce that she has borned a bull-calf.' Julian walked 7 miles over the downs one day at Freshwater. Billy had a habit of suddenly sitting down a long way from home, and refusing to move another step, always with great calmness and good-nature. He was very heavy to carry. He went to a dancing-class that winter, but did not like it, and got under the piano and took off his shoes and stockings. Julian said 'Dada *injured* me to-day at Draughts. He *huffed* me, and *buffed* me.' When Monica liked anything she said 'I love it and sove it.' Julian and Billy were very fond of the 'Pilgrim's Progress' about this time, but

Monica couldn't bear it, and used to say, 'ate Piggy Poggy.' Her mother took her to see an old lady with a parrot, she said she had been to see Robinson Crusoe.

That winter, 1895-6, they were at Panshanger for a long visit. Julian was already quite wild about any kind of shooting and sport; bows and arrows played a great part in their lives, and he used especially to love going with his father and great-aunt when they shot wild-duck in the evenings. It was curious how early he began following and tracking animals, probably the same instinct that made him so good at creeping out to reconnoitre during the War. (When they were at Eton, their father came home one day, in the Easter holidays, and found the house quite empty—he asked for the family, and was told they were out in motor-cars looking for Monica. 'Where is Monica?' 'She went out riding with Mr. Shaw Stewart and they have not returned.' 'Where is Julian?' 'Master Julian is *crawling up the park*.' This was the occasion when a kind uncle staying there said, 'That young Shaw Stewart seems to me rather a young ass,' and said to Patrick himself 'Young man, you'd better look out what you're about.')

The little boys ran a great deal with the Beagles at Taplow that winter and spring, and that was the spring when their mania for birds' eggs reached its highest point. They had a very good collection, and every nest was visited every day. They went to a Fancy Dress party, Julian as the 'White Knight' all in silver armour, made very laboriously at home, of overlapping discs of silver paper. Monica was Miss Penelope Boothby, the Sir Joshua picture; she went up to her host and said, 'I'm steamin' 'ot, will you fan me?'

The second day that Julian fired a gun he hit a small piece of paper thirty yards off twice with his

father's pea-rifle. They bathed and swam in the river every day that summer.

In the autumn they all went to Assynt Forest, in Sutherland, for two months; one of the very markedly happy times. Julian and Billy loved fishing in the Lochs, and the sea fishing at Loch Inver, seven miles away. They used to go there very often with their mother, and go out for the whole day in Murdoch Keir's little sailing-boat, and land on the islands. Murdoch Keir remained one of their great friends always, they often wrote to him. He was a very tall, big, elderly man, not supposed to be perfectly sane, but an ideal play-fellow to the boys. He told them stores of Gaelic legends and stories, and sang to them, and played a kind of little fiddle, and taught them to catch quantities of fish and sea-urchins, and to bait lobster-pots and pull them up, and to steer a sailing-boat. Sometimes they used to sail quite far out to sea, but like most Highlanders he was very much afraid of being caught in bad weather, and flew home at any sign of storm. He was untiring in his goodness to the children, and one of their great heroes. When becalmed, on hot afternoons, he used to stick his knife in the mast 'to bring the wind,' whistle a little, and then settle down to his stories; Julian and Billy, in their little blue jerseys (as like his as possible), sitting as close to him as they could, spell-bound in hero-worship. One of his stories was of a short visit to London in his youth. 'But, oh, the *err* (air) of it, the *err* of it!'—he used to think he would 'stifle' at night, and get up, and row a little boat into the middle of the Thames, and sit there, and cry. One day Murdoch asked Julian and Billy to go into his cottage and he would play and dance to them. He stood up, his head almost touching the ceiling, took his little fiddle, and shuffled round and round the tiny kitchen like an enormous bear, for what seemed hours of time.

He never smiled, and the boys watched him full of awe. He used to refer very solemnly in after years to this occasion. It grew very cold in October before they went south, snow on all the hills, and one afternoon the little boys' hands got nearly frozen pulling up the long wet sea-lines, and, rowing home, poor little Billy could not help crying. The great thing was that Murdoch should not know, but as crying with Billy still took the form of deep roars it was not easy to muffle. He was warmed by the best coffee in the world, they used to think, at the Loch Inver baker's.

Monica, who was just three years old, played a great part at Assynt, and used to drive the big horse 'Chim,' whose driver 'Chimmie' said he was 'very easy-minded,' holding one rein in each of her very small hands. Billy played with her by the hour in an old tree they called their 'ship.' She said one day, 'I am sick of me being a girl, I want to be a cow.' And another time, 'Mother, come, here is an ogre.' 'It is a great black slug.' 'No, you stupid, it is an ogre-tiger.' She fell into a great rage with Billy, and said, 'I wish I was a toad.' When she first got to Assynt she was rather frightened, and said, 'It is a very funny thing for a little girl like me to be in a strange person's Scotch house.' She was asked what she had had for dinner, and said 'Trotters.'

The boys went out stalking twice with their father, and each time saw him get a stag; and Julian was with him when he caught a 12-lb. salmon in the river. Julian and Billy caught nineteen trout one afternoon, and one day they caught 208 cuddies and a huge cod, with Murdoch Keir. 'Ivanhoe' was read to them at Assynt, and 'Kidnapped,' by Stevenson. Nannie took Billy and Monica by the Loch one day. Billy was climbing a little birch tree and fell; his head caught in a forked branch, and he hung by it. Nannie had a terrible time getting him down. One day Billy

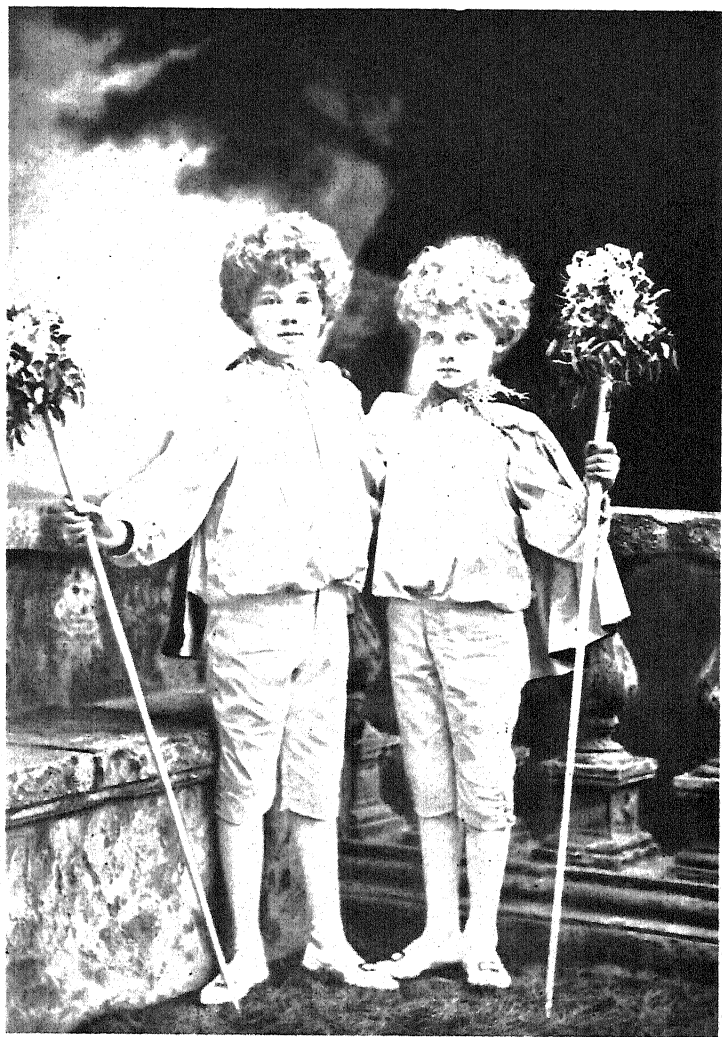
fell off the back of the dog-cart. Everyone got down to minister to him, and Monica, seizing her opportunity, got the whip, lashed 'Chim,' and drove off alone.

At Taplow that winter (1896-7) there was a large dancing class at their home, taught by Mrs. Wordsworth—a celebrity of that day, with one ferocious eye and a piercing raucous voice. Monica was very fond of dancing, even then, and the boys bore it. They were drilled twice a week by Sergeant Price, and Julian learnt to bicycle, and they ran a great deal with the Beagles. They all went as usual to Panshanger for very happy Christmas holidays. Poor Billy said, 'I don't feel nice—in my bull's-eye—I've eat too much.' Monica patented a new grace which she sang very loudly—

God bless me
For my good tea.

She said to her father, 'Who made you? But *can* God make such a tall man as you? Why you're taller than Mrs. Neave and the kitchenmaid.' Mrs. Neave was our dear cook, about five feet high, who was at Taplow nearly thirty-one years. Monica had been crying one day, and her great-aunt asked her why her eyes were wet. She said, 'Oh, they are only weak from the wind.' When she was shown the marble bust of Clytie at Panshanger, by Watts, she said, 'Has it got chocolate inside?'

In February 1897 Julian went for the first time to Oxford, and saw the final of the 'Torpids,' and the Balliol boat, in which his cousin Bron was rowing, go Head of the River. Later in February Julian and Billy were pages to Cicely Cavendish-Bentinck, who was married from their home at Taplow. They wore white satin suits and short green velvet cloaks, and carried tall white sticks tied with azaleas.



JULIAN AND BILLY GRENFELL AS PAGES TO LADY
CHARLES CAVENDISH-BENTINCK AT HER WEDDING, 1897.

They were thought to be at the apex of their 'little boy' looks. Julian wrote his first essay, on Domestic Animals. It began, 'The cat is a well-known domestic. The dog is another large and sometimes small animal, its food are also rats and small birds, fish, water-rats, large birds, as crows and rooks.' The children had whooping-cough that spring, and gave it to their poor great-uncle, Lord Cowper.

Julian and Billy went to London for the Diamond Jubilee, and saw the procession on June 22nd, 1897, from the stand at Devonshire House; and then ran across the Park and saw it return along the Mall, from the garden at Stafford House. That was the first time they saw the three Sutherland children (since their babyhood), who became their lifelong friends. Geordie was four months younger than Julian. He was born at Cliveden, very unexpectedly, and dressed in Julian's baby-clothes. Alastair was Billy's age, and Rosemary four days younger than Monica.

At the end of July the whole family went for two months to a little house by the sea in Normandy, called the Chalet des Muguets, at St. Pierre-en-Port, a little fishing village. They started at nine in the morning and arrived at 1.30 the next morning, and were tumbled out into a hayfield, there being no road to the house. Monica sang throughout the whole journey. This was a most happy summer. 'Chang's' career began at St. Pierre. He was a little golden Chow puppy given by Lord and Lady Elcho to Monica, and was the faithful friend of the family until he died at fifteen years old. The first day at the Chalet des Muguets Monica said to her father, 'I ate this 'ouse.' He asked why, and she said, 'It's only one brick thick.' The little house was close to the sea, opening on to the downs behind; inland there were lovely orchards, woods, and valleys. The children nearly lived in the sea. There was very good

shrimping and prawn-catching in the bay, and Julian organised this into the finest art. They had regular prawn-drives. The children learnt a great deal of French; two of their great friends were Jean Titi, a fisherman, and La Mère Manchon, the delightful old Norman cook. Monica was atrociously wicked there, and led Nannie Wake an abominable life, but she looked very good, and used to be called 'tit ange' in the village. On the night-journey home to Southampton she was convinced the ship would go down, and called out whenever she woke, 'Mother, good-bye.'

One of Billy's first teeth came out; she was terrified, and rushed to stick it in again.

The children's parents returned to England for a few days after settling them at the Chalet des Mugnets. Here are two letters from Nannie from there :

We have it very hot indeed, and yesterday was terrible, more than we could bear. Babie is very happy. I have been thinking so much about you and wondering how you got over the sea. We shall be glad to know. We cannot get good soap, perhaps you will be pleased to bring some. Miss Poulton is very good and nice, we have to go to her for everything as we cannot make them understand a thing. But it seems to agree with the dear children so far, which is the greatest thing. The wind is high this morning, this slight house shakes very much. They have nothing but those small short narrow cots for our big boys, which they cannot lay their long length upon. We must see about this time you come. They cannot understand a big bed for a big boy.

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We had the bathing the first time this morning, the dear little girl liked it so much and did not cry in the least, although I felt sure she would. She wanted to go in again after she was dressed. They all wear those cloaks

to go from the cabin to the sea, so we are going to get the stuff, which we can get here, and run them up each one, they come so expensive to buy. You will need one of these cloaks, or peignoirs, they are called, when you go in the sea; no one, even children, go in without them. They are needful too. The young lady is so happy with all the puppies and kittens. She was delighted with your letter all to herself, a little treat we have when we come in the mornings for her to lay down. She made me read it twice this morning. I should be so pleased if you would bring me a nice book for her birthday, a nice one with nice pictures in; I never thought of it, and nothing to get here. Fancy, she will be four. By some accident we have lost the little boys' tan jackets, though so shabby they would have been useful here, they must have been taken up as they lay on the sands, such queer people about, these French people, so ragged and dirty; could you bring their green coats from Taplow? The tea here is quite dreadful, none of us can drink it. I know you don't care for tea, but you could not drink this. We don't care much for the look of the ladies who came into the next house, although English. Of course we have seen little of them yet. They make a great noise, and have a monster yellow cat, which they carry on their backs. Of course Monica is all for the cat. Everything is very dear indeed here, and the money is such a trouble to understand, but Miss Poulton is a great help, and does not think anything a trouble. Babie quite talks French now; they do not talk a word of English in the shops, which are very poor.

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CHAPTER IV.

THEY all came back to Taplow in October 1897, for the last winter before Julian went to school. 'Lorna Doone' and 'Oliver Twist' were read to the boys that winter, and a great deal of Stevenson, Rider Haggard, Kipling, and Anthony Hope; and their father read them 'Don Quixote.' Reading aloud played a very great part in the family from first to last. All the children loved being read to from the time they were babies, and after they grew up. The boys began to play whist that spring. Hunt, the house-carpenter, their great friend, broke his leg in a fall off his bicycle, and they used to go and sit with him and play 'long whist' on his bed. They went to their first play, 'Julius Cæsar,' at Mr. Tree's theatre, and Julian wrote his first letter to the newspapers, a letter to the 'Morning Post,' about an incident in bird life, and two answers to it were published. 'Giggy-Peg' was a great game at this time when other children were in the house: it was a very complicated and terrifying form of 'Hide and Seek.' Their love of birds and birds' nests was quite undiminished, and Julian was getting good at birds' notes. Their mother had influenza that spring. Monica said in her prayers, 'Please make my mother better, and don't let me catch her cold—if you can help it.'

On May 3rd, 1898, the first parting in the family came, and Julian, who was just ten years old, went to school at Summer Fields, near Oxford. It was a curiously exact likeness in miniature of the later

partings that were to follow. Julian's fighting spirit leapt to the adventure, and he did not shed one tear, but he was sick several times on the journey from Taplow to Oxford. His parents went with him, and great cheerfulness was kept up, but when the moment of parting came, his figure, which had looked rather large at home as the eldest of the family, seemed suddenly very small, and his face very white and forlorn. But Julian was essentially a school-lover, and his first letter was comforting.

Summer Fields: May 4th, 1898.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—I am getting on so well here and I like it so much. We are allowed to write on Wensdays and Sundays. I hope you are quite well. Are you? Has Billy found any new nests with eggs in? How is Chang, I wonder if he will know me when I come back? I have had several Examinations, but I have not started regular lessons yet. I liked the letter you gave me when you went away. The boys here are very nice and do not chaff me much. I expect I will like the games very much. I have made chums with a boy called Nicol, he sleeps in the same dormitory as me. Good-bye with love,

from

JULIAN GRENFELL.

EARLIER LETTERS FROM JULIAN.

(Written with Nannie holding his hand.)

MY DEAR DEAR MAMA AND DADA,—I am so well and Billie is too, we send our love and a kiss like this. I have been in a little Passion, it was a very short one. We are going out. We do play so nice since you went away, we are so good, and I have been so kind to my dear brother. We have no Tiger to run after us now, but we shall be glad to have our Tiger and Gorilla back to us again. We saw the Floods yesterday. Water, water, water. I

did like it, I really did, Mama. My hand is tired, I must go and play. We will have our donkey.

Your own little son,
MAX.

Birdie Dick is well.

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(Written by himself.)

DARLING WUN,—We got here all right, we've been too good I think.—Billy said. But it's too long. I do miss you miss you miss you. Come back soon dear Mother to your Judy.

P.S.—Bless you, and *wright*.

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MY DEAREST MOTHER,—We have got to Taplow and I have just finished my breakfast. The first thing I set eyes on when I got home was Billy's bow. The horses we came to Laig in went much better than the ones we first came in. It is a beautiful day here at Taplow. This very moment, as I look out of the window, I see Billy running to Willie Good.

Godbye, from
JULIAN.

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Billy, who, although two years younger, had always been like Julian's twin, was terribly bereaved without him. They were passionately attached to each other, though they often fought. Once when they went to tea with an old lady they rolled down her entire staircase, locked together, fighting; and once at Stanway, when their mother was in a bedroom next theirs, she noticed a curious silence and a sound of deep-breathing, and on going in found them grappling each other's throats, and both very black in the face. Geordie Stafford and Alastair fought a great deal too. One day at Taplow, Geordie was found sitting on a

garden chair, the rim of which was resting on Alastair's throat. Once when they were travelling down from Dunrobin to go to school, Geordie threw Alastair's trousers out of the train window, and he had to be carried from King's Cross to Stafford House wrapped in a railway rug.

Julian's parents went to see him when he had been a week at school, and they literally did not recognise him. He was playing with a lot of other little boys, in the unaccustomed hideous clothes, and with a strangely small and already very dirty School-cap on his head. Even after they had discovered him, Julian seemed in doubt if it was *de rigueur* to notice parents at school, and they remained gazing at each other from afar for a long time. The family never dressed so carefully for any occasions in life as for those visits to school, and after hearing of the miserable existence of a little boy whose very picturesque parent had worn what was pronounced to be 'a rum cloak,' no garments seemed too neat and correct. One day a friend of Julian's rushed up to him saying, 'If you come this way you can have a squint at my mater. She was one of the Beauties of England.' Julian hurried to grasp this opportunity, but must have looked disappointed, for the other little boy added hastily, 'Of course, she's awfully ugly now.'

Nannie always put an addressed postcard with 'Arrived safe' written on it in the boys' pockets when they went to school, with adjurations to post it instantly. It is believed that never once did they remember to do this, but dear Nannie never gave up either the postcards or the anguish of mind when they failed to appear. Summer Fields is a large, pretty, airy school, with large meadows between it and the Cherwell, where the boys had a bathing place. There was a quiet, sunny path through the meadows where many walks were taken with parents—it was out of bounds

for the boys alone—and an unimaginable amount of sweetmeats eaten, which had been cunningly disposed on the person of the visitor. The great excitement of the path was a pig-stye at one end. When in sight of other boys very strict etiquette was observed; but when Ivo went to Summer Fields, ten years later, public opinion must have relaxed, or else he had a singularly independent character, for he welcomed the visits of his baby-sister Imogen and his nurse, and used to play 'Horses' with them contentedly on the fringes of the cricket ground, and even a degrading game of Imogen's called 'Dee Dodgy,' which constrained Ivo to run very fast indeed on his hands and toes while Imogen remained calm and upright.

Julian took a very good place, to the delight of his home, in Lower Second Form, escaping the two lowest forms altogether. Dr. Williams was the Head Master, and there were then about 120 boys. All the three Grenfell brothers were at Summer Fields, and exceedingly happy. Dr. Williams had a magical gift for teaching little boys, and making them interested in work. The parents of boys could go to stay at Oxford, if they liked, in the middle of each term, and spend Saturday afternoon at Summer Fields, and have their boys out with them on Sunday from 8 A.M. to 8 P.M. Those Sundays at Oxford at all times of the year are very happy to look back to. The lovely garden of St. John's College was one of the boys' favourite summer places, and (much later) the Wytham woods. Many happy chestnut-roasting November Sundays were spent in a big upstairs sitting-room in the Randolph Hotel, and many winter and summer walks were taken by the river. On Julian's first Exeat, his parents and Billy went to Oxford; it was beautiful June weather, and they saw Julian make 24 runs at cricket. Most of the next day was spent in punts on the Cherwell, with Bron Lucas and Maurice

Baring, who were then at Oxford. The Prize-Giving at the end of that first term was a great day, Julian won the Latin Prize for his Form, and was also First in Mathematics; and was borne back in triumph to Taplow by his mother and Billy. In August they went to Wrest, in Bedfordshire, for the first of the children's many summer-holiday visits, which took place every year until their great-uncle Lord Cowper's death in 1905, and were always most specially looked forward to and looked back to. It had been their mother's old home, as a child, and the gardens were Paradise to children, and the little cottage, 'Le Petit Trianon,' which was their property, and where more bad cooking has probably taken place than in any building in England. It had 3 tiny rooms, a drawing-room, a dining-room, and a kitchen, each furnished completely with tiny furniture, and pervaded by a very curious and unforgettable and delicious smell. Little water-colours by bygone children hung on the walls, and frigates they had carved stood on a shelf. The cottage was originally built by Thomas, Lord de Grey, Julian and Billy's great-great-grandfather, for his little grandchildren, the Cowpers and Vyners, and it was afterwards given to the Grenfell children's mother, and her little brother, Johnnie Fane. There was a coffee-mill in the little kitchen, and there can hardly have been a substance that was not ground in it at one time or another.

The ponds, of which there were a great number in the Wrest gardens, were most thoroughly fished by Julian and Billy; and later on by Ivo, until one day he *caught* a fish, which completely horrified him, and for years he would not touch a fishing-rod. He explained the situation to his great-uncle, who he loved very dearly—'I like fishing, but I do not like catching fish.' (When he liked or disliked anything, he used to ask 'Do Uncle Francis like it?')

Early in September the family went to a tiny house at Swanage in Dorsetshire, and there their little brother Ivo was born, very unexpectedly, on Sept. 5th. Monica looked at him with horror at first, and said 'Why couldn't he have been a donkey?' She said one day 'Oh Mother, can't I change and be a boy? I *don't* want to be a mother, I want to be a sailor.' Billy was rather shocked, and said 'Being a mother is very nice work.' It was a lovely September, and they bathed a great deal. Monica said to the baby's nurse 'Do 'Orspital-nurses always have mauve hair?'

That winter the Mintos and Laurence Drummonds went to Canada, and the children inherited both their family donkeys, 'Pharaoh' and 'Patty.' Monica got very angry with her father one day, and said 'Don't squint at me with a watery grey eye.'

Golf (which the boys had just begun) and whist were the great amusements of those Christmas holidays. Billy's mother (by accident) picked up a card he had dropped. Julian, who was her partner, whispered, hoarse with excitement, 'You've got his ace, *but I don't think he saw.*' Coming down from school-room tea one day, Monica said 'Oh, Mummie, why did you kick me just as the Happy Family were going downstairs?' She said 'I walked on the ice and it burst.' The Oxford Eight (and dear Bron) came to luncheon, from Cookham, and all played at Beggar-my-neighbour with her. Billy and his mother went to Barnes-Bridge to see the Boat-race, and always remembered Bron's straining despairing back passing beneath them; as alas Oxford was beaten that year. Their parents were in Florida (where their father got 100 Tarpon) that Easter, 1899, and the children spent the Holidays at Panshanger.

The July Prize-Giving at Summer Fields was Monica's first visit to Oxford. Julian got the First English Prize, and was First in French. It was



JULIAN, BILLY, MONICA, AND "CHANG," SWANAGE, 1898.

during those summer holidays that Julian first got to know Lord Kitchener well—at Taplow and Wrest. He was so kind to the boys, and spent hours fishing with them, baiting their hooks. Julian had a very great admiration and love for him all his life. They played a great deal of cricket, and had an Eleven of Taplow boys, and several cricket matches. The family went to Swanage in September, and Ivo spent his first birthday at his birth-place. Here is a letter about those days, written to Mr. George Russell many years after (in 1915).

7, Ellerdale Road, Hampstead, N.W. :
June 10th, 1915.

DEAR MR. RUSSELL,—One year at Swanage, I believe the Summer my father died, we were staying next door but one to Mrs. W. H. Grenfell, as she was then, and her children. Ever since I saw the death of her eldest son, that time has come back so vividly to my mind. It is curious how intensely sorry one can be for people with whom one has only spoken a few times. Mrs. Grenfell had evidently thought it would be good to give her children a very simple seaside holiday, and to give up the whole of her time to them. She indeed spent every moment 'doing things' with them. Walking, butterfly-catching, yachting, always with those boys—the two eldest—and they were such tremendous friends, all radiantly happy to be together. 'Monica' made friends with Bob; and his maid, Lottie, made friends with Mrs. Grenfell's old 'Nanny' who had been with her since she was a little girl. A dear sweet-faced old woman. Bob and 'Moniker,' as he would call her, went to tea with each other, and went picnics in each others 'ass-carts.' He used to escape from Lottie and tear down the hill shouting 'Moniker, Moniker,' apparently to the great amusement of 'Moniker's' mother.

Now she is a Red Cross Nurse in France, and Bob is a soldier shortly going to the Front, and I think of the elder of those joyous splendid-looking boys, killed, and the other fighting. If I knew Mrs. Grenfell now, I should

want to say to her that I am so positive that a mother never 'loses' her son. He may be 'out of sight' but still near her, and she will find him again, someday, as she remembers him best. After all, this life is very short and Eternity is forever. One picture in that Swanage visit stands out so clearly in my mind. I was coming in one evening, when it was dusk, and I could see through the wide open window Mrs. Grenfell having a 'meat-tea' with her children. They were all round her, and the light from the lamp shone on her and made her look very young. The baby (Ivo) was on her knee, Monica standing near her, and the two boys having their tea on either side of her. No one waiting on them—just she and the children, all supremely happy.

When I was helping Bob to rearrange his room, when he came down from Cambridge, we found in an old desk a dear little photo of Monica and her mother, sent to 'dear little Bobby,' and a letter from Monica, but written by Mrs. Grenfell.

If you could convey a message of deep sympathy from me to Lady Desborough I should be glad. I think all kind thoughts and sympathy must help.

It was very nice to have you with us on Monday. We have had such happy letters from Bob and Eileen. Everything appears to be 'priceless.'

Always sincerely yours,

FEONA HOWARD.

CHAPTER V.

ON September 20th, 1899, Billy went to School for the first time, to Summer Fields, with Julian, and he took the same form as Julian when he first went. His excitement was intense, but leaving home was always a very great trouble to him; Julian never cried, but poor little Billy always did, every single term until he went to Eton—and the family had to show great ingenuity in never finding it out. But he was very happy indeed at School, and it was everything to him having Julian there. Monica was quite miserable without him. Willie gave her a pony of her own called 'Puck,' Taffy having died that Summer. She told a story about a gorilla 'seven hands and feet high,' and when her father laughed, she said, 'Don't be so goosely.' Billy came home at Christmas with his Form Prize. They went for their first visit to Trentham those holidays, and Monica too. Billy and Monica did a lovely Tableau of 'King Cophetua and the Beggar-maid' in some Tableaux at Taplow, and Ivo one of 'Snow.'

Julian and Billy's uncle, Claud Grenfell, was killed in February, 1900, at Spion Kop.

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LETTER FROM LORD KITCHENER TO THE BOYS.

Kronstadt: May 13th, 1900.

MY DEAR JULIAN AND BILLY,—Many thanks for your letters which caught me up on the march here, and I read them while our guns were pounding away at the Boers,

who were sitting on some hills trying to prevent our advance. However, they soon cleared out, and ran before we could get round them. I wish we could have caught some of their guns, but they are remarkably quick at getting them away, and we have only been able to take one Maxim up to the present.

Sooner or later we are bound to catch them, but they may give a lot of trouble. The Boers are not like the Soudanese who stood up for a fair fight, they are always running away on their little ponies. We make the prisoners we take march on foot, which they do not like at all. There are a good many foreigners amongst the Boers, but they are easily shot, as they do not slink about like the Boers themselves. We killed a German Colonel yesterday, and a Russian ditto a few days ago. Now I must get back to work, so Good-bye; mind you work hard too.

Your affectionate friend,

KITCHENER.

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The following letter was from Bron Lucas to Julian, it is full of delightful pen-and-ink drawings which alas cannot be reproduced.

Langs Nek, Natal: June 18,
(Waterloo Day), 1900.

MY DEAR JULIAN,—I quite forget whether you or Billy collect stamps, but in case you do I send you three Transvaal ones. They are scarcely worth sending, but if I try and keep them I shall certainly lose them, so the best thing is to send them at once. I find two of them are stuck together, but I daresay you don't mind that.

We fight the Boers very often now and they always run away like this:—

What they like to do is to sit on the top of a very high hill with a nice flat plain below it, and on the top of this hill they have a kind of cannon that goes 'pom-pom-pom-pom-pom-pom-pom' and so on as quick as ever you can say it, and every time it goes 'pom' it fires a shell. All these shells burst when they hit the ground, all in a line like this remarkable picture. They don't often hurt any-



JULIAN AND BILLY GRENFELL AND THEIR MOTHER, 1900.

body, but they frighten everybody awfully, except General Buller, who is very brave and doesn't mind them a bit, and sits on his horse in the middle of them like this.

Then all our great big guns come up, some of them are long ones like this, and they are fired by the sailors in straw hats, and some are little fat ones like this, that shoot big shells straight up into the air that fall on the heads of Boers who are hiding behind houses and walls and think themselves quite safe. And then whilst all these guns are firing away and giving the old Boers on the top of the hill a jolly hot time, out come all the soldiers and begin to march across the plain in great long lines wide apart so that they are much more difficult for the Boers to hit, like this; and the Boers who are hidden behind rocks fire away from the top of the hill like anything, but our soldiers are very brave and don't mind, though some of them get killed and wounded—and when they get close to the hill they fix their bayonets into their rifles and give a great cheer and rush up as hard as they can go like in my first picture. The Boers are more afraid of bayonets than anything else, and when they see them coming they run for their lives—they always keep their ponies quite close by and jump on to them and gallop away as hard as ever they can go. So when our poor soldiers get to the top of the hill instead of finding a lot of Boers to kill as they hoped, all they see is the Boers galloping miles away over the hills beyond, like this:— and that's the end of the battle.

I hope you've had a jolly good term and made a lot of runs and are going to get into the Eleven. Give Bill my love. I hope he's going to be a great cricketer too, and is getting on thunderingly well. I hope the war will be over and I shall be home soon.

Your affectionate cousin,
BRON.

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The boys spent the Summer holidays at Wrest, Taplow, and Sheringham, in Norfolk; they fished a great deal and played a lot of cricket.

'The Master of Ballantrae,' 'The Drummer's

Coat,' 'The Siege of Chitral' by Robertson, 'Some Experiences of an Irish R.M.,' Froude's 'English Seamen,' and 'Quentin Durward' were read to them. Ivo began to play a great part in their lives, he was just two years old, and a very beautiful, gentle, happy baby, with a very clear ringing laugh. He was often called the 'Likka Man' (little man), his name for himself when the boys called him a baby. The big boys spent whole days playing with him, and Billy was his especial slave about this time. He was very excited about the War, and used to *shout* 'Pay, Pay, Pay,' when he heard 'The Absent-Minded Beggar.' He always called water 'Dubbadar,' and pepper 'muppa,' words which passed permanently into the family vocabulary. He jumped out of his bath one day, shouting 'A wig, a wig, a wig,' and there was a great earwig. He said to Julian, looking rather frightened, 'I *sink* I got a hiccup.' One day at Sheringham a small man passed riding a large horse, Ivo's nurse said to him 'Look, there's a gee-gee.' He said 'Monkey on it, Hawa, too.' He was naughty and wouldn't say his prayers, but at last he did, but when he came to 'Make me a good boy,' he said 'Not that bit, Mama—nasty; don't like it.' Nannie gave him his warm milk, saying 'Drink your nice supper Nannie's made you,' but he said 'No—moo-cow.'

Those Christmas Holidays (1900-1901) Julian and Billy went to Hatfield for their first visit, and caught 52 fish, with Bobbetty. Lord Salisbury was very kind to them, and they were there for Nigs Cecil's homecoming, from the War (and Mafeking). They also went to Panshanger, Ivo's first visit, and Julian shot a great deal with a little gun belonging to Barnes, and got eight pheasants one day. He was then 12½ years old. Barnes, the gamekeeper at Panshanger, was, and remained to the end, one of their greatest friends; probably some of the happiest hours of their lives were

spent with him. They had countless stories about him, and Julian when he grew up painted several scenes from his life on the walls of the brushing-room at Panshanger, where they still are (1916). One hot morning in Spring they were ferreting for rabbits in the Park; Barnes had practically disappeared down a rabbit hole, and Billy asked him if he had got to a kangaroo yet? This is a letter from Julian written from Summer Fields just before those Christmas holidays.

MY DEAR MOTHER,—You can't think how excited I am about the holidays, I really can't control myself, so I was caught under one of the desks on the floor, and have got to learn something out of the Prayer-book, in the study. This is my LAST LETTER. I will try to bring most of my things back this term. My balance up to now is 10 shillings and 10 pence. You must be busy. I think the children's party at Taplow is far too dreadful to talk about yet.

I think Bill is pretty sure of his prize, but I really don't know anything about mine in the least. Please don't expect me to get it and be disappointed if I don't. If I don't, I shall mind awfully. It does seem funny that the Prize is *settled* already.

We finish the Golf Tournament Thursday, it would be fun if I won it, fancy bringing home a medal. Our great-coats you ordered have come, but they are rather extraordinary, for they reach right down to our toes. Do you want them like that? They are very warm and comfortable. Best love to you and everyone,

from JULIAN.

The two boys and Monica went to London with their father on January 3rd, 1901, to see Lord Roberts arrive from South Africa. They went to the Stand at Devonshire House. Their mother was ill and could not go, and had begged that Monica's hair might be made tidy. Her father was seen to get out of the hansom with her, and comb it conscientiously in

Berkeley Square. Hawa had a bad toothache, and her tooth taken out; the next day Willie had a bad earache and Ivo said 'Have it out, have it out.' He said, looking out of the window, 'Hasn't that cow got great long trumpets?' Someone said to Monica 'Have you got your thick shoes on?' She said 'No, only my black hurters.'

Bron, who had been badly wounded in South Africa, came to stay at Taplow early in January for three months. His father had not wished him to go into the Army, and he went out as Correspondent to the 'Times.' He was wounded in the thigh, in the fighting after the relief of Ladysmith.

In spite of all that possibly could be done, his leg had to be amputated, at the end of March. Julian and Billy always thought and spoke of his fortitude and invincible courage and cheerfulness throughout those months. They loved him just like another brother.

After Bron's operation, when he was recovering, the children all went to the Zoo with him and his beloved surgeon, Sir Tom Smith. Ivo said to the latter 'May Ivo give the lion a nut?' He was playing with Billy, and got very indignant and said 'Bully is billying me so.' Ping-pong was a great game of the boys at this time—the family foursome—of the two boys and their parents, which was also useful for golf and bridge. Bron was wonderful at ping-pong, playing from his chair.

Julian and Billy measured and weighed exactly the same, 5 ft. $\frac{1}{4}$ in. and 6 st. 1 lb. They were shooting rooks, Ivo went on saying 'Pore caw-caws—shoot them.' He said 'Don't like that black moo-cow, don't let it moo me.' The family all went to Summer Fields for that Summer Exeat, and saw Julian play cricket in his *First-Eleven* colours. On the Sunday, they went for the first of very many happy times to

the Harry Lindsays, at Sutton Courteney; where there was a great Regatta, organised by Bron, and Billy won the Ping-pong Tournament.

They had very happy Summer Holidays, beginning with Wrest, where Lord Cromer and Bron used to go out fishing with them. In one day Julian and Billy caught 150 roach, 3 pike, and 2 eels. Ivo was there too; he said 'I am not frightened of thunder, but I *am* of Punch and Judy.' He told Mr. Balfour he was going to be a soldier. Mr. Balfour said soldiers sometimes had to fight very hard. After a minute or two he said 'Think Ivo will be a *Volunteer*.'

The boys and Monica went with their Mother to Stanway later in the holidays. A dreadful incident happened there. Hugo Elcho had just stocked a pond with rainbow trout, and Julian and Billy, not knowing this, and being told to fish wherever they liked, caught them *all*!

They played in eleven cricket matches those holidays. Ivo came downstairs very angry with Monica, 'Naughty Ca, naughty Ca, she beated Ivo's Hawa.'—'What did you do?'—'I beated my Hawa too.'

He said 'I want to tell you a secret'—pulling his mother down, and in a very low whisper 'Can I have some eyebrows?'

This was a letter to his father which he dictated to Miss Poulton that Spring.

Panshanger : Hertford.

MY DEAR DEAR DAD,—I did love that pressy that you did give me. I do like being at Panshanger and am writing to you in Poton's room. I like it very much.

Dear kind Daddy I love you dearly dearly and you are the honey-suckle and I am the bee.

Love love love love love
from Ivo.

x x x x x
x
x x x

CHAPTER VI.

IN September 1901 Julian went to Eton. He telegraphed to his parents that he had taken Remove, and they were very much pleased; but when his mother and Billy went over to see him two days later, they were puzzled at finding the paper of Fifth Form work lying on his table—and then found that he had really taken Fifth Form, but had kept this glorious surprise to tell them himself. It was then a very very rare occurrence for an Oppidan to take Fifth Form.

Billy went back alone to Summer Fields the next day, and took a treble remove, into the highest form but one—which was a great feat too, as he was only 11½.

The two boys missed each other dreadfully, and Julian was not very happy his first Half, but very soon grew devoted to Eton; he loved his years there passionately, and Eton itself, and never seemed to have even an episode there that was not happy. He was at Mr. Somerville's house, which was then the old house covered with ivy in Keats Lane—and Julian had a very high very small room looking towards Taplow, which pleased him. Julian had always cared about religion, but at the end of his time at Summer Fields he had an experience which seemed to make a deep impression on his mind. There was a very bad thunderstorm, and he said, 'I suddenly seemed to realise God.' He told his mother about it at the time, and spoke of it at two, or perhaps three, times in much later years, always in just the same words. He thought

very much of those things at Eton, and loved the services in the Chapel; and, after he was confirmed, the Communion-service. He loved that service all his life, and received the Communion twice while he was lying in the Hospital at Boulogne. The last time was on Whit Sunday morning at 7 o'clock, with his father and mother and sister—a most beautiful May morning—four days before he died. It was in the early years at Eton that he became so very fond of Thomas à Kempis.

In after years Julian used to say that he had passed through a very priggish inward state at about 15. When Billy first went to Eton, to Mr. Arthur Benson's house, Julian used to go and see him every Sunday afternoon, and lecture him very severely 'for his own good.' The interview invariably ended in a terrific fight—nothing made the boys laugh more in after years than the recollection of those visits, which were spread over about one Half. Billy remembered all Julian's best sentences, and gave Julian exquisite delight long afterwards by their reproduction. It was the only time in their whole existence when there was even the faintest cloud between them, and it passed away as quickly as it came. They had the most intense pride in each other, and Julian never swerved from thinking Billy the most amusing person in the world.

Mr. Bowlby prepared Julian for Confirmation, and was very kind to him. Mr. Ainger had ceased to be a master, but was living at Eton, and gave the boys overflowing kindness and hospitality, and so did Mr. Luxmoore. Some of Julian's very happiest hours in the early Eton days were spent in fishing from Mr. Luxmoore's garden, and both he and Billy had the greatest love and reverence for him. Some of the happiest recollections of Eton visits centre round those two houses and gardens, and also round the Vice-Provost's house, and the unforgettable supper-parties

there on the Fourth of June. Julian and Billy worshipped Mrs. Cornish.

On Julian's first Long-Leave, Oct. 28, 1901, the family spent Sunday at Oxford with Billy, whose Exeat it was. Monica said that if she had a new pony she would call it Undine; Ivo said 'I will call mine Sardine.' He said 'I've come downstairs by myself—I've panted down all alone.' We took Monica to London, to the Zoo—Ivo was vexed at not coming, and said 'I hope the monkeys will eat you.'

Julian was 'classed' in Trials his first half. Katie Cowper gave him his first gun, a beautiful 12. bore. One day at Panshanger in those Christmas holidays he got 10 pheasants, 5 partridges, 1 hare, 1 pigeon, 1 coot; and the two boys got 21 lbs. weight of pike in the Broadwater one morning. Bron was there too; Julian and Monica rode a great deal. Billy had a very bad arm, from vaccination (small-pox had been about a good deal), and could not go back to Summer Fields till a fortnight after term began.

The children went to see a conjurer; Ivo liked everything except a rabbit that came out of a fire—then, he said, 'I simply sobbed.' He said very sadly 'I gave Lottie the cow a little squeeze, but she wouldn't lay any milk'; and, very resolutely, 'I don't like sweeps, I always shoot them.' Another day, 'Don't you remember when I was a little boy I didn't like dry toast or motor cars? Now I like them both, but I still don't like old mother hounds.' The story of Elijah and the ravens was read to him; he said 'I wouldn't have shot *them* crows.'

On June 2nd, 1902, Julian's mother happened to be driving through Eton early, and saw all the flags flying for the Declaration of Peace, and the whole school out in the High Street cheering—including Julian. A whole holiday was given, and they drove off to Taplow. Another happy day that Summer was



LORD KITCHENER AND JULIAN GRENFELL, 1902.

spent at Eton with Julian, Lord Ribblesdale, and Charles Lister, already one of Julian's greatest friends.

That year was Julian's first Eton-and-Harrow match; he saw Lord Kitchener arrive on the Eton-and-Harrow Saturday, July 12th, 1902, from South Africa, from the King's Stand in Constitution Hill—and Mr. Balfour came to Taplow for that Sunday, made Prime Minister that day. Lord Kitchener came to Taplow for the following Sunday, and Julian was allowed to come over and see him, this is the photograph of them together at the front door; Julian was standing on a step, to make himself look tall! There was a very happy Wrest visit at the beginning of those Summer Holidays; Julian and Billy had their adored Lord Kitchener there, and he used to take them out before breakfast. And Ivo made great friends with Mr. Austen Chamberlain. He went out for a walk with him, and said on returning, 'I've eat 5 bunches of grapes, and smoked a pipe, and (hopefully) I *think* I've got a sunstroke.' Tommy Lister was there, just back from the War, the Asquiths, Mr. Balfour, the Salisburys, Sir Ian Hamilton, and a great many more. There were great games of Tip-and-Run every evening, led by Bron, who could run much quicker than anyone else. On Monica's 9th birthday, August 4th, she cooked a feast in 'Le Petit Trianon,' to which everybody went.

The whole family, except Ivo, went to London for King Edward's Coronation on August 9th. They stayed at 4, St. James's Square, and had to set forth at 6 in the morning for the Abbey. Julian was Page to Lord Kitchener; he had a lovely dress, a steel-blue velvet coat with scarlet collar-band, white satin waistcoat and breeches, a sword, and shoes with scarlet heels and gold buckles. And ruffles made of his great-grandmother, Anne, Lady Cowper's lace. On

arrival at Taplow that evening the paper-mill was blazing. It burnt till Monday.

The boys had their first 'shooting-age' time in Scotland that year, they went first to Port-an-Eileen with their mother for a fortnight. It was a small grouse moor which the Cowpers had taken, on Loch Tummell, 11 miles from Pitlochry. They went out shooting every day with Katie Cowper, and got 255 head of very various game in 12 days. Katie Cowper, their great-aunt by marriage, was their most beloved friend and companion all their lives. They had a deep love and admiration for her, and she had an unflinching devotion to them and understanding of them. She entered into their amusements in a wonderful way, and enjoyed their many shooting-days together as much as they did. There was no one they were happier with. Their great-uncle was already very delicate when they began to grow up, and could not do very much out of doors, but he used to talk to them for hours, and they thought there was no one so amusing in the world, or so beautiful to look at. He was always amused by a story of Julian, when he was only two years old, who went downstairs to look for Katie. He went back to his mother, saying in a tone of disappointment and contempt 'Nothing else but *Uncle Francis*.'

Early in September the whole Grenfell family met at Loch Assynt; it was a starred time, even happier if possible than their first autumn there, in 1896. The Sea-fishing and Murdoch Keir were a greater delight than ever. Billy and his mother got 300 lbs. of fish in one day, including a 34-lb. cod; and another day Julian and Billy got a skate weighing 140 lbs. Julian got two stags in one day, Sept. 16th, both galloping shots. The Likkies, which was the family name for Monica and Ivo, fished incessantly for cuddies in Loch Inver Bay, and used to catch quantities; Ivo said, 'I



JULIAN GRENFELL AS PAGE TO LORD KITCHENER AT THE
CORONATION, 1902.

will never leave my Scotland house.' He said one day 'Do you mean real pigs, what live in styes, grunt, smell?' Billy was telling him the story of Umslopogas the brave Zulu; Ivo, who took great interest in their fishing flies, said 'Had he got a red tail?'

The boys went from Assynt to Dunrobin for a night (their first sight of that place, which became one of their Paradises), and went South to school with Geordie and Alastair. Julian took another Double-Remove at Eton, and Billy became 'Head of the School' at Summer Fields (at 12½ years old).

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE LATIN BY JULIAN.
SEPTEMBER, 1902.

Aged 14.

I.

'Folia in silvis pronos mutantur in annos.'

The leaves are falling fast from off the tree
And yellow heaps congeal the sodden ground,
Pale are the gleams of sunlight on the lea,
And western winds give forth a dreary sound.
Where are the songs of spring? Ay, where are they?
Only the small gnat mourns the dying day.

Yet flowers here and there adorn the sward,
Fruits with their hues still make the trees look gay:
The fading autumn doth some joys afford;
Some light and colour still relieve the day.
Summer and spring delights are left behind,
Nor yet has breathed the icy winter wind.

II.

'Nunc vino pellite curas.'

The barren fields are veiled in dazzling snow,
And iron chains of frost hold fast the ground;
Safely each bud lingers the bark below,
While in the wood is heard no sweet bird's sound.
Deep to their dens the race of beasts retire,
And mortals circle round the blazing fire.

With wine, my friends, drive gnawing care away,
And twine, my friends, the head with ivy spray.
Let song and music cheat the gloomy hours.
The Muse is kind, the God of wine has powers,
The gloomy winter hour does something give,
Provided we content with little live.

JULIAN GRENFELL.

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WRITTEN BY JULIAN GRENFELL. AGED 14. AUTUMN, 1902.

The first time I saw Lord Kitchener was before the South African War. I had come home for the holidays, and the first morning I got up before breakfast, and on going downstairs found a gentleman whom I did not know at all. He asked me to come for a walk, and we went for over an hour. He found out that I was to be a soldier, and asked me what regiment I was going in for, and how I was getting on at school, and a great many other questions; he told me a great many things about the army, and yet he never mentioned himself at all, and I had not the least idea who he was. I enjoyed the walk very much indeed, and when afterwards I was told who he was I was not at all surprised. It was easy to see that he was no civilian; he looked a soldier from head to foot, and there was something about his manner that showed that he was no ordinary man, and yet he said nothing about himself or his own doings. He spoke in a way that showed he meant what he said, and it was easy to see that he was used to being obeyed. I think that on seeing him for the first time one would feel an impulse to say 'that is a man who would never leave what he had once resolved upon till he finished it to his satisfaction.' I should think it would be impossible to find features on which self-restraint and tremendous will are more clearly marked.

When I asked him about South Africa he told me everything without the slightest 'swagger' or self-praise; in fact, I think modesty is one of his greatest qualities: he said he was very glad to get back to England again, when I had the good fortune to see him on 'Long Leave' in the Summer Half. He looked just the same as before the



WILLIE, JULIAN, BILLY, MONICA, AND IVO, ON THE HILL
AT ASSYNT, SUTHERLAND, 1902.

War, except that he was a little more sunburnt. He said that he wondered what the Boers would think of our life over here in the Summer, going lazily on the river in boats and lounging about all day, and he said that they 'did not look at life that way.' Whatever was going on he seemed to pay the greatest attention to it, even if it was not of the slightest importance. He saw me catch a pike once, which got into a deep bed of weeds and took a very long time to land, and proposed that we should get up early next morning and see if we could have any luck. The next morning there was a high wind and frequent showers of rain, an ideal day for fishing, but one when most people would prefer to be in bed. He was dressed before the time, and came to my room when I was still in bed. We managed to land two nice fish that morning, and Lord Kitchener seemed very pleased; while he could not help laughing as he just slipped the landing-net under the biggest we had yet seen and it gave a sharp turn, made a frantic rush, and broke the line. Lord Kitchener cannot stand two things—state dinners and being photographed.

I think it would be very hard to find a man in whom there is so much will and so much ability to carry it into execution, and who in addition is so modest, so interested, and so clever and amusing.

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DIARY ABOUT MONICA WHEN HER MOTHER WAS AWAY, KEPT
BY HAWA. 1902.

LOCH ASSYNT.—Thursday, October 9th.—Miss Monica very cross after Mrs. Grenfell left—lashed me four times with her whip, and called me 'Cats-eyes' in earnest—but *very* good the rest part of the day.

Friday, 10th.—Miss Monica was out with Mr. Grenfell untill 4 o'clock; has been very good indeed since then—with the exception of thumping me three times because I wanted her to wear her black boots.

DUNROBIN.—Saturday, 11th.—Miss Monica very good indeed all through the drive—not cross once to-day.

Sunday, 12th.—Miss Monica not a bit of trouble to-day—has done everything she has been told to-day.

Monday, 13th.—Miss Monica very good indeed all day. They went out for a pic-nic to-day, and Miss Monica fell into the water—but it was an accident, not on purpose.

Tuesday, 14th.—Both Miss Monica and Baby has been so very good here, they have been for another picnic to-day, and was so happy. I have never known Miss Monica so good.

Wednesday, 15th.—Miss Monica very good indeed so far to-day, and both her and Baby are very sorry to leave Dunrobin.

Thursday, 16th.—Miss Monica not quite so good, but must overlook everything because she has been so good at Dunrobin.

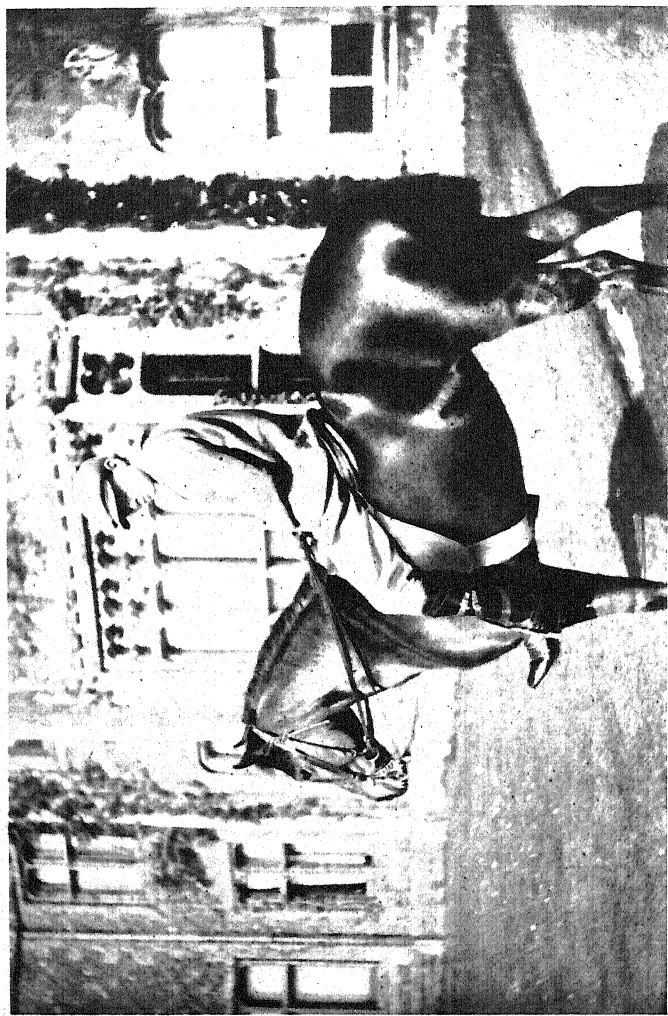
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LETTER FROM BILLY AFTER LEAVING LOCH ASSYNT, FROM SUMMER FIELDS.—SEPTEMBER, 1902.

MY OWN DEAREST MOTHER,—I am so very very sorry to think that our glorious hols are over, not one day could possibly have been nicer. I liked your letter awfully, how splendid Dad getting such good stags, and Mr. Barrett getting two salmon from the 'dour river.' I suppose the feesh are beginning to recover from the panic caused by my splashes. Did I tell you in my letter from Stafford House that I *just* missed a roe-deer at Dunrobin?

Nanny, that wiliest of women, sent me a box of choc to-day, so you see I do set a good example to the rest of the school. I have several duties, which I perform with great asperity. I beat Asquith in Greek and Latin, but I did rather badly at Math. Order me a big-headed ordinary mashie from Ben Sayers. Please thank Dad and Hawa very much for their letters. Forty haddock on the long line was rather good; did the babies get any big cuddies? I would like to give Murdo a little present, will you get him one for me? Tell Donald that Summer Fields is a verra dour place. Tell me all the Ivo stories. Goodbye with heaps and heap's and heaps of love from

BILLY.



JULIAN GRENFELL ON "KITTY," TAPLOW, 1902.

LETTER FROM BILLY THE END OF THAT TERM.

Thank you all so much for your letters, please tell Nannie to put toffee in her letter next Sunday instead of choc. as it lasts so much longer. I have got such an amusing letter from old Murdo, and a mixture of Chinese and Arabic with a smattering of Hindustani from Auntie Ka, (Katie Cowper) will you kindly append translation of the same? Dr. is rather pleased with my work I think. We've got some very jolly electric lanterns at Borva, which are splendidly bright. Will you please write and ask Dr. to let me go by the 7.15 train, which would get me to Tap. almost in time for *breakfast*.

There was a happy Long-Leave that November at Taplow—with Ego and Guy Charteris, Edward Horner, Guy and Rex Benson, and all their parents; and Mr. Balfour, Lord Haldane, and others. The very first of very many 'Eton Parties' at Taplow. Ivo wore knickerbockers for the first time; he was 4 years old, and was thought by his family prettier than anyone had ever been. The big boys were his dream.

Billy's father took him to fish at Blenheim for the day, from Summer Fields, and they caught 8 pike. Billy acted in the School-Play, he was the hero (a soldier) in 'The Tinder Box,' with a moustache; and looked curiously like what he afterwards was, as a soldier. They acted their first regular play, with a real stage, at Taplow that Christmas—'Snowdrop.' Ivo hurt his finger, and a little piece of rag was tied round it. It came off, and he began to cry and said 'Oh, Julian, *how* can I find out which is my bad finger now?' He said one day 'Don't let us read, Mother, let's talk about the Army.' They went as usual to Panshanger, and had very good shooting, golf, and riding; and a good many days of skating and hockey when they returned to Taplow. Tennis in the Court at Taplow first became a very favourite game of the

boys about this time in their lives. The last day of the holidays they went with their father for their first day's shooting away from their own homes—at Hall Barn, with Lord Burnham, who was always very kind to them. He went out with them himself, and encouraged them very much, shouting to Billy 'There's a hare—shoot, my boy, shoot,' but then came an agonised exclamation 'Oh, my boy, my boy,' and by a shocking fatality Billy had shot him slightly in the leg!

Ivo found a nest with four little dead birds; his mother said perhaps a hawk had killed the mother—Ivo was very frightened, and whispered 'Could an 'awk h'eat you?' He said to Monica 'Don't make such a storm in a teapot.' Monica chose daffodils to take to the people in the Workhouse at Easter, and Ivo chose bloaters. Julian began to ride a very big hunter of his father's those holidays, called 'Goliath of Gath,' and rode a good deal with Waldorf and John Astor. He was racing with the others one day at Panshanger, and his saddle slipped round and he fell on his head, but wasn't a bit hurt. Ivo met 'Colinette' galloping home with the saddle under her, and at once began to scream. Billy took to riding about this time, which he used not to like. But he never had the same passion for it as Julian and Monica. The four children went to a Fancy Dress Dance at Mrs. Adair's that Easter; Julian wore his Page's dress, Billy was a French cook, Monica a Gainsborough portrait, and Ivo a Toreador—in white and gold and scarlet.

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LETTER FROM JULIAN ABOUT THE FIRE AT ETON.

June 1st, 1903.

DEAR MOTHER,—I suppose you have read in the newspaper all about the terrible fire here; wasn't it simply awful? I will tell you all I know about it. About

4.30 a.m. George Bowyer dashed into my room in his dressing-gown and pumps, and woke me up, said 'Kindersley's is on fire,' and dashed out again. I said 'Hurrah,' or something like that, thinking it was a chimney or something quite small, and I thought nothing more about it, and went to sleep again. At 6.30 Bowyer came in again, reeking of burning, he woke me up again and asked why on earth I hadn't gone to it, I said I didn't think it was worth it, and then he told me that Kindersley's (the very nice old little house down to the end of the lane by Barnes Pool) was a ruin, and that two boys had been burnt to death. I didn't believe him at first. Then he said that just before he arrived, Horne, a very small boy, had been seen at his window, which was barred very close, so that he couldn't get out. They saw him struggle to break one of the bars. Caledon climbed up to his window by the drain pipe, smashed the window glass to bits with his bare hands, and bent the bars; then Horne fell back suffocated, they could not recognise the body afterwards. Kindersley himself had to be held back from the burning stairs, he had already got many out, and had been burnt terribly. Then the fire engines came, but only just in time to save Bowlby's, the great house next it. Bowyer had been in the house all the time, and the firemen gave him the hose. Then Kindersley read the Roll; 3 fellows were missing. One of the others was just saved, and is recovering. The other was suffocated in his bed. I saw his arm, apart from the rest of his body. His name was Lawson. One great fellow is supposed to have gone off his head. Kindersley is absolutely dazed, and Caledon's hands and arms are dreadfully burnt. One fellow bent the bars of his window just enough to get out, he had to take off his pyjamas. Then he jumped into a blanket that Caledon had pulled out of the burning house. The night before Kindersley had got up at 1.15 to see if everything was right; he felt something was wrong, and went all round the house, and then back to bed. Last week, little Horne said to his Dame 'Do get those bars taken away, I am sure I could never get out if there was a fire.'

It seems extraordinary how there are almost always

premonitions like that before any great evil, especially death.

The fire was supposed to have been caused by the electric light fusing, about 3 o'clock. Everybody seems to have behaved splendidly, especially Caledon; he is an extraordinary fellow, a good runner, a wonderfully daring footer-player, and extremely casual generally; he walks about now just as if nothing had happened, with his arms and hands in slings.

Kindersley was the most careful of the masters, he behaved too splendidly for words. This morning Macnaghten said a few words to us about it all. He said he thought, and had always thought, Kindersley the best and bravest man he knew; that he was sure God would not allow a thing like this to happen unless it was for the good of the sufferers in the end. Then he absolutely broke down and sobbed. You don't know how terrible it has all been.

The King and Queen and everybody have sent messages of condolence to the school. The Fourth of June is not to be kept here, but leave will be given. I have told you all I know; everything I have said is absolutely true. I don't know what the papers will say, but I should think they would exaggerate a good deal.

You don't know how sad this has made me. Very best love to you and everyone,

From JULIAN.

In June, 1903, Monica and Ivo went to King Edward and Queen Alexandra's first Children's party at Buckingham Palace; it was in the garden, and there were Performing Dogs, and the 'Dahomey Negroes.' When Ivo was told to say Goodbye to the Queen, he said, 'What, the girl in grey?'

Billy and his mother had a last Summer Fields day together, a most lovely June day, mostly spent in St. John's College Gardens, with strawberries and other delights. He was working hard for an Eton Scholarship.

At the beginning of July, little Ivo had an operation at Taplow, to remove his adenoids and tonsils. Dr. MacDonald came down to do it. Ivo was not to have any dinner, because of taking the chloroform, so his mother said they would have great fun and have a tea-dinner together in the evening. He liked the idea; but about 2 o'clock he got very hungry, and said 'Let's have great fun and have our tea-dinner *now*.' He had a great deal of pain after the operation, and lost a great deal of blood, but always kept his wonderful manners—'You are *very* amusing, but you can't amuse me, my froatie *is* so sore.' He had a little present every hour for two days.

The Eton-and-Harrow Match was on July 10th, and Billy came up for it too, with Julian, having finished his week's examination at Eton, but not yet knowing the result. The two boys were very 'smart,' and so delighted to be together. That evening there was a great International Competition for Swimming and Diving at the Bath Club. The King and Queen and Princess Victoria came, and Julian gave the Queen a bouquet, and Billy one to Princess Victoria. Sunday was spent at Taplow, with a big party, and Ivo much better, and enchanted to see his 'brother-boys.'

Just after Billy went back to Summer Fields on that Monday, a telegram arrived at Taplow from Julian to say that Billy had got the second out of seventeen scholarships at Eton, for which 58 boys went up. Nothing can ever have given greater delight. Billy had a great ovation when he arrived at Summer Fields, where they had just got the news.

One day that Summer, Julian was at Taplow on Leave from Eton, and he and his mother were having dinner in the garden. It was rather dark, and suddenly very strange ghostly footsteps were heard, and a large shape loomed near, and Julian's hunter nuzzled

him—having jumped a very high fence out of his paddock.

This letter was from Billy, from Summer Fields, after he knew he had got the Scholarship at Eton.

Summer Fields: July, 1903.

MY OWN DEAREST MUMMIE,—I am so so very glad you are pleased about the Scholarship, it is much higher than I ever dreamt of being, and is *quite quite* worth all the work I did for it. It was a great pity I did not wait for a later train, as I should have so loved to have heard about it at Tap. with you, and as it was I arrived too late to hear the news here, and only made 1 run in a rather beely game, which was not a surprise, considering I hadn't played for a week, and had just been in the train; but still it did not make much difference. Thank you all a thousand times for your lovely letters and telegrams. Auntie Ka, Bron, Edward Horner, and Maurice, all telegraphed too, which was very nice of them. I did so love and sove our time at Tap, and in London, I don't think we could possibly have had more fun. I hope Juju arrived safely at Eton with the maniac, and that the Bath Club and Fête went off well? I got here quite alright, after a very good luncheon, with masses of fruit, at Reading. There is a match to-morrow, I *do do* hope I shall do well in it. Of course we are having a very jolly slack time now. Do send my knife, and some tooth-powder. Isn't it *too splendid* to think that I shall be home again for our glorious glorious Summer Hols. in about a fortnight, I am looking forward so tremendously to them. Love to all and to the Likka,

From BILLY.

CHAPTER VII.

THERE was a very happy Wrest visit at the beginning of the Summer Holidays; Julian and his mother went from London in Mr. Balfour's motor, and to tea at Hatfield on the way, where Julian was talked to by Lord Salisbury. (He died that same month, August, 1903.)

Billy caught a 14-lb. pike at Wrest, in the Pavilion pond, on a tiny little hook. They had no gaff, and it rushed him up and down for three-quarters of an hour, but Julian landed it at last by getting his fingers into its eyes! A new boat was launched, before a great assembly of the party, and christened by Monica 'The Likka,' after Ivo. Uncle Francis asked him why he was called that, he said 'Because I am so likkie and so tiny.' He said one day, very chivalrously, 'I never 'it at a woman—if I can 'elp it.' Monica spent the whole of a day in 'Le Petit Trianon' cooking a little bun for her supper. The boys and Alan Graham got hold of it, and tried to cut it, with the frying pan and a hammer. Even with these implements they could only chip off one tiny little corner, but Monica was furious, and ran away into the woods, and could not be found.

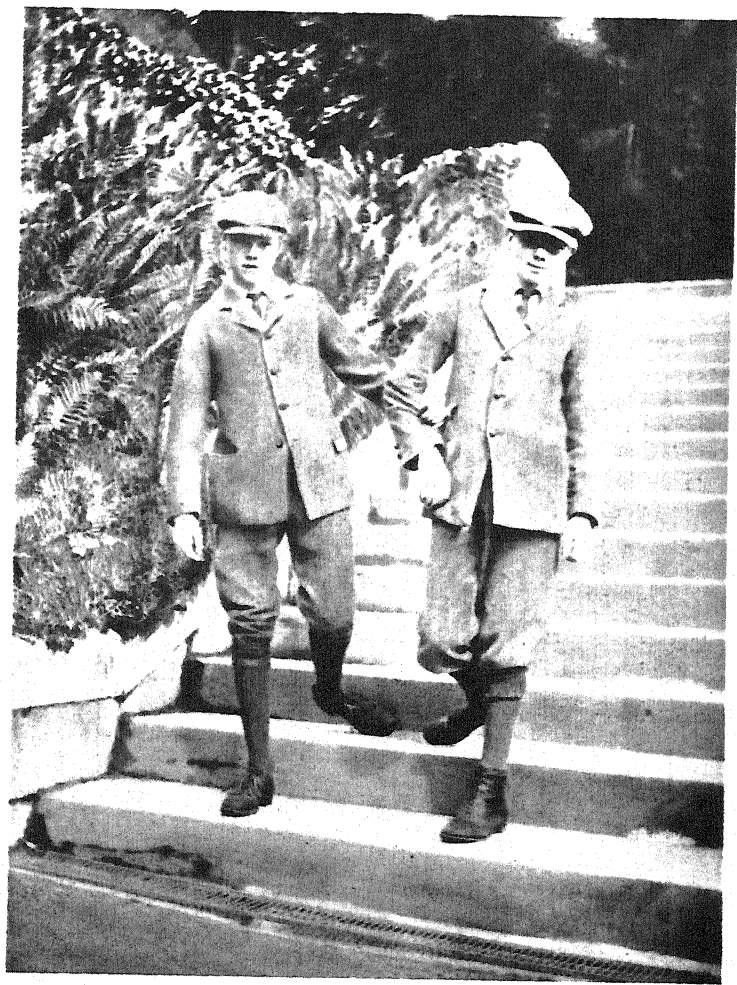
Ivo, rather muddled about Eton, asked if Billy was going to be a wet-nurse?

They went from Wrest to Taplow for a fortnight, and on August 24th the whole family, including Ivo, went to Dunrobin for one of the happiest of all fortnights—shooting, stalking roe-buck, fishing, riding,

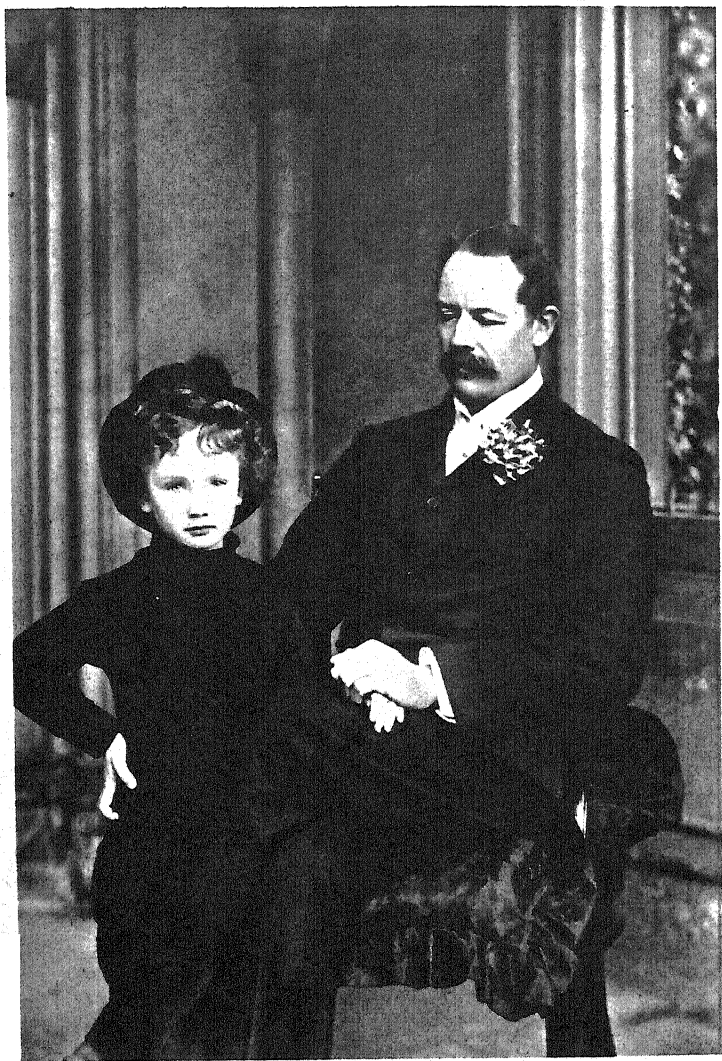
sailing, and bathing. Little Ivo used to ride every day on a tiny black Shetland pony belonging to Florence Chaplin, which he called his 'black peeg'; and he loved going out driving with her team of six black Shetlands. The house was quite full; Constance MacKenzie, and Ethel Barrymore (the American actress) were there, both at the zenith of their looks; Lord Percy, Raymond Asquith, Evan Charteris, Ronald Graham, Winston Churchill, Lord Cairns, Sir Ian Hamilton, the Harry Whites and Muriel, Mr. Bowlby, Violet Mar, Mollie Sneyd, Harry Rosslyn and his children, and many more. They used to go out riding in huge cavalcades, and Monica jumped a five-barred gate. Julian got a good stag, with a pea-rifle. Ivo spent his 5th birthday there, made very happy by his beloved Florrie Chaplin. The Grenfell family went on to Inistrynich, a house which the Cowpers had taken on an island in Loch Awe. Bron was there too; it was very bad weather at first, and Julian and Billy made a telegram and sent it to Millie Sutherland—

'In torrents of rain
And a launch that is bobbin',
We're thinking with pain
Of the joys of Dunrobin.'

They had very good shooting at Inistrynich, the total game-bag 260 head; and used to fish the Awe river, but it was indeed a dour river. The boys used to go out with a very gloomy fishing-gillie, who never spoke at all except to say at frequent intervals 'A doot ye're barbèd.' Monica climbed with her father to the top of Cruachan (3,670 ft.). On September 15th Billy went to Eton for the first time. He did not take the money of his Scholarship, but went as an Oppidan, to Mr. Arthur Benson's house, and took Fifth Form. This was his first letter from Eton:—



GEORDIE STAFFORD AND JULIAN GRENFELL AT DUNROBIN,
SUMMER, 1903.



IVO GRENFELL AND HIS FATHER, TAPLOW, 1903.

September 1903.

MY DEAREST MUM,—Thank you very much for your letter. I am having splendid fun here, and enjoying my head off. I have made several friends in the House, Bird Eliot and John Craigie (who I mess with) and Archie Melville and Wyndham. I am up to Spencer for Math, and Goodhart for Classics, who I like very much. Mr. Benson has been very nice. I've seen a lot of Julian and Geordie, and I've been down town with lots of other fellows—Puppy, Bertie Churchill, Alan Graham, etc.; This house is an awfully good one. I've not played footer yet, but am going to begin to-morrow. I bathed twice, and passed; the water is pretty cold. Geordie and I went for a walk this afternoon, towards Taplow, it was lovely. In the morning Julian and he and I went round Agar's Plough. I am fagging for Ryle, who is in Pop, and I am terribly frightened of him. He was rather nonplussed at beholding large holes in the eggs I'd been boiling for him. What fun you will have in Italy. I got my boots all right. All love from

BILLY.

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Their mother went to Italy that autumn, and brought Ivo back a little red felt hat, which he loved, and always called his 'little I-talian 'at,' and wore till it was in shreds. He brought her a little box, saying 'Do open this, my loving Mummie.' There were very happy visits to the two boys at Eton, and 'Leaves' at Taplow, on one of which Winston Churchill was staying there; both Julian and Billy were very fond of him. Geordie Stafford and Alastair came too. Julian and Billy both got Latin prizes at Eton that Half, and Julian was fourth for the Latin prize open to the whole school. The family combined in writing a burlesque called 'Bluebeard,' which was performed twice at Taplow in the Christmas Holidays; Billy was a great success, in an appalling make-up, as Sister Anne; and Ivo made his first stage appearance,

as a page. They had a good deal of hunting, and there was a big Fancy-Dress children's party at Taplow, and a Ball at Panshanger, at which Ivo sat up till 11. He was delighted with Katie Cowper's appearance at it, and said 'Oh Auntie Ka, how lovely you are—all spangells! You look *just* 15.' The family read 'David Copperfield' aloud those holidays. Bridge was a very favourite game all that time—in 'The Boozers' Rest.'

When the boys went back to Eton Mr. Benson had given up his house (where Billy was), and it was taken by Mr. Goodhart. Little Ivo went to London for the opening of Parliament, and saw three accidents in Piccadilly. He was quite delighted. In February, he and Monica and their mother went to Hatfield, for Alice and Jim Salisbury's very first party there. Twenty-two children were staying in the house, and there was a Leap-year dance. Their mother was laid up with a cold that night: and Ivo came into her room and stood up on a high chair, so that she might thoroughly see him.

LETTER FROM JULIAN TO JOHN REVELSTOKE, WHO HAD
GIVEN HIM HIS HUNTER 'ROBIN.'

Eton, Windsor: Early Spring 1904.

DEAR JOHN,—Thank you awfully for your glorious present, it is *too* tremendously kind of you; when I got your letter this morning I was so bumptious that the fellows here had to suppress me forcibly; it is really too ripping to be true—and *Robin* too! I quite despise the 'Old Berkeley' now when I have got a Leicestershire hunter. I am simply longing to see him; I hear he is going to arrive on Thursday.

To-morrow I am going over to Taplow for Short Leave; the hounds meet at Wooburn Green, 3 miles from us, so I shall get a ripping day's hunting, Hurrah. I am going to ride Goliath, Dad's 17.2 hunter, whom I adore, but I am sure I shall never look at him again after seeing Robin.

I have had 5 days up to now this year, one an excellent day with the Bucks and Berks stag.

My stupid finger will bleed all over the paper.

I wonder if you have had very good sport in Leicestershire this year : there has been practically no frost, anyhow. The country would be very frightening after this, where you never get more than one jump an hour.

I am simply enjoying my head off here; was there ever such a place? I have got a ripping lot of friends, and that makes the whole difference.

I run 3 days a week with the Eton beagles, who are really a first class 15 inch pack : we have killed 108 hares this half, 9 last—we had one fearful mishap, 3 hounds run over and killed by a G.W.R. express.

I am up to Macnaughton this Half, for the 3rd time; he is fearfully keen, and the division are a very hot lot, mostly tugs. You must come down to Taplow some time next Holidays, if you ever have time, and I will try not to be late (?) *this* time.

I am being confirmed this half : Bowlby prepares me, he is a 1st class man, I simply love him.

Do you think you could send me a photograph of you, if you have got one anywhere at hand ; it would be splendid for my room here?

It was too awfully kind of you to give me such a topping present, and I can't thank you enough.

Yours very aff :
JULIAN.

Julian was confirmed at Eton that Spring, on March 26th, 1904. The children went for the first time to Castle Ashby those Easter Holidays, and there saw Archie Gordon for the first time, who became such a great and beloved friend of all the family. There were two new 'animals' during those holidays, Julian's Irish terrier 'Mike,' which he loved beyond words, and 'Forester,' a grey pony, a beautiful jumper, given to Monica by the Sutherlands. The first very big Eton Friday-to-Monday party at Taplow took

place on April 23rd, with Millie Sutherland and her boys, Willie Northampton and all his children, the whole Horner family, Mrs. Craigie ('John Oliver Hobbes') and John Craigie, Norah and Harry Lindsay, Betty Montgomery, Florence Chaplin, Bron, Winston Churchill, Raymond Asquith, Geordie Herbert, Archie Gordon, George Bowyer, and Maurice Baring.

There was a Water-Fight, in which Norah Lindsay was very nearly drowned, and Winston Churchill, who had just arrived from London—was flung into the River, in a great-coat, spats, and a top-hat—in which he swam very composedly.

Monica went that Summer with Miss Poulton to stay in a French family at the sea-side in Picardy, at Le Touquet—'Villa Vercingétorix'—with a very typical little French girl called 'La petite Madeleine.' Her parents and Ivo and Hawa went over there for Whitsuntide; also Mr. Balfour, Edgar Vincent, Evan Charteris, and the Elchos, to play Golf. The links were then new, and very remarkable!

In June King Edward and Queen Alexandra paid their first visit to Eton; there was a beautiful procession on the river, the King and Queen in the State-Barge, escorted by the Eton Boats. Julian and Billy came over to Taplow for the King and Queen's visit there. Julian said 'There was a moment when the King looked as if he had nothing to do, so I took "Mike" to show him.'

Rosemary came to Taplow for a long time when Monica came back from France; they always paid each other long visits, with their governesses, every Summer, at Lilleshall and Taplow.

That Summer was the children's last visit to Wrest; it was a specially lovely and radiant week. The boys went there with their mother and Mr. Balfour in his motor, in a cracking thunderstorm; they were all

sitting deep in water when they arrived, in very thin Summer clothes, as it had been a broiling day. Ivo was asked if he would like to go to Church, he said 'No'; adding 'I am going to be a heathen when I grow up.' He said to dear (white-haired) Henry Graham 'Shall you be a soldier or a sailor when you are a man?' One day he said to his mother 'You are *just* like the cat-in-the-manger.' It was lovely weather at Taplow that August; the children often slept out, and the family had breakfast in the garden, as well as the other meals.

On August 22nd, the whole family travelled up to Killiechassie, a place the Cowpers had taken on the River Tay, near Aberfeldy. Being at an economical stage, they all went up (by night) in a 3rd class carriage with 3 compartments—but, in spite of drinking Cousin Lizzie Grenfell's elder-flower-wine, the children all woke up at 5, and all fought until the arrival at Aberfeldy at 8.—Ivo said 'Oh isn't this a skylark!' (Their father had crept quietly out at Grantham, and got into a 1st class 'sleeper'!) All the Graham children were there, and Douglas Compton, and Evan Charteris. It was a very sunny pretty place, with lovely woods, but the grouse rather scarce and wild, and the fishing no good that year. The weather was wonderful, and very hot. A great amusement was 'damming the burn,' a pursuit which involved getting wet up to the neck. Julian and Monica climbed to the top of Fergan; and, the last day, the boys and their father had a hare-drive, and got 29 hares.

'Weir of Hermiston' and 'Oliver Twist' were read aloud that Summer, and 'Masterman Ready' to Ivo. When the pig was drowned he got very angry, and said 'How often have I told you to leave out everything dead?' and the next day, 'There, what did I tell you? Of course I did dremp of that pig, and called "Hawa, Hawa," in the night, and she had

to holded my hand.' The children all went through a very boring phase of being absorbed in table-turning!

The little ones remained at Killiechassie, and Julian and Billy went on with their parents to stay at Dalquharran Castle, in Ayrshire, with the Asquiths. The boys did delight in that time, with that brilliant family. Violet Asquith was there, just 16; and all the Asquith boys, and Guy Charteris; and Elizabeth Asquith who was 7, and little Puffin, who already did Ballet-steps, very unsteadily! Billy motored with his mother and Mr. Asquith to see Burns's birthplace, and Culzean. They all did acting and Charades every night. Violet as 'Lord Nelson' remains a vivid memory. Elizabeth said to Julian on the Sunday walk, 'Will you do me a kindness?' and when he said 'Yes.'—'Will you take me on your back?' Cys Asquith was never given pause by Billy in his imitations of a Gramophone, and of the masters at Summer Fields.

The last fortnight of the holidays was spent, in perfectly glorious weather, at Affaric Forest, with the Robin Bensons and their children; the boys' happiness knew no flaw—Julian got 3 stags, and Billy 2,—with his first shot he got his first stag, through the neck.

Ivo was page to Pauline Astor at her wedding in October. He said 'All the bridesmaids kissed me.' (There were 14.) Monica asked him which piece of chocolate he would have, he said 'The biggest.' Hearing that one of the maids had no father or mother, he asked if she came out of an incubator? He suddenly went by himself to see Lizzie Grenfell; when the butler opened the door he said 'I haven't come on business, only for a visit.' Lizzie asked him what he was going to be when he grew up; he said 'A Bachelor.' He went out hunting for the first time in November, with the boys on their 'Long-Leave,' and

was 'blooded,' and given the fox's mask and brush. He came home quite dumb with pleasure, and dragged his bleeding trophies along the carpet to his mother's sitting-room, and said 'Behold!' Their father read 'Lorna Doone' to him and Monica, and 'The Hound of the Baskervilles.' Ivo said 'Was it really a devil of a hound?' (meaning a demon-hound). His mother was reading him 'The Settlers in Canada,' where 'Mr. Campbell was sent two fine bucks by the Commandant.' 'Ah,' said Ivo, 'they'd soon stock the island.'

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LETTER FROM JULIAN, FROM ETON, AUTUMN, 1904.

MY DARLINGEST MOTHER,—Thank you so much for your letter, it was a glorious one and I did love getting it so, in the middle of the terrible Latin Prose Prize; one of the two bits is frightful; the ideas are so entirely English that one has to change them entirely to get them into anything at all like Latin. The Verse Prize is shown up next Saturday. *How* I am looking forward to Long Leave, it will come just right, after all this foul extra work is over. What fun Panshanger must have been, and what a party! I do hope Dad was shooting splendidly? I have had a splendid day to-day, out in the morning with Geordie Stafford, talking about tri-cars, Alan, and Billa. In the afternoon with Jack, when we had a ripping walk to Ditton. I went to breakfast with Geordie Herbert at Ainger's, and to tea with Macnaughton; they were both great fun. I am going to see Mrs. Cornish now. I am so glad you had a good visit from Bowlby. I *do do* hope the Likkies' portraits will be good, how exciting they will be. The Field-day at Aldershot very good; only too many men on too small a ground; all the Public-Schools were out.

Isn't it perfectly splendid about the Ditton fishing, it is really excellent, there are a great many jack, and they seem to run to a good size, 14 lbs. is really quite a good fish, isn't it? The next biggest I have ever caught was the 12 lb. at Hatfield. I hooked an *enormous* perch (I am sure he was over 2 lb.) on a spoon-bait, spinning, on

Thursday, and only just lost him as I was landing him. I caught the big pike on a spoon-bait too, he was rather lazy and didn't play more than 10 minutes. Mr. Kinross, the farmer who keeps my rods for me, eat him, baked, and says he was excellent. I have had four days up to now.

1. 12 Roach, 1 pike (3 lbs.).
2. 2 perch, small, put back.
3. 3 pike (14 lbs., 3 lbs., 2 lbs.).
4. 4 roach.

I never have more than two hours to do it in, and as it takes $\frac{1}{2}$ hour to get there and get started (running hard all the way) I get barely one hour's fishing. But I simply adore it, and it makes the whole difference to this Half. I am extraordinary well and in good condition, with the Football, and Racquets, and running to the fishing; it is over two miles to the water. I hope you are right again darling and not tired? Luxmoore said you were looking well he thought. It was very hard luck, Luxmoore didn't add in the Greek composition marks in the Half-term order, though of course they'll count in the order for the whole Half. He told me I was easily Top if he put them in, the first time I have been top of my Div. since I came here. Everything is going beautifully here, I am most awfully happy, and having a glorious time, and so looking forward to next Saturday, hurrah. We shall have a splendid Long-Leave. Please give my very best love to Dad and the dear Likkies; so glad Nannie is better, very best love to her and Hawa. Arthur Benson asked me to find out if I could how Brocket came to Uncle Francis? He says he has been reading a lot about our grandfather, Julian Fane, and the Westmorlands, in doing his book about the Queen.

All love to you, from
JULIAN.

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The boys went to Castle Ashby and Buckhurst, to shoot, in the Christmas holidays; and the whole family went to Panshanger, for the Ball. At the end of the holidays, Julian and Billy spent a week quite alone with the Cowpers, an especially happy time. Uncle

Francis was very well, and they were with him a great deal, and always remembered all their talks, and how amusing he was. He only lived till the summer of that year.

All the four children were painted that winter by Mr. Peacock. The pictures were given to Willie by the Members of the Bath Club.

On Feb. 11th, 1905, Imogen was born, at 4, St. James's Square. She was a very pretty baby, with a tiny face and curly fair hair, and her family were unreasonably delighted with her. Julian and Billy came up separately to visit her, from Eton; Julian held her like a football in the hollow of both hands, which she seemed to find comfortable. Billy celebrated his first sight of her by eating an entire Fuller's chocolate cake for tea. Monica and Ivo also arrived, and washed the baby's face, and combed her hair, and wanted to brush her teeth. Ivo was enchanted, saying 'I'm not the youngest now.' And then, rather anxiously, 'You won't forsake me for the new baby?' Norah Lindsay said that all the Cabinet Ministers visited Imogen's cradle, and brought her rattles with Protectionist mottoes on them. Queen Alexandra, Alice Salisbury, Lord Kitchener, Bron, and Julian, were her Godparents. Julian gave her a ruby safety-pin for her bib. The boys did not at first approve of her name. Billy said, 'You might as well call her Oxygen or Hydrogen,' and they talked of her as 'The Gas.' Monica and Ivo and Nannie were delighted when she got to Taplow; Ivo said 'Doesn't she sneeze beautifully?' and made her laugh by shaking his curls in the sun. But when she cried in his nursery, he was vexed, and shook her cradle, saying, 'Will you give over? I will give you a dib on the nib if you don't.'

Their father had a very bad hunting accident that March, his hunter, Goliath, turning a complete somer-

sault and rolling on him. He was laid up for several weeks, and in great pain; his collar-bone crushed and three ribs broken. Poor little Monica was hunting with him; she stayed with him the whole time, and took off her coat to put over him; and their mother and Billy and Ivo were out driving, and met him being driven home, with the doctors.

Julian got mumps at Eton just as he was going in for the Newcastle, and the School Racquets. April 1st, was Billy's confirmation at Eton—a most beautiful day, the Chapel flooded with sunshine. Julian was brought home in the afternoon, to be in Quarantine at Taplow, with Nannie. An attempt was made that he should be allowed to do the Newcastle Examination papers out of School, but in vain.

The whole family went to Panshanger in the Easter Holidays, the last visit there in Uncle Francis's life-time. The Grahams, Harry Lindsays, Laurence Drummonds and their children, Bim Compton, Evan Charteris, and Archie Gordon, were there—and Julian's new hunter 'Ruby.' Ivo said to Uncle Francis, 'When I heard of a man with whiskers, I thought it meant great ivory tusks.' He had an imaginary horse called 'Horse-Chestnut,' on which he rode all day. It had lately won the Derby, and went 'like a puff of wind,' but it took 80 men to get it up in the morning.

There was a very big Eton Party at Taplow at the end of the holidays, when nobody ever appeared to go to bed at all. Ivo was given his bath by eight Eton boys, who also washed his hair and fanned it dry. Robin Benson quelled a fearful riot in the room over his at 4.30 in the morning—it was occupied by his boys, and many others. The last day of the holidays, Julian got up at 2.30, and had a meal of cheese and lemonade, and went out into the woods with Alice Grenfell to hear the 'Dawn-Chorus,' and was very

sick all day afterwards. Monica and Miss Poulton went again to Le Touquet that Summer. Ivo went to a country-house visit with his father and mother; his host asked him if he was enjoying himself, he said 'Yes, awfully'; but added to his Mother, in a very clear aside, 'I'm not really enjoying myself so *very* awfully.' He was Page at Margaret Loch's wedding that Spring, dressed in white and pink and silver. There were many very happy days at Eton that Summer, seeing Julian play cricket, and Billy row. One evening in Ascot week their parents were driving through Eton to the State-Banquet at Windsor, and Julian tore after the carriage to say that he had made 40 runs in First Game! Mr. Balfour, who was staying at Windsor, came one day to see the boys; and there was one delightful walk with Lord Rosebery in the Playing Fields. Julian went for a Sunday to the Eton Mission at Hackney Wick. It was a very hot Summer, and the two days of the Eton-and-Harrow Match were boiling. There was a big party at Taplow for that Sunday, of Sibell Grosvenor and George Wyndham and Percy (who by this time was one of Julian's most beloved friends), the Portlands, Wolvertons, Edgar Vincents, Lady Londonderry, Lady Elcho, Lady Cynthia Graham, Mr. Balfour, the Duke of Sutherland, Mr. Chesterton, Evan Charteris, Austen Chamberlain, and Maurice Baring.

Julian won the Jelf Prize and the Oppidan Certificate Prize that Half. He went into Camp at Salisbury Plain for a week, with the Eton Volunteers, at the beginning of the Holidays.

CHAPTER VIII.

ON July 19th, 1905, the boys' great-uncle, Lord Cowper, died after a short illness and an unsuccessful operation, at Panshanger. He had been in very frail health for several years, but his cheerfulness and patience and interest in life never failed. He was devoted to the boys, and liked to think that Julian would some day live at Panshanger; and there was no one they loved and admired more than him. Although they were only seventeen and fifteen when he died, the impression he had made on their minds never faded—they always talked of him, of his gentleness and chivalry and great beauty, and of how amusing he was, and of his learning, and great love of books. This letter from Billy was written on almost their last visit to Panshanger in his lifetime, just before Imogen was born.

Panshanger: January, 1905.

MY DEAREST MUMMY,—How splendid about going to the Sutherlands, I do hope it will be soft enough to hunt, but the plough was like iron to-day, and it was freezing to-night I am afraid. We arrived here all right, in immense cold, so cold that the second-best pair of horses were almost awake; and found Auntie Ka too splendid, but rather exhausted after entertaining ——— for a whole week. Yesterday morning Juju and I got 12 pheasants, 2 woodcock, and a partridge; and in the afternoon with Auntie Ka we got 8 duck, 12 rabbits, and 3 dabchick. This morning we got up at 6 a.m.—4 duck, a pigeon, and 1 pheasant, which eluded us by hard running. After breakfast we got with Auntie Ka 22 pheasants, 2 partridges, 2 rabbits, and a sundry. And this afternoon Julian and I

and Barnes and Bob Mead got 23 partridges, 1 duck (shot by Barnes a-settin') and a hare; wasn't it good? To-morrow we shoot with Uncle Sir Henry.* Margery is still at Welbeck, but I have seen Auntie Min and Elsie. What a lot of good our horses are here, ain't they? We play Bridge of a funny description every night. Last night Uncle F, who is very well and in magnificent form, had 4 cards left in his hand when no one else had one. He thereupon claimed the last 4 tricks, and there were faint symptoms of a crise from Auntie Ka. What a blankety-blank bore our portraits are, I wish we had put off till next Hols. Thank you for the stamped and addressed envelope; if you had gone a step farther and written a letter to yourself inside, as Nannie did when I went to Summer Fields, I might have sent it off sooner.

Auntie Ka has got a new cook, to replace (as far as possible) the gap caused by the exit of Mrs. Baldwin; but as the cutlets taste of bricks and the sausages of bran-mash, she will not stay here long. How I do do hope your cough is better. Goodbye, with very dearest love,

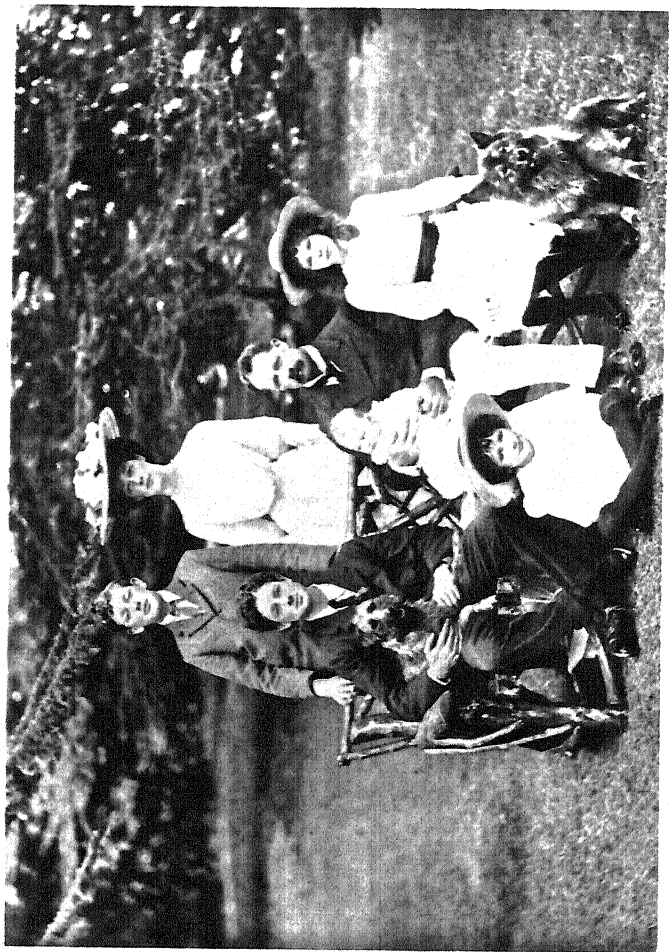
From BILLY.

Katie Cowper was heart-broken when Uncle Francis died, and very desolate. The boys' great love for her grew even deeper and stronger after this time, and seemed to increase with every year, until her death nearly eight years later. She was intensely devoted to them, and could almost always put aside her grief when they were with her. She threw herself with complete forgetfulness of self into their interests and pleasures. But her own sorrow never seemed to grow less; she never surrendered to it, and filled her life with work, but her thoughts and hopes were all in another world. It often made the boys, and all who loved her, very sad to think of her loneliness in that big house at Panshanger, living in two little sitting-rooms, where she would often have no fires, even in

* Sir Henry Graham.

very cold weather; but she always grew restless after a very short time anywhere else; and did not care to have anyone with her except her closest relations. As time went on, she liked the children to ask their friends to stay at Panshanger, and grew interested in them—but she hardly ever saw any of her own friends after Uncle Francis's death. She built a beautiful Memorial-Hall to him at Hertingfordbury, and carved the oak panelling for one of its rooms entirely herself; and she superintended every detail of the marble recumbent figure of him by Poole, going again and again to the Studio to get it perfectly right. She gave exactly the same scrupulous care to every point with regard to the Estate and its management; and carried on all her charities both at Panshanger and in Shore-ditch. Her one solace was working in her garden, a small rock garden on a steep southern slope looking to the river, which no gardener was ever allowed to touch. She built all the brick walls and brick paths herself; and made a summer-house with brick columns. Her sister, Lady Margaret Graham, and her family, to all of whom Katie was deeply attached, lived at Marden Hill, very near to Panshanger. Her eldest niece, Elsie Graham, was her companion on many travels.

The Cowpers had taken Baledmund, near Pitlochry, for that autumn—1905—and it was thought best that Katie should still go there. The Grahams and Grenfells went too, including Imogen, who was 6 months old; and Bron Lucas for some of the time. Julian used to get up at 5 every morning and go out after roe-deer. Ivo said he saw a ghost one night, and it contradicted him. One day Billy overslept himself, and Ivo was told to go and wake him, he said, 'Oh, no, Billy would fairly *blame* me.' He said one day to Hawa 'You are a bad atmosphere and a wicked female.' The boys got 277 grouse,



IN THE CEDAR WALK AT TAPLOW, AUGUST 1905.

41 partridges, 5 woodcock, 6 snipe, 4 caper-cailzie, 33 hares, 210 rabbits, and 6 roe-deer at Baledmund. Everyone went on a very long expedition to the Black Spout Waterfall. Bron said he could make a better black spout out of an old teapot. Julian and Billy went to stalk with the Robin Bensons, at Forest Lodge of Atholl, in September, and Monica and her mother went to stay with the Asquiths at Glen-of-Roths. Monica, who was just twelve, had a glorious time, and a lot of riding. All the Asquith family were there, and Archie Gordon, Arnold Ward, and Mervyn Herbert. Monica sat up for dinner the last night, and sat between Mr. Asquith and Raymond. On September 11th Julian and Billy's parents went to join them and the Benson children at the tiny house at Forest Lodge, while the Benson parents were away. The wind was very bad all the time for the Forest, but Julian got two stags, and they had excellent grouse shooting, and a divinely happy time. Julian and Billy and their mother went to stay with Bron Lucas at the Plough Inn, Wigglesworth, for four days' shooting on the way south. The boys went out fishing one night with old Frank the keeper, and got twelve trout. That was the first of their many and ideally happy visits to Bron at Wigglesworth and Sawley.

Julian got into 'Pop' when he went back to Eton, and was captain of his house, and editor of the *Eton Chronicle*. This was his reply to some invitations to him, of which his mother told him, to ball-parties at Christmas :

' Sound, sound the clarion, fill the fife,
To all the social world say " Hang it,
I, who for seventeen years of life
Have trod this happy hustling planet,
I won't go woman-hunting yet,
I won't become a Social Pet." '

And these were some rhymes of his about the same time :

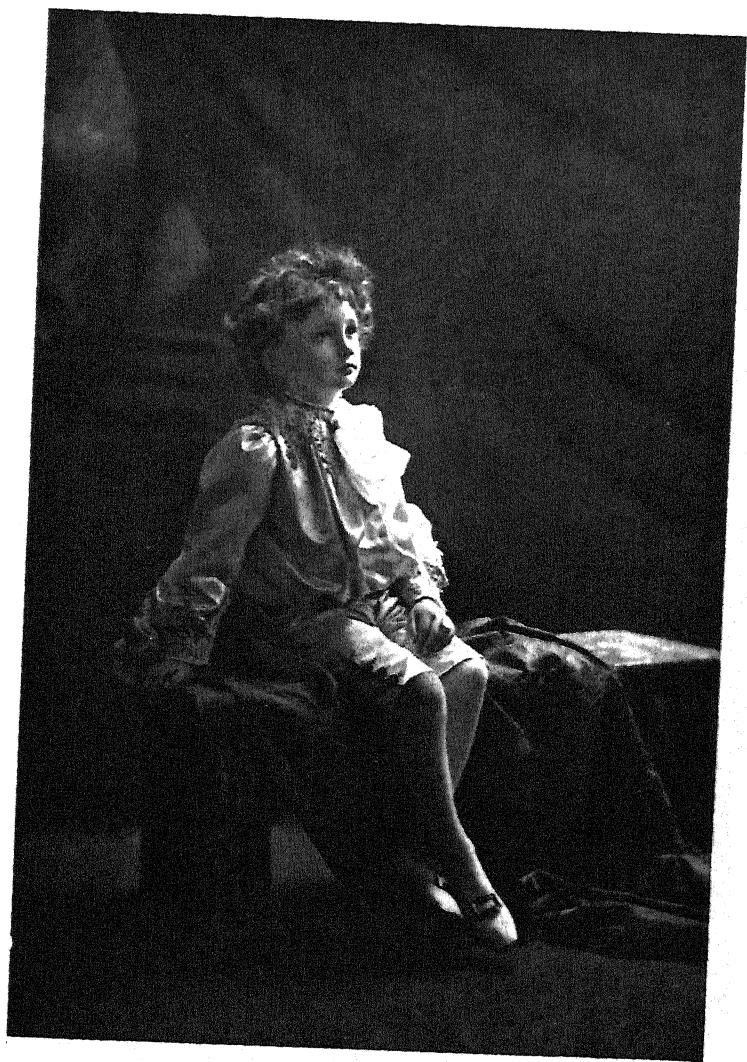
THE ETON MATHEMATICAL SOCIETY.

MICHAELMAS, 1905.

Eton, we thought you were crammed to satiety
With every nature and form and variety,
Kind and description and size of Society,—
Musical, Pop, Scientific, Dramatical
Essay,—but now some Dynamic-and-Statical
Mind has produced an Eton Mathematical
Society ;

Most opportunely new-born has she come for us,
Cheering the toilings of problem and sum for us,
Filling the hole in our Curriculum for us.
Hail then, O Master promoting the enterprise.
Hail then, O staff, mathematical Geniis,
Hail, O Society, High may thy glory rise.
Vive. Vale.

He went up to Oxford and passed his Balliol examination. Poor Billy got mumps at Eton, in company with Alastair and Bird Eliot (now St. Germans). He and Bird came to spend their convalescence 'in quarantine' at Taplow. Dear Bird was met in a very narrow bit of Parliament Lane, being run away with at lightning speed on Monica's pony 'Forester,' who never paused till he got to his stable. One day Ivo's donkey shied when he was riding him. He said, 'Was Dick skidding?' He said to Monica, 'Oh, I was not *ready* to be hitten.' They used to drive their two donkeys in a tandem. Ivo suddenly said, 'This dining-room would make a very meek prison.' Bron asked him if he liked doing his knitting. He said, 'Yes, but it is very tedious.' Asked what his new gymnastic class was like, he said '*Wotten*.' He and Monica and Billy gave a really marvellous performance of the play called 'Time is Money,' at Christmas; Ivo was the widow, Monica the young



IVO GRENFELL, AGED 7.

man, and Billy the parlourmaid. Imogen, aged eleven months, made her first stage appearance as a 'Snowball,' in a white sledge, and enjoyed it enormously. She had already got thick golden curls, and pink cheeks, and blue eyes, and could bray like a donkey. She spent a very happy Christmas, surrounded by brothers and soft squeaking presents. Nannie was immensely proud of her, and of the speed with which she could crawl. It was dear Nannie's last Christmas. She was particularly well and happy—aged eighty-four—and laughed very much at the children's acting.

Julian and Billy went to shoot at Castle Ashby for three days, and the whole family went to Panshanger in January. The boys and their parents went to 'Major Barbara,' by Bernard Shaw, on their way home, which they argued about for many weeks. There was an enormous Eton party at Taplow, with a meet of the Old Berkeley Hounds, a fancy-dress children's party of 180, and a ventriloquist (Ivo said, 'Do you know how to spell it?'), and a cotillon led by Monica and Archie Gordon, with live kittens in little hampers as presents. The dresses were lovely. Betsy Gore had a pale blue velvet Romney dress, Beb Asquith was a monkey, with a monkey's head and skin, Elizabeth Asquith was an Infanta, in gold brocade. Rex Benson was a Pharaoh, in a wonderful head-dress, and Rosemary looked lovely as a Sutherland fisher-girl. Sidney Herbert had a real George III. dress. Julian wore a pale blue Austrian uniform, and Billy a beautiful scarlet and gold Spanish dress; Monica was a snake-charmer, in flame colour, with silver snakes and a snake round her hair; Ivo wore his pink and silver Valois page's dress, and Imogen was the Sir Thomas Lawrence 'Lady Palmerston' as a baby, in a mob-cap. Bron, Evan, all the Asquith and Benson and Brodrick children,

Archie Gordon, Sidney Herbert, Rosemary, and Millie Sutherland, were staying there. They did wonderful acting every evening, and there was a 'Bigophone solo' competition, with a black boy for the first prize, won by Beb; and a great deal of hockey and tennis in the court, and a donkey-steepchase. The children always talked of that party and looked back to it; the first of many January cotillions at Taplow.

Julian was in Sixth Form when he returned to Eton. His family never got over the pride of seeing him walk into chapel. He was very ill indeed, at Eton in February, with sudden blood-poisoning—most seriously ill for twenty-four hours. He was brought back to Taplow in the omnibus, lying flat, with a nurse. He was so very good and patient, trying to do 'Newcastle' work as he got better. His mother read a great deal of Kipling and Stevenson to him. He was at Taplow for little Imogen's first birthday, and cake with one candle. When he went back to Eton, the rest of the family went to London, to a house they had taken till Easter, 51, Grosvenor Square, where Bron stayed with them too. Monica and Ivo had never lived in London before, and enjoyed it very much. They went out driving with their mother in the Victoria, and insisted on stopping at Groves, the fishmonger, in Bond Street, to buy shrimps for their tea. Monica had French lessons every day, and German lessons with Rosemary three times a week, and they went to a dancing-class, and had skating lessons at Prince's, and swam a great deal at the Bath Club. There were twelve lectures at Grosvenor Square on English Literature, given by Miss Harington, and the children wrote papers on each lecture, and there was an examination at the end. Mr. Edmund Gosse came to inaugurate them, and made a perfect speech to the children; and Mr.

Balfour was to have given the prizes at the end, but he was laid up with influenza, so Millie Sutherland stepped into the breach—most beautifully. Little Puffin Asquith came to the prize-giving, and sat on Margot's knee, and said 'Hush' to her whenever she spoke. The children who came to the lectures were Rosemary, Victoria Carrington, Daisy Benson, Betsy Gore, Laura and Diana Lister, Clair and Bimbo Tennant, Sybil Sassoon, Irene Denison, Enid Fane, Joan Poynder, Kitty Leigh, Monica, and Ivo.

Julian and Billy came up to London for their Long Leave on March 3rd. The whole family went to 'She Stoops to Conquer' with the Manners, Charteris, Sassoon, Horner, and Lister families. On Sunday they went to St. Paul's Cathedral, and in the afternoon to the Zoo, an 'Eton party' of forty. Imogen went too, and was very heavy to carry, and very happy. Leinster and Desmond FitzGerald and Sidney and Michael Herbert came to tea, and in the evening Max Beerbohm and Mr. Charles Hawtrey and the Acheson girls dined, and they acted charades; that was an evening long celebrated in the family.

There was a children's fancy-dress party at Grosvenor Square, to which 100 children and Lord Haldane came. He proved a great connoisseur in babies; and there was a tiny ball for grown-up boys and girls, of thirty girls and boys and Mr. Balfour.

It was a very hot spring. Ivo said one day, 'Oh, I *am* perspiring so.' He said, 'What a lot of policemen in London stand in the middle of the road wondering what they will do next.'

Dear Nannie was with us in Grosvenor Square. She had one of her bronchitis attacks there, but got quite well again, and went to stay with her niece at Neasden for a fortnight for a little change. While there she got another attack of bronchitis, and died almost suddenly, in her sleep, in the early morning of

March 19th, from heart failure. The children were going to see her the next day, and their mother was with her until eleven o'clock of the night she died, when the doctor said there was no immediate danger. Her very last words were about Julian and Billy; their mother said something about them, and Nannie said 'Dear boys,' very tenderly, with the very happy smile with which she always talked of them. She did not speak again afterwards. The children loved her most devotedly, and they never forgot little things that might give her pleasure. Monica was the last baby she took entire charge of, and they had a very special love for one another. Julian and Billy were her great pride, and their home-comings were always her red-letter days. When she grew very old, and lived a good deal in her own little room at the end of the nursery passage at Taplow, they used to sit with her a great deal. Billy always said she was the best talker in all the world. Little Ivo never missed trotting along the passage for his good-night visit to her, often taking her some strange little present, sometimes a cherished remnant of his food. Nannie always ate it, no matter how mangled the condition. She was amused at his saying to her one day, when he was very little and could only just talk, 'This orange is devilish sweet. Have a bite, dear old lady?'

They all missed Nannie unspeakably, her life-long devotion, and faithful unflinching love and welcome. She was eighty-four. She had been particularly well and happy that last winter, and often able to be downstairs with them all at Christmas. She was never in the least deaf, and her eyesight remained good to the end, and her memory and interest wonderful. Nannie was a great conservative and aristocrat. When Willie was given a peerage she was very much pleased, but could not often remember to call him by his new name, which vexed her very much indeed. She used

to say, 'It seems to me such a strange thing, me being so used to the nobility all my life,' She did not like the children to play with the village children, and there was one family she especially disapproved of, and always spoke of as 'That scum.' Our children, when they were very little, thought this was their real designation, and used to say cheerfully that they were going off to play with the scum.

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LETTER FROM BILLY FROM ETON.

March, 1906.

MY DARLING MOTHER,—I loved seeing you here yesterday, it is very hard to realise that Nannie is dead. I was very very fond of her, fonder than of almost anyone, though I fear I was sometimes impatient to her, and not grateful enough for her untiring goodness and devotion. She had a wonderful trust in God, and I am sure no one can ever have been more ready than she was. There are so many distractions and diversions here at Eton that they seem to overwhelm sad thoughts, especially as I do not expect to see her here, or miss her presence *yet*. I do hope you are well, and not too sad. Death was for her the true Greek ideal, the kind yet inexorable messenger. She is happy now, I am sure.

All love, from
BILLY.

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Julian was made Master of the Eton Beagles the end of that Half, and Keeper of Second Upper Club, and was only one place out of Select for the Newcastle, in spite of his illness. The boys came up to London for the first day or two of the Easter holidays, and there was a wild debauch, the days starting with large breakfast parties at nine o'clock. On April 7th Billy and Ivo and their parents went to the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race on Willie's Thames

Conservancy launch, with a big party, including Mr. Asquith, the Speaker, Mr. Edmund Gosse, Tommy Ribblesdale, and Charles Lister. Julian and Monica (the horsey members of the family) and a lot of Eton boys went to the steeplechases at Hawthorn Hill. They all went to Taplow the next day. The weather was lovely. The beauty of the Buckinghamshire wild-cherry blossom was always afterwards centred in their minds upon that Good Friday; when 'Forester,' the donkey tandem, and three bicycles, conveyed the family and tea to the Dropmore Woods. The boys loved the A. E. Housman poem about the wild cherries. Billy knew almost the whole of 'A Shropshire Lad' by heart. During those holidays the family paid their first divine visit to the Manners, at Avon Tyrrell, which became like a second home through many happy years. The New Forest was in wonderful beauty, flaming with gorze. Bron brought four young men friends over to tea, from Picket; Billy told them that they looked like a deputation of the Unemployed!

They went to Panshanger afterwards. Julian was at the height of his passion for dry-fly fishing; he went to Buckhurst for three days' cricket; and there was a huge Eton party at Taplow at the end of the holidays, with acting managed by Mr. Hawtrey; and steeplechases at Hawthorn Hill.

Julian was 6 ft. $\frac{1}{2}$ in. and Billy 6 ft. $\frac{3}{8}$ in. those holidays. They were just eighteen, and just sixteen.

Imogen was very fond indeed of Willie; she got to know the particular kind of boots he wore to go to London, and when they appeared on her horizon on the floor, she began to cry directly, and crawled after him as fast as she possibly could, calling his name. If she once caught hold, it was very difficult to get her away. Once Mr. T. A. Cook came to Taplow on business, and suddenly said at luncheon, 'Does your

baby bite?' Imogen had crawled under the table and fastened her teeth in his leg.

There was a wonderful Fourth of June that year, with Julian in 'Speeches,' and Billy in the Boats; their parents came over from Versailles for it. Julian's room held a quite untold number of people for tea. Billy's House-four made four bumps in four nights in the Junior Races. On June 29th Monica (still aged twelve) won the Gold Medal in the Junior Swimmers' Competition at the Bath Club, and the Silver Medal for being second in the General Handicap.

That was the last Eton-and-Harrow match with Julian as an Eton boy. Rex Benson played at the last moment, and made thirty-three runs. The family dined on Friday at an enormous Eton dinner at the Midletons, and it afterwards stormed Earl's Court, in conjunction with many other dinner-parties; and Bron had a supper-party. There was a big party at Taplow for Sunday, of the Derbys, Essexs, Portlands, Princess Pless, the Duchess of Marlborough, Violet Asquith, Francis Grenfell (the Field-Marshal), Lord Ribblesdale, John Revelstoke, General Scobell, and Archie Gordon. The children stayed till the very end of the match to see Eton win, and motored down with Mr. Balfour.

Ivo was shown a beautiful little pedigree dog by Mr. Lister, our dear friend, the oculist. He said afterwards, 'I didn't like that dog, it had got petticee.'

On July 30th came the last visit to Julian at Eton, and the last proud walk in the Playing Fields between two tall Eton sons. The sadness was almost too much, Julian had loved every day of his five years there so passionately. He had edited the *Eton Chronicle* for a year, and that last summer he and Charles Lister, Patrick Shaw-Stewart, Ronald Knox, Edward Horner, Cecil Gold, and Laffan, had brought

out a most brilliant paper called *The Outsider*, which reached six numbers, and caused great excitement, being extolled by some people and execrated by others. No editors can ever have got more fun out of any enterprise. Julian had also written articles for *The World* and *Vanity Fair*.

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WRITTEN BY JULIAN GRENFELL.

April, 1906.

Lines suggested by the earthquake of San Francisco.

‘ Out of the darkness that covers us.’

From dust we come, to dust we go;
The life of man is but a dream,
A mystery we cannot know,
An outer Darkness. And the gleam
Of Reason’s feebly striving light
Can only flicker in the night,

To show in terrible relief
The awful all-surrounding gloom,
Through which we struggle, in belief
Of something greater than the tomb;
The living hope uplifts us yet,
We only fall if we forget.

We know the sadness and the pain
Of life; the cause we dimly guess;
We sink; but sink to rise again
Under the heaven-sent distress,
For we believe that One above
Reigns not in anger, but in love.

And yet we see the wrong prevail,
The evil overwhelm the good,
We hear the long despairing wail
Of those who trusted, and who stood
In righteousness, and whose reward
Is here denied them by their Lord.

The gourd in which we put our trust
Is withered by the mid-day heat,
Our head is lowered in the dust,
We call thee from the mercy-seat;
We call thee, knowing thou art near;
We call thee and thou wilt not hear.

Swept by the storm of circumstance,
And hounded by the powers of ill,
Sore-stricken by the blows of chance,
With shattered faith and shaken will,
We cry for death, like Job of old,
'No longer, Lord, thine hand withhold.'

As on that western city fair,
Founded in steel and adamant,
Which up to heaven's glowing stair,
Her towers in lofty masses sent,
Trusting in all that mortal can,—
In all the strength and skill of man.

The deadly anger of the earth,
The force which none can conquer, fell
And mighty waves of hidden birth
Now rose to Heaven, now sank to Hell,
And colonnade and church and tower
To ruin crashed in one dread hour:

As deadly and as unforeseen
On man descends the heavenly blow;
The test is sharp, the trial keen,
Bitter the pang to undergo;
But sure are we that God is wise,
Who doth demand such sacrifice.

But as th' unconquered western mind,
Unbowed by Fortune's ruthless spite,
Gazed on the ashes but to find
In chaos there a future site
For noble square and open way
Where then was ruin and decay,

So does the brave and manly heart,
Under the buffetings of life,
And cruel Fortune's deep-wrung smart,
Still struggle in the glorious strife,
Still tread the rugged path of fame,
Unswerving from the nobler aim.

Then onward ! Not for us to know
The reason of our sorrows here.
No ! Onward ever let us go ;
Throw doubt aside, and idle fear,
And yield not from the narrow way
That leads to everlasting day.

Did David mourn, did David weep,
When his beloved child had passed
Along the silent ways of sleep ;
Although with anguish, prayer, and fast
While yet the fevered life was whole,
He poured the sorrow of his soul ?

Who, though a sinner, was a *man*
After the very heart of God ;
He faced the foe, he led the van
Of battle, and his path he trod
With steadfast and courageous tread ;
Grim Fortune could not bow his head.

So may we never faint nor fall,
But higher, ever higher strain,
Rejecting Melancholy's pall,
Rising superior to pain ;
That we may go from strength to strength,
Gaining the mountain top at length.

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The family spent a very happy fortnight at Taplow in the beginning of August, with a great deal of bathing and riding and tennis. Julian went to stay with his beloved Charlie Mills for two nights to play cricket, but unluckily got a bad poisoned foot. On

August 15th the whole family went to Scotland, to a little house which they had taken for two months, called Langcot, on Findhorn Bay. Langcot was one of the most amusing of all the family adventures. It was a little tiny hideous house, belonging to a farmer, with startling decorations and woolwork portraits of Charles I. When Margot Asquith came over she was horrified, and said 'But has any gentleman's family ever lived here before?' and, looking at the cherished yellow sands of Findhorn Bay, 'Aren't those mudflats very unwholesome?' The weather was fabulous, only one wet day in two months; and there was perfect bathing from a deserted bit of open shore on the Moray Firth, lying beyond heather moors, at the back of the cornfields and pinewoods. There was a strange golf course, called Kinloss links, running from the house along the shore of Findhorn Bay. No one else was ever known to play on it, and the golfers who stayed at Langcot said that it had taught them a great deal. There was one spare room, occupied by Raymond Asquith, John Revelstoke, Hugh Godley, Evan Charteris, Archie Gordon, and Bron Lucas. Katie Cowper and the Grahams and Lawrence Drummonds were at Nairn, only fourteen miles away; and the Asquiths were at Glen-of-Rothies, within easy to-and-fro. Quantities of them came over one hot Sunday, and everybody bathed and played 'water-polo.' Bathing garments gave out, and Ock Asquith had to wear Monica's flannel petticoat. Both Julian and Billy were most dearly fond of Margot, she was an angel to them all their lives, and they thought her more amusing than anyone.

One day Billy and Ivo and their mother got up at 2.30 (Ivo slept in his mother's room, and woke her every ten minutes throughout the night to ask if it was time to get up), and they made hot coffee in an Etna, and stumbled up to Findhorn village on bicycles, to

go out in their friend Mr. Mayne the fisherman's haddie-boat. It was pitch dark, and Ivo could not yet get on to his bicycle alone, so, whenever he fell off, someone had to get down and put him on again. But they just caught the boat, as she started. When they got to the fishing-ground and anchored, Mr. Mayne said 'Now we are rocked in the cradle of the deep,' and their mother was instantly sea-sick. Mr. Mayne was shocked, and said 'Too calm for sick.' There were 2,000 hooks, and they caught shoals of haddock. Coming home, Ivo suddenly went to sleep and fell into them.

Imogen loved being at Langcot, and used to rush along the sands whenever she escaped from Hawa, and try to sit on the sea. One day, when bathing, Ivo came out first: when the others came up the beach he looked very flustered, and said 'Oh, I have had such a *battle* with an earwig.' Willie had a wonderful arrangement with the farmers round, by which he paid them 6d. for every rabbit shot on their ground by him and the boys, giving the farmers the rabbits. In this way they got very good shooting. The Findhorn river and Altyre woods were most beautiful, and many happy days were spent there. Julian went to shoot grouse with the Ribblesdales at Helmsdale for a few days, and to stalk at Langwell, and he and Billy both went to Dunrobin for a glorious week, and each got their *first two salmon* there. Billy's weighed 23 lb. and 16 lb., and Julian got two stags there and Billy one. Julian also got six stags in three days at Loch Choire, and eight stags in four days at Langwell. He used to go out punt-gunning in Findhorn Bay at all hours of the day and night; it was the very kind of sport he most loved. Julian, Billy, Monica, and their parents went to stay with the Robin Bensons at Caen-na-Croc, and had most lovely and happy days there. Billy got a good stag. They acted some most

excellent stalking-scenes one night, a charade. George Brodrick was there, the very dear friend of the whole Grenfell family through all those years. He and Archie Gordon and John Manners were Monica's earliest loves, from the time when she was eleven years old.

Julian got seventeen stags altogether that year, and one yeld-hind (in 'The Universal Deer-Drive' at Caen-na-Croc, in which the entire party took part!).

One evening the family went from Langcot to a play at Forres, 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' acted by a travelling company, all most deeply Scotch, except one negro. It lasted about five hours. Julian, in spite of efforts at self-control that nearly suffocated him, was hissed for laughing in the tragic scenes. It must have been at about this time that very vehement discussions started between Julian and his mother, generally on quite impersonal subjects, but not infrequently ending with both disputants in tears! They each held very strong opinions, and could not bear the other not to agree absolutely. This went on from time to time for three or four years. Julian's mother sometimes felt mildly depressed about these arguments, and used to think how dreadful it would be if anyone ever overheard them, and the very plain speaking on both sides; but Julian wholly approved of them, and used to call them his 'fight for life.' They died out completely in later years, and Julian was sorry for this, and used to say reproachfully 'You are getting fearfully good-tempered.' When he was in the hospital at Boulogne after his wound, he said one day 'I would not give up one of our ructions'; and on the very last day that he was well enough to speak easily, after a very challenging statement, 'Why don't you *argue*, Mother?'

Billy went down to Eton on September 18th with Alastair, but the others stayed at Langcot until the

middle of October, when Julian went off to Balliol for the first time. On October 29th the first visit to him there took place. He was still missing Eton terribly, and did not really settle to Oxford till after his first term, but he was pleased at rowing in the Four that won the Morrison Fours in November. A great number of the Eton friends went up to Oxford at about the same time, Julian, Charles Lister, Edward Horner, George Brodrick, Guy Benson, Patrick Shaw-Stewart, Ronald Knox—and all clung most closely together throughout the Oxford years. Among the rather older boys who they saw a good deal were Charlie Mills, Geordie Herbert, and Denys Finch-Hatton (at Magdalen); Ego and Guy Charteris, Tommy Lascelles, Denny Anson, and Twiggy Anderson (at Trinity); and Lawrence Jones—‘Jonah’—and Douglas Radclyffe, at Balliol, too; and Jack Leven. Bim Compton and Archie Gordon had just gone down from Balliol, and Julian’s beloved friend Percy Wyndham went straight into the Army, and so did John Bigge and Alan Graham. When Percy was at Eton he wrote to his father, who read with satisfaction the sentence at the end of the first page, ‘You will be glad to hear that I am getting on much better,’ but on turning the page, the sentence ended ‘with my roulette.’ Percy’s irresistible charm was with him from first to last; in spite of his many pranks, the masters at Eton loved him as much as the boys.

The Eton boys at Balliol were thought rather rebellious, and pretty often got into conflict with the authorities. But the Master, Strachan Davidson, understood them very well, and there was a great friendship between him and Julian. Strachan Davidson always spoke very suavely of them all, but with a twinkle in his eye that made the hearers guess that he knew a good deal more about their escapades than he thought it well to acknowledge.

On November 10th Willie went to spend the day with Julian at Balliol, his first visit to him there. Julian was in the same rooms in the Balliol Quadrangle that Willie had when there. Later on in the Oxford days, Bobby Palmer (since killed in Mesopotamia) said to Alice Salisbury, 'I have never known any boys so fond of their father as Julian and Billy Grenfell. They know the scene of every one of his exploits at Oxford.'

On November 17th, Billy and Sidney Herbert came to Taplow for Long Leave, and Julian came for the day on Sunday from Oxford. When Imogen heard that Billy was coming she said 'Naughty; nasty,' because he pretended to run after her. She said that Julian called her '*ittle Moggie*'; and that she was going to be a Cupid at Christmas—'Wings, fly 'ight away.' She asked for Willie, 'Where Dada? Big man.' Ivo said 'That cat is not one year old and has got eight kittens, and I am eight years old and have not got one baby yet.'

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CHAPTER IX.

THE *Ne Plus Ultra*, a very amusing Eton paper edited by Billy and Sidney Herbert, was started that Half, Autumn 1906. The following letters were from Billy, from Eton, at the beginning of the Half, and from Julian, from Panshanger, at the beginning of December :

Eton : Sept. 1906.

MY DEAREST,—I am so very very sorry that in that shuffle I did not say Goodbye, and give you the opportunity of advising me to be very careful at Eton and to do Swedish Exercises. But I will undertake to do most faithfully the first, and perhaps a little of the second. It was *very* sad here for the first 24 hours, it is too tragic being here without Julian, like being widowed, and I miss the others awfully too; but as —— says, there are many honest and pleasant fellows left, and such is the adaptability of man that I am now enjoying it very much. It is also a grand opportunity to work. John Manners, John Craigie, Aubrey Tennyson, and Archie Melville are too delightful. Lady Geena *most* painful and amusing, and we are great friends already. Write very often, and come and see me immediately you return. Weren't these Holidays the best ever?

Love to all from

BILLY.

Panshanger, Hertford : Thursday, December, 1906.

DEAR MOTHER,—All thanks for letter and wire; as you can't get a place next yours at 'Raffles' I think I shall have the day here, and come back to Tap. late, as I shall have the dogs with me. I should not care much to see it

unless I went *with you* and the Likkies—at least, I would rather have the day here.

Auntie Ka is too splendid, and yet quite obviously fighting hard all the time. I think she has liked having me, and has been ripping to me, and so amusing. I have had a *wonderful* time, in the way of sport, just the wild rough kind I love. We have shot duck twice (she and I); on Wednesday I spent the whole day shooting with Beit at Tewin—just about the right number, 150 pheasants; and the rest of the time I have been ‘spoortin’ with the two dogs. Melbourne is a wonder; and Mike jollier and better than ever; he is a dear. I got 5 greyhounds from Welwyn to-day, and we coursed on Masson’s ground; killed one hare, and had some splendid courses; Melbourne beat them all, and there were some toppers there: I really must run him in a big stake soon. We shoot partridges to-morrow.

I long to see you; such a lot to talk over. I’m very glad Welbeck is such fun. Best love to Dad.

Telepath inspiration to Ca in her exam. She and Likkie were great fun at Tap. on Monday.

I hear ‘Ne Plus Ultra’ comes out Friday. I sent them a rotten thing, but I shouldn’t think they would put it in. I saw Bill at Eton; and Goody who seemed delighted with him. I wasn’t so very vague as it may have seemed with my Oxford luggage; I had only just time to meet and transfer Melbourne at the Station, so I gave a bob to a porter, and adjured him to put it in the right train; after which it apparently all went different ways, boxing gloves to Wycombe, gun to Paddington, etc., etc. But I shouldn’t have had time to see to it myself, so don’t feel guilty. You don’t know how needle-nosed I am now; my face is puckered with always thinking about things, I am prematurely aged, and wear little ‘Lest-we-Forget’ books all over me, and in every pocket, like the ———.

I have discovered the secret of Auntie Ka’s hieroglyphics—J nibs.

All love to you and Dad, and also to Winnie and Portland, from

JULIAN.

In December, 1906, Monica, thirteen years old, went up for the Cambridge Preliminary Examination, which she passed, to the delight of the family and Poton. Julian came home for the holidays with his first greyhound, 'Melbourne.' 'Mike,' his Irish terrier, who worshipped Julian, was terribly jealous. Billy came back from Eton, having been second for the Jelf Prize, and third in Trials out of the whole School, at sixteen. Monica and Ivo acted a play called 'Rats' at Christmas; and there were six lovely tableaux of 'The Pied Piper,' and one of Imogen as 'Cupid,' dressed in silver wings and pink roses, in a little chariot drawn by two white doves, who were the two tiniest Joels. They were so good and uncomplaining, but were found at the end very nearly stifled by their plumage. Julian and Billy did three 'Nursery tableaux,' Julian as a nursery-maid, and Billy (6 ft. 2 in. high) as a baby in a white frock and blue sash and socks and a coral necklace, in a perambulator. Ivo looked wonderful as Old Skeggy, the rat-catcher. The boys went to Castle Ashby to shoot, and Billy went with Geordie Stafford and Philip Sassoon to France for ten days, to stay with the Gustave Rothschilds at Laversine and in Paris. He enjoyed it quite enormously. They shot at Laversine, 660 pheasants one day and 250 another, and hunted at Fontainebleau, and went to the opera in Paris, and to four plays, and to many picture-galleries and sights.

LETTER FROM BILLY FROM PARIS.

23, Avenue Marigny : January, 1907.

MA CHERE MAMAN,—Nous sommes arrivés alors sains et saufs!! I hope the muddle about my journey was not a bore, I had absolutely no bother, and the chef looked after me, so far as his 1st class status allowed. I was most awfully comfortable till Calais, and talked pigeon French

with the matelots, and went to sleep. But from Calais to Paris the train *crawled*, and was very cold and rather uncomfortable and devilish late. Geordie and Phil met me, and I went to bed till midi, and came down in time for a very grand déjeuner. Everyone was most awfully kind, and everyone in the most tearing spirits over Monsieur Robert Rothschild's engagement to a Parisian beauty. After luncheon we went to the Bois de Boulogne to see them skating, and then to 'Jules César' in the evening, with Lady Sassoon and her sister and Louis Mallet and Reggie Lister. Reggie was such an angel to me. My French is even worse than I expected, I understand almost nothing and can say still less. However everyone here talks voluble English, so it is quite all right. Aline and Philip and Grandmaman Rothschild have been particularly nice to me. To-day we went to a most lovely old French house, belonging to Henri and Mathilde de Rothschild, where there was to have been a shoot, but it was put off because of the snow. Quel dommage! To-night there is a great dinner in honour of Robert's fiancée, and then Geordie and I are going with Phil and Sybil to the Opera, and then to supper. So you can see I am having a huge bust. Reggie and Louis talked a lot about you. We shoot Thursday and Sunday, so I had better return on Monday. Do you know if my gun has appeared, it was left behind at Castle Ashby, as the game-cart took $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours getting back in the snow; not my fault. Ashby was great fun, and everyone charming. I did *not* shoot up to form, I am extremely dissatisfied with my gun, I *must* have it altered before Panshanger. It is extremely important that I should shoot well there, and it is the thing I care most for in the world, quâ Sport.

Please order me some quite huge shooting spectacles, I wrote for some but there is no response, so I suppose I have manqué the shop.

Sorry for such a selfish letter. * Portrait de l'opéra par Andrea del Sarto, 12.30. minuit. Love,

BILLY.

This was such a very amusing drawing.

The family went to Panshanger, where the Graham and Lawrence Drummond families were too, and the boys shot every day, and Julian had 'Melbourne' there, and went out coursing. Imogen loved the Drummond baby, and used to call him 'Tiny little Togo,' and try to lift him. He was much bigger than her. One day at tea he was sick, and she did not like him any more, and called him 'Icky.'

On January 18th almost the best of all the Taplow parties began—of Alice Salisbury, Mima, and Moucher; Violet, Bebe, and Elizabeth Asquith; Cynthia Charteris, Venetia Stanley, Archie Gordon, Charlie Meade, Hugh Godley, George Brodrick, Alan Graham, Max Beerbohm, Ego and Guy Charteris, Charles Lister, Jasper Ridley, Guy, Rex, and Daisy Benson, and Rosemary and Alastair. In the light of later years it is difficult to imagine how they were got in, but the boys at that time preferred sleeping four in a room. There was a fancy-dress cotillon one night of about 100 people, and most lovely dresses. Cynthia Charteris will always be remembered as Ophelia, with her wonderful hair hanging down; and little Moucher Cecil as a 'Wood-Elf.' Mai and Victoria Carrington were lovely as Romney portraits; Monica was a Bacchante in wine-coloured chiffon with wreaths of grapes. Charlie Meade and Archie were Cavaliers, and Daisy Benson was 'Twilight,' Alastair a Cow-boy, and Rosemary 'Maid Marian,' and Hugh Godley an Arab, and Rex a Dervish. Violet had a beautiful gold Turkish dress. Little Imogen was Cupid, and Ivo the 'Pied Piper.' Julian looked beautiful as Lohengrin, in silver armour and swan-helmet and long white cloak (the only 'made-out' dress of the family!), and Billy was a Viking, all in white, and a gold helmet with wings. George Brodrick had a beautiful (old) Hussar uniform, and Daphne Bourke was a Watteau. The Cotillon was

led, amazingly well and swiftly, by Monica and Rex.

Billy went back to Eton on January 24th, as Captain of his House. Someone asked Imogen what her name was, she said it was 'Buck-up.' She said 'Hawa is going to make Baby a garden, for Baby to grow in.' They were playing a pencil game, Ivo put down as a vice 'Nausea,' and as a virtue 'Being alive.' 'The Old Curiosity Shop,' 'Ivanhoe,' 'The White Company,' and 'A Tale of Two Cities,' were read aloud during that winter.

On February 11th the family settled in London for two months, at 46 Upper Grosvenor Street, a very nice big house. Monica went to twenty-three classes a week, including a dancing-class which was held in the ballroom at Upper Grosvenor Street, and taught by Miss Hutton-Moss.

On Imogen's second birthday she was taken to Madame Tussaud's by her mother and sister. She would pretend to be 'the likka baby with no legs,' and sank on the filthy floor whenever they put her down, except once, when she made a rush at a very dirty baby, and snatched its india-rubber 'comfort' out of its mouth, and put it in her own. When she saw the wax policeman she said, 'Will be good.' Baby Togo Drummond came to tea with her.

On February 3rd Julian's parents went to spend the day with him at Oxford, and had the great joy of seeing the first Balliol Torpid, in which he was rowing, make their final bump, and go *Head of the River*.

March 2nd was the Eton Long-Leave, for which Julian also came to London, having just ridden second in the Balliol Grind. There was an enormous luncheon-party at Upper Grosvenor Street to go to 'When Knights were Bold,' and there was a dinner of forty at the Salisburys, and an 'Eton dance' at Stafford House, which was an enormous success, and

from which four-wheelers, each carrying nine howling dervishes, crawled away at two in the morning.

On Sunday they went to St. Paul's Cathedral, and Winston Churchill came to luncheon, and a party of thirty-nine went to the Zoo. Imogen was bitten by an antelope, but did not mind at all. When she went away she said to the man at the gate, 'Good-bye, monkey.' The Grenfell family dined alone together, and Sidney and Michael Herbert, Guy and Rex Benson, and Keith Menzies came afterwards to play games. There was a large riding party before breakfast on Monday morning, Monica and Rosemary and many boys.

On March 15th Julian came up from Oxford for his very first grown-up London dinner-party, with his mother, at the Edward Sassoons. The family all went to the Boat Race the next day on the Thames Conservancy launch with a big party. Cambridge won easily, contrary to hope. On March 20th there was a small dance of 150 people at Upper Grosvenor Street, which began with a dinner of thirty-six, and went on till 4.30 a.m. It was Julian's first grown-up ball. He was pained at his family's wish to go to bed at 4.30, and went back himself to Panshanger at eight o'clock, for rat-catching! Ivo danced the Lancers as Mr. Balfour's *vis-à-vis*. Monica was driven to bed at 2.15.

When Imogen went back to Taplow she was delighted, and rolled in the crocuses, saying, 'Baby not seen flowers for a *long* time.'

On March 27th the news came that Billy (still sixteen) was on the Select for the Newcastle. His mother and Ivo walked on air over the fields to Eton to meet him. It was lovely hot spring weather. Julian went to Harpenden to try a horse for the steeplechases, but it bolted with a groom as he rode it out, and fell over a gate into the road. There was

a most happy week at Avon Tyrrell, with a great deal of pony-hunting with Bron. Raymond Asquith and Katharine Horner were there, engaged to be married. Evan Charteris was induced to travel back with the family in a third-class carriage, which he did not like at all. At the first stop, a 'Christy Minstrel' with a banjo got in and sat beside him. There was a large play-party on the way through London to Panshanger, with all the Kenmare and Salisbury families. Imogen ran straight to the cupboard at Panshanger where her chocolate was kept at Christmas. They all went on to stay at Hatfield on April 15th, an 'Eton Party' of thirty-four. All the Cecil, Palmer, Manners, Brodrick, Asquith, and Benson children, and Linky, Archie Gordon, Evan Charteris, and Hugh Godley. There were enormous riding parties; Rex Benson's horse reared over on him, but he wasn't hurt. There was tennis, golf, coursing with Julian's greyhounds, and most excellent acting every night; the Palmer boys were wonderfully good actors; and a lovely cotillon one night, just for the people in the house. Moucher had a tandem pony-cart, in which many dangers were courted. Many of the same guests moved on to Taplow, for the Guards' Races at Hawthorn Hill, with the addition of Winston Churchill, Laura Lister, Cynthia Charteris, Patrick Shaw-Stewart, Lionel Tennyson, and Alastair. This was Laura's first visit to Taplow; she was fifteen, and has never been lovelier than then, with her curly hair still hanging down. Billy fell in love with her instantly. There was a long-remembered water-fight on the river, when Winston again fell in, also Venetia Stanley and Julian. Julian and Billy went to the prize-fight between Tiger Smith and Sam Langford, with their father and Lord Lonsdale. Willie fenced and Julian boxed at the gymnastic display at Maidenhead. Billy motored back to Eton afterwards with Sidney and Alastair.

Imogen came into the room, and Monica said, 'Hullo.' She said, 'Mocca, *don't* say hullo to our baby.' She was very pleased with her new rosebud muslin frock, and said, 'Isn't it awfully sweet?' Ivo went to Oxford on May 11th to be page to George Curzon, who was installed as Chancellor; a beautiful ceremony in the Sheldonian Theatre, the galleries clustered with undergraduates like bees. Ivo wore black velvet and silver, and looked lovely. They went to luncheon with Julian, and to see him row in the Balliol Eight; and for Ivo's first sight of Summer Fields in the afternoon—in radiant May beauty. Monica went to stay at Lilleshall with Rosemary for Whitsuntide. Ivo went out rook shooting with Willie, and shot four rooks himself.

Their mother said to Imogen, 'You are my daughter, and what is Ivo, my——?' She said, 'Sweetheart.' Monica and her parents went to spend a day with Julian at Oxford, and went on the river with him and many boys and Mr. F. E. Smith; and saw Julian row in the Balliol Eight. Monica went up for the 'Gallia' French Examination, and got two first prizes and one second. She also won the two silver medals at the Bath Club for swimming that summer. This letter was from Billy from Eton, either that summer of 1907 or the summer before :

MY DEAREST MOTHER,—It was so nice seeing you this morning. I am sorry that I did not write before, but yesterday I was prostrate with heat, and the weight of accumulated work. It is too sad about Muggins; (Mr. Macnaughton, who was very dangerously ill) I suppose there is still a slender chance; it seems too hard that any one so good and splendid should be taken. But at least he is quite ready and prepared, and he can most truly say 'I have lived.' I am too sorry now that I did not make more effort to get to know him really well; of course I always liked him very much and thought him splendid, but hardly

ever saw him alone, or had any real talks with him; I thought that it would all come in time, and if he is spared I am quite sure it will. Poor Goodie is so terribly sad. He is so good and brave, and has done simply everything, but one can see that the waiting and suspense are wearing him out. We had such a very nice talk on Saturday, and he told me that Muggins was very sensitive, and sometimes apt to think that his friends were drifting away from him. And once apparently he thought this about Goodie, and said on one occasion, 'This brings us together again.' Poor Goodie said that he had never dared to ask him what it was. He then talked to me about the expression of friendship, and how it often avoided little sadnesses and misunderstandings. Also how sad it would be if a great friend died without having realised how much one liked him. Of course you know that I am always reticent in the active expression of affection, and have always held that where there is perfect mutual understanding that is always taken as a matter of course. I remember discussing the same subject with you last Holidays, and I now think my point of view was entirely wrong. And though it seems almost impossible that there could ever be any doubt between us, and though I am sure that you know it already, I will tell you how much I love you, and how extraordinarily sympathetic and patient you have always been with me, and how I love being with you, and would always come to you for advice. I thought, like Mr. Bowlby, that you looked tired. I hope there was nothing the matter. Please tell Dad that we race on Friday, probably in the evening.

Your BILLY.

P.S.—Muggins is distinctly better to-night, there is I believe quite a chance.

Julian rowed in the Balliol boat for the Ladies' Plate at Henley in July, but Trinity won. It was a very wet cold summer, after the lovely spring. We took Ivo and Imogen and the Salisbury children (Alice was away) to the children's party at Buckingham

Palace. There was a lovely Circus in the garden, and Daylight Fireworks. Imogen, who was two, was very good, though there came a moment when she said fiercely, 'I've 'ad enough o' this.' What really pleased her was finding a putrid dead sparrow in a flower-bed, and her only tears were because she was not allowed to kiss it. Julian went off on July 7th to Norwich, to do his Army training with the 7th Hussars (the Royals being in India). It had been tacitly settled from their earliest years that Julian was to go into the Army, and Billy to the Bar. Except for a brief wish to be a scavenger, Julian never wavered. Billy came up on July 12th for the Eton-and-Harrow Match, where Rex Benson made seventy-four runs. A party of ninety went to Earl's Court in the evening, including Monica and Ivo. Harrow won the match by a very narrow margin. There was a big party at Taplow for Sunday, and the Portland and Lawrence Drummond children and Aileen Brodrick came for the day on Sunday. Billy was very good-looking just then, very tall and slight, and a great dandy!

Julian got his hand caught in the propeller of a motor-launch at Norwich, and two fingers very badly cut, and the tendons had to be sewn up. His mother was at Newmarket, and sent a reply-paid telegram to ask how he was. Julian was out with his greyhounds, so someone else answered it, saying, 'Going on well.' The children always sent very enthusiastic bulletins about their health. (Julian's telegram the night before had been, 'Everything satisfactory beyond expectation. Nurse on point of proposing. Have told her I am married.') So his mother was frightened at only receiving this, and set off at once from the racecourse for Norwich. King Edward lent her his motor, so as to catch a train at a remote junction. She found Julian quite well, but spent two very happy days at Norwich with him and his greyhounds, and they saw the very

beautiful Cathedral and churches there, and the 'Strangers' Hall.'

There had been twelve lectures on Shakespeare's plays at Taplow that summer, by Miss Harington, to Monica and Ivo and twenty other children. Edward Lyttelton (the Headmaster of Eton) came over on July 22nd and gave the prizes for the essays and examination, and made an excellent speech to the children. The King came to Taplow for Sunday, and Billy was allowed to come over. They all went to Panshanger at the beginning of the holidays, and Billy and his parents went to stay with the Ian Hamiltons at Tidworth, and Julian joined them there from his training on Salisbury Plain. They had a delightful visit, the house quite full of soldiers. Poor Georgie Stafford, who was there with his regiment, the Scots Greys, got his head very badly cut at polo.

On August 17th Julian got back to Taplow from camp. Ivo had had a lot of cricket matches. He used to follow Billy about like a shadow; their great games together at this time were tip-and-run, bumble-puppy, and croquet.

CHAPTER X.

ON August 20th, 1907, the whole family went to Scotland, to a place they had taken on the Black Isle, called Poyntzfield. It was a small Georgian house, coloured caramel-pink, with a very old tower at the back, and a very lovely garden, and a very wet lawn-tennis court. The country was beautiful, and the walks round the edge of the cliffs, which were very high at Cromartie headland. There was perfect bathing at a place called Rosemarkie; a few miles away, but they had a hireling motor, which held innumerable people; the greyhounds being poured in at the top of everyone else, like water. Getting out was a difficulty; when the door was opened there was a sort of explosion. There was pretty good rough shooting, over a lot of ground, and very good coursing for Julian on the headlands; and golf at Nigg, on the mainland, reached by a small steam-ferry, which had been given to Cromartie by Mr. Carnegie, and with which many adventures were connected. She was managed by a Cromartie fisherman, who the boys called 'Kaid Sir Harry Maclean' (he was just like him), and who became a great friend. One day Julian and Billy and their mother, Sidney Herbert, Ivo, Imogen, and Hawa had all gone over, to play golf at Nigg, and picnic on the shore. A sudden terrific storm got up, the steam-ferry broke her cable and came drifting on shore, only one man in her—the Kaid and the other man on the sands—and he *just* saved her, and took her back to Cromartie in the teeth of the storm, running between the helm and the engine.

It was very exciting to watch. Meanwhile the only coble at Nigg had been stove in, and the family prepared to spend the night there, in pouring rain. At eight o'clock the storm went down a little, and the ferry got across, towing a coble. The boys carried everyone out to it, wading above their knees; Imogen was very good and never minded anything, only, as she was tossed out of the coble to her mother in the bouncing launch, she said rather wistfully, 'Where's Taplow?' A fisherman's boy was washed out of the coble, but pulled in again all right. Willie and Monica had gone that same day to see Katie Cowper and the Ribblesdale family at Nairn. They could not induce the big ferry at Fort George to cross, so they came over in a fishing boat with three young boys, and didn't get home till 1 A.M.

Patrick Shaw-Stewart was staying with his people not far from Nigg, and the Asquiths were at Highfield, about twenty miles away. Once, when Patrick was staying at Poyntzfield, he went out after dinner with Julian and his mother. It was a lovely night, and they said how good summer nights smelt in Scotland. Patrick said, 'Yes, of tired cow.' Sidney and Bron came for long visits, and Archie Gordon, Evan, Hugh Godley, and John Revelstoke came. Billy, Monica, Ivo, and their mother went on an expedition to their beloved Loch Inver, on the West Coast, for four days, chiefly to see Murdo Keir. They went by train to Invershin, and motored from there, but it absolutely poured with rain, the motor broke down repeatedly, and at last finally; luckily very near Loch Inver; and it poured almost the whole of the time they were there. Dear Murdo Keir was a consolation, and he was very delighted to see them. The sea-fishing was manfully persevered in, under a perfect *deluge*; even the children's holiday spirits were a little affected, and by the dampness of the inn, but they laughed a good deal

about the enterprise in retrospect, especially about a very violent quarrel over the way to Canisp, which provoked exceeding bitterness on all sides. They were cheered by a very arch party of tourists, met at an inn on the journey back: 'Two lumps of sugar?' 'One, if *you* put it in.' This became a treasured quotation in the family.

Julian and Billy and Monica went to Dunrobin for a week, and while there Julian was taken very suddenly and violently ill. When his mother got there (by motor, ferry, train, dog-cart, ferry, and motor) his temperature was 104, and had been 105, and he looked fearfully ill. No one quite knew what it was; it was thought it might be some return of his two previous attacks of blood-poisoning; but it subsided quite quickly, and in about a week he was able to go and stalk at Langwell. Poor Billy had to go down to Eton with Alastair in the middle of Julian's illness. Willie came to Dunrobin in great haste from Loch More. They were all so wonderfully kind at Dunrobin. Monica had a happy time with Rosemary, they bathed every morning before breakfast, and rode and drove every four-legged creature at Dunrobin the whole day long.

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(BILLY'S LETTER ON ARRIVING AT DUNROBIN.)

Dunrobin Castle: Sept. 1907.

MY DEAREST,—Here all goes splendidly, we arrived safely, and the journey was without incident, except that we met 14 clergymen. It was indescribably hot, and the railway carriage packed the whole way with all grades of company, including very bona-fide artisans. I had Lord D. on all my labels, so passed as a footman, or a member of the royal family travelling incog. We eat lobster in a messy way, and really enjoyed ourselves. Here are Granny Rosslyn, Angela, Strath, Millie, Alastair, Rosemary, and two carpet magnates who are being decoyed by

Millie into purchasing her tweed manufactures, much against their better judgment. Also Florence, Edie, Constance, Ted Richardson, Fitz, and Lord Headfort sans Rosie Boot. Yesterday we all went to the Sheep-dog Trials. To-day we bathed and golfed, and Charles Lister and Ronnie Knox came over to luncheon. I had a long talk with Charles . . . This is such enormous fun. Rosemary and Ca go off alone for the whole day, goodness knows what they do, but they certainly enjoy themselves. I have finished 'Sentimental Tommy'; about half way through Mallock's Essays, and Emerson's English Traits. How good 'Sentimental Tommy' is, all the beginning? Very dearest love.

BILLY.

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These were some Eton rhymes they all made at Poyntzfield:

VALOUR.

One day with the E.C.R.V.
 Toddy Vaughan galloped into a tree:
 When the battle was fought,
 And a stretcher was brought,
 'WITH MY SHIELD OR UPON IT,' said he.

TYPE OF WET-BOB.

Some think that the great Somers Smith
 Has no brains in his head, only pith;
 Some think this is right,
 While others, who might
 Be neglected, declare it a myth.

FUTILITY OF DISSIMULATION.

A certain young Jew, called de Stein,
 Didn't want us to know that his line
 Is descended from Moses:—
 He forgot that his nose is,
 Well, hardly like yours or like mine.

MENDACITY OF ALIENS.

Michelli, who boarded at Dyer's,
 That house of Jew sellers and buyers,
 Said, 'I am not a Russian,
 Greek, Turk, Jew, or Prussian,
 But English: and you are all liars.'

DIFFICULTIES OF POETRY.

There was a young usher, called Headlam,
 Who walked most affectedly dead-lame:
 And here we must stick,
 For it's really too thick
 To drag in ubiquitous 'Bedlam.'

Poor Imogen said one day, 'I have got such a headache in my tummy.' She also used to be very much worried because she said her head felt loose, and she was sure it was coming off. Ivo was talking about his future, and said, 'But what will happen if one week after my honeymoon I have four twins?' He used to bicycle to the village school at Poyntzfield every morning, and was deeply attached to a little girl called Jeanie. The boys teased him about this for years—'the periwinkle-seller.' He was taught arithmetic there most admirably. 'Jane Eyre,' and 'Moonfleet,' and 'Robbery under Arms,' were read aloud those holidays.

Early in October Julian and Monica went south, he to Oxford, and she to work in Paris for three months, with Daisy Benson and her French governess.

'Diabolo' was a great Poyntzfield amusement, Monica was wonderfully good at it.

Their mother came back from Paris at the end of October (where she had been to see Monica and Daisy), for Billy's Long Leave, and they spent a perfect day with Julian at Oxford, in very hot sunshine,

and saw him row in the Balliol Four; and saw Patrick, Edward, Charles Lister, Denys Finch-Hatton, George Brodrick, Guy Benson, and Ronnie Knox.

Imogen, aged two, used to ride Dick the donkey quite alone, and would not let anyone go near her. She said, 'Give me a spoon, to tickle my tea.' One day she cried, and said, 'Oh, Ivo has been teasing my eye.'

On December 10th Billy's parents were staying at Flete, and received the glorious news that he had won the First Classical Exhibition at Balliol; and the next day when they got home they heard that he had also got the Latin Prose Prize at Eton. His mother and Ivo drove over to Eton to fetch him; it was such a happy day, and everyone there delighted, and so kind. They had tea with dear Mr. Luxmoore, with Sidney and Alastair. Billy was very tired with all his work. Julian came home the next day—he had passed top in Group A. of his Army Examination, and was second in the Novice Boxing. Another great pleasure was the news that Patrick Shaw-Stewart had got the 'Ireland.'

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LETTER FROM MONICA, AGED 14, TO BILLY, AGED 17, WHEN HE GOT THE FIRST CLASSICAL EXHIBITION, AT BALLIOL, FROM ETON.

16, Rue de Passy, Paris: Dec. 12, 1907.

DARLINGEST HONOURED AND MOST ESTEEMED BROTHER, —I am perfectly mad with joy. My near relation, so brilliant, so astonishing. I am blinded with happiness, oh darling I have never been so pleased in my long life, it is perfectly gloriously glorious. I feel as if I never could cease being *bird happy* about it for *ever*. You must have been working like the very. You have got the Tip Top very highest thing possible, haven't you? This is a picture of your being flown round the earth on a swan of triumph; isn't the hair like? I did so love your letter; did you have a success with darling Laura? I am delighted you have

got such a tremendous up about her. Home on Monday next, won't it be splendid, won't we have record-breaking Holidays? Mrs. Millington-Drake saw Daisy yesterday, and said she had seen 'such a wonderfully clever-looking' boy, so good-looking too, at Eton, called Grenfell,' and asked Daisy if he *really* was *my* brother! Sorry for rotten letter, but I am off my head with delight.

Lovingest

CASIE.

Imogen was very much pleased with the boys—'Billa is a 'normous brother, right up in the sky.'—he was then 6 ft. 4 in. She said, 'I've cut my finger, but it's *still on*.' One day Ivo was teasing her a little, and she cried out, 'Oh, why was I borned? *why should I?*'—the eternal question! On December 16th Monica arrived from Paris, and the family were again all together; her mother met her in London, and Willie, Julian, Billy, Ivo, Imogen, Hawa, and Chang were all waiting in the Hall at Taplow, and had put up beautiful flags and 'Welcomes.' The baby nearly died of excitement. There were very pretty 'Historical Tableaux' on Christmas Eve. Bron sent everybody the most lovely Christmas presents. Imogen's was an enormous tiger; when she began to undo it, it fell suddenly from its wrappings on to the floor, and she screamed for hours. A few weeks later she had got quite used to it, but unluckily pulled a little ring, and it gave a most lifelike roar—so it all began over again. She loved it afterwards, and used to try to milk it. She ate turkey on Christmas Day, and had a little tiny Christmas Tree 'all mine own.' They had a treat for the Workhouse, Imogen shook hands with 210 people.

The boys went to shoot at Castle Ashby early in January, 1908; Willie Northampton was so untiringly kind to them; and they all went to Panshanger, and to

an Eton party of twenty-eight at Hatfield. On January 11th the Eton party at Taplow began. All the Salisbury, Mannors, Charteris, Asquith, and Sutherland families, and all the usual Eton and Oxford boys; Twiggy Anderson and Lionel Tennyson the only new ones, and Mary Vesey the only new girl. There was very good skating and hockey at Berry Hill. Imogen said, 'Do make a partridge in my hair like Dada's.'

On January 16th, the whole family went to Avon, for a perfect week; with Bron and Maurice Baring at Picket, and pony-hunting, and shooting, and tennis. The children went out in the Forest one night till 2 a.m.

Billy went back to Eton in Sixth Form and in 'Pop.' His parents, Monica, and Ivo went to Eton Chapel the first Sunday of the Half to see him walk up in Sixth Form Procession; and to tea with him and Sidney.

Monica went up to London every Monday that Spring for History and French Literature Classes at Miss Wolff's, and to swim at her dear Bath Club. She had French and German lessons at Taplow, and Arithmetic lessons from Mr. Siggers, the village Schoolmaster, and Music lessons from Miss Hilda Cooper. She began to have a little 'district' to visit, in the village.

Imogen went with her mother to Eton to see Billy, and cried on the way there because she saw some lambs 'without any buck-ma's.' (her strange name for mother-sheep.) There was a happy day at Oxford with Julian, and luncheon with the Walter Raleighs. Julian and Billy were both so very fond of him, and he was always wonderfully kind to them. The children's aunt, Connie Aylmer, had a very bad operation that Spring, and afterwards she and her husband and children came to stay at Taplow for a month; there was a great deal of riding, which Rose Aylmer loved.

Imogen took her mother to see the tiny chickens in the hen-coops at the lodge, and said 'Don't they live in tiny little Taplow Courts?'

At the beginning of the Easter Holidays, dear Poton (Miss Poulton) went away, as Ivo was going to school after Easter. The whole family were very very sad, she had been with them $14\frac{1}{2}$ years, ever since Monica was born, and so untiringly kind and affectionate to them. She went to the little Castlereagh children, and afterwards to the little Ilchesters; and often came back to see the Grenfell children. Imogen loves going to Melbury 'to stay with Poton.' Julian and Billy were always most especially fond of her. She used to enter into their games and all their interests when they were little in a wonderful way, and they were always happy to be with her.

On April 2nd Ivo and his mother walked to meet Billy, coming back from Eton for the Easter Holidays—he jumped out of the dog-cart, and came leaping along to tell them that he was First on Select for the Newcastle!

The Steeplechases and Point-to-Point Races round about Taplow used to be a great feature of the Easter Holidays; the family travelled miles to go to them. Julian rode in two Steeplechases that April. They all went to Panshanger, with John Manners, Archie Gordon, Bim Compton, Maurice Baring, and all the Grahams; and to Avon, where there was an immense Forest fire, extending for miles, a wonderful sight—it came within 200 yards of the house, and everyone was out trying to beat it out. One day Billy had been teasing Imogen, and she said 'Couldn't Billa go and live in the stables?' She dictated a letter to her mother—'I have a cold in my head, I got it.'

On April 24th the Guards' Races at Hawthorn Hill took place, in deep snow; and the next day it

snowed again, and the four Manners children took 12½ hours to get to Taplow from Basingstoke, the trains being snowed up. John Manners telegraphed 'I like this snow-drift preety well, I am at the bottom of it.'—That being little Francis Manners' first letter from his first school, with the word 'school' instead of 'snow-drift.' Another time, when he was quite tiny, Francis wrote a letter to the Station-master at Ringwood—'The Honble. Francis Manners would be obliged if the Station-master would send him "Comic Cuts" every week, as he does so love the funny bits.'

There was the usual big Easter party at Taplow, with Winston Churchill; new elements being Cynthia Needham, and Tom Trower ('Trousers'), one of Billy's very dearest friends. In spite of snow and bitter cold, they all went on the river, and Monica and Trousers both fell into the *iced* water. The reassembling of Summer Fields had to be put off because of the snow, and Ivo could not go till April 30th. That was one of the worst family partings; Ivo had always been the treasure of the whole house. He was left quite happy, with Ivo Charteris; and it was nice Julian being at Oxford and so near him. On May 2nd his parents went back to Oxford to stay with the Master of Balliol for Sunday, and saw Ivo twice. He took Second Form, to everyone's great pleasure. Imogen and Hawa missed him terribly.

The Queen and the Empress of Russia came to the Bath Club to see all the children swim. Imogen walked up to the Queen and said, 'Yer my God-mother, ain't you?' The King and Queen came to open the Franco-British Exhibition, and Imogen, Alexandra Grenfell, presented a bouquet of Alexandra orchids to Queen Alexandra.

Monica and Fräulein Frenzel went to Lilleshall to pay a long visit to Rosemary and Mademoiselle Schott.

The Balliol Boat (and Julian) made 3 bumps in the Eights.

There was a glorious Fourth of June at Eton, Billy in 'Speeches' and in the Boats. He said 'White Horses' beautifully in Speeches, and was in a very amusing scene from 'The Frogs.' We had a joint-dinner with the Salisburys at 'Tap,' of 25 people. Monica and her parents went to stay at Oxford for Sunday for Ivo's first Exeat, and the 'Fathers' Match' at Summer Fields. Willie had hurt his hand and couldn't play, but Hugo Elcho made 12 runs, and Freddy Wolverton 18! There was an enormous dinner on Saturday evening of all Julian's friends. On Sunday afternoon a huge party, including Ivo, went over to lovely Sutton Courteney, Harry and Norah Lindsay's place near Abingdon, to spend the afternoon. Sutton was the boys' Paradise all through their Oxford years, and nothing could exceed the kindness and welcome they always found there. Billy wrote to Norah just before he was killed—from France.

June, 1915.

'I so often think of our glorious sunlit times together at Sutton, and how Julian loved you, and how uplifting and wonderful and fun-giving you were to us both, whether in sorrow or joy, and whatever the political atmosphere of Oxford. You knew all the mysticism and idealism, and that strange streak of melancholy, which underlay Julian's war-whooping, sun-bathing, fearless exterior. I love to think that he has attained that perfection and fullness of life for which he sought so untiringly. I seem to hear him cheering me on in moments of stress here with even more vivid power. There is no one whose victory over the grave can be more complete.'

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Monica went up for the 'Gallia' French Examination that June, and won the big Medal, two other



JULIAN GRENFELL IN THE CORACLE.

Medals, and four First Prizes. And on June 26th she won the Championship Shield for swimming and diving at the Bath Club, and the Gold Medal.

On June 30th Monica and her parents went to Henley to see Julian row in the Balliol Eight for the Ladies' Plate. They were *just* beaten, after a terrific race, by Jesus, who won the Final. Julian went to Aldershot early in July to do his Army Training, again with the 7th Hussars.

Billy's last Eton-and-Harrow Match as an Eton boy was on July 6th. The Salisburys had an enormous dinner, and impromptu Cotillon (as it was a wet night, and the Exhibition impossible), and Bron had a supper-party. There was a big party at Taplow for Sunday. The Asquiths, Benckendorffs, Consuelo Marlborough, Edward Sassoons, Mollie Sneyd, Mr. Balfour, John Revelstoke, Lord Percy, Evan, Winston, Louis Mallet, and Bertie Tempest. Julian and Billy, like everyone else who knew her, were deeply in love with Mollie!

Julian went with his parents to the big Ball for the Athletes in the Olympic Games (2,000 people), and afterwards to Gay Plymouth's Masked Ball, where Julian stayed till 5.30! The Olympic Games, organised by Willie, were a splendid success, and a most beautiful sight; in the great Stadium at the White City.

On July 27th Billy came up to London from Eton, he had got the First Oppidan Certificate Prize. He went with his mother, Mollie Sneyd, Maurice Baring, and Sevastopoulo, to see Isidora Duncan's troupe of children dance, and to supper at the Carlton; and the next day he went off with Tommy Trower to Finland for a month to fish. It was a great adventure, and their four parents had grave doubts of their ever returning! These are some of Billy's letters about it:—

Eton : July 1908.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,—We get to London from Eton Tuesday July 27th, please arrange a bust for that evening; we start from Hull, to Helsingfors, on Wednesday July 28th, purposing by the grace of Heaven to revisit earth's human shores about Sept. 1st or a little earlier. The whole thing costs about £20 each.

We have just returned from the Eton Mission—Trousers, John Manners, Sidney, me, Lionel Tennyson, Archer Clive—a splendid party, I hope we didn't shock them. The Mission-ees are very rich, well-behaved, and prosperous, and *very* bored with the Mission. I go to Henley Wednesday early, do meet me there. So economical! So delightful!

BILLY.

Hull : July 28, 1908.

Have reached here safely and uneventfully; steamer the 'Polaris'; the most comprehensive cargo of fishfaces on board I have ever yet seen. I have written to ———, bitter, but quite restrained.

S.S. 'Polaris.'

We are at this moment almost in the middle of the Baltic, which is at this moment rather lumpy, and we are due at Helsingfors tomorrow. It has been the most royal fun so far, and I have not been at all seasick. The only drawback is that there is absolutely no form of exercise except climbing in the shrouds, which are filthy, and which annoys the Captain. The passengers looked quite hopeless at first, but brightened considerably in the North Sea, there are two very jolly Finns on board, and two good Irishmen; the rest are mostly Yidds and moujiks and Leeds merchants. I heard one of them inveighing against Eton and the idle rich the other day. The food consists of raw salmon, raw reindeer, and stewed conger-eels, but is quite excellent. Trousers insists on talking to the intelligent aliens in pigeon-English, they do not mind him at all, thinking him a well-intentioned loony. The last two days

he has been thrown, and has lain on my bunk in a comatose state. I have been quite brutal to him, leaving him without remorse to be picked by the crows, but he is still alive, as he appeared at luncheon to-day. We spent a riotous evening in Copenhagen, quite the most respectable town in Europe, and built entirely of dolls'-houses; otherwise we have stopped nowhither. The Finns on board have been very nice, and have given us letters to all sorts of people. They seem to think we ought to have fun, and beg us to stay and shoot elk and bear in September. There are also with us an Olympic-Games jumper and two lady gymnasts, but they have no English. I hope you are having fun, dearest love to everyone.

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Vaala : August 10th.

I got one letter from you, and was immoderately pleased about the result of the Certificate Examination; it looks quite hopeful, doesn't it? (I am sitting firmly on wood while I write this.) We have now been here four days, and two days at Kajana. Helsingfors was packed with penniless students and overbearing Russian soldiery. Some of it is quite jolly, and I saw the sights, and had a buffy luncheon with the two jolly Finns from the 'Polaris' Trousers meanwhile saw a doctor, who first said he had appendicitis, then a weak heart, and lastly stomach-ache. Helsingfors to Kajana is 24 hours train, but you get into a lovely sleeper and sleep for 14 of those hours. Finland is exactly like Scotland minus mountains. Our interpreter—one Pickering—met us at Kajana, and turned out to be the most transparent fraud. He could not row, and loafed all day, telling us of his happiness and prosperity in a former state, and his deceased wife, and what a sorrow it would be to her if she could see him acting as interpreter. Also he invited himself to have meals with us, where he gnawed fishes' heads and spat the bones on the floor. So, after many heart-burnings, we decided to sack him, and did so with some difficulty, as he had been engaged for us for a fortnight by the Consul. The fishing at Kajana was moderate, so we came on here, where it was reported to be

good, and would be I verily believe if it would only rain. So far we have caught a few good grayling, 2 or 3 lbs. each, and about a dozen small trout each every day, so it hasn't been so very bad. The life is so very jolly. We fish from 5 p.m. till 1 or 2 a.m. Then sleep till 12, and read and eat the rest of the day. We are staying now with a philanthropic old sea-dog called Spolander, who speaks English, and we share a room, which now looks like the monkeys' cage at the Zoo. It costs us about five bob a day for everything. T.T. has been so good-tempered and satisfying, and bears well with my various humours.

The great excitement here is going down the Rapids in a very small boat, like a more exciting Water-Chute. I hope you are all bird; I am missing the family dreadfully. We return on 31st. I will write when I get a Salmon.

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Vaala : August 18th.

I have had lots of letters from you all, for which I am appropriately grateful. We have got one salmon, 10 lbs, caught by T.T. and two big sea-trout, 10 and 8 lbs, caught by yours truly, and about 30 good grayling between us, so we have not done so badly. We have had the most brilliant weather, how you'd love it, not one drop of rain the whole time; rather disastrous for the fishing. The Finns are a nice people, but they are under the disadvantage of having to pretend they understand each other's speech. I am keeping an 'abstract and brief chronicle' for you. Yesterday Trousers' boatman became intoxicated, not dangerously but very hilariously, and I saw Trousers disappear with him down a Rapid in a cloud of spray, playing a 3 lb sea-trout, having removed his coat and boots as a precautionary measure. We fish every day from 6 a.m. to 9.30, and from 3 p.m. till 9 and are very very happy. There is nothing to eat, nothing to drink, and very little to smoke. I have read numbers of Greek and English tragedies, and when I lose a 10 lb salmon after playing him 20 minutes on a small trout-rod, as I did yesterday, there is a melancholy satisfaction in reflecting that Lear and Agamemnon were just as unblest.

Viborg: August 24th.

We are staying here one day with our dear Finn, on the way back to Helsingfors. We embark to-morrow on the 'Arcturus,' and reach Hull on Sunday, whence I shall post direct to Taplow. It will be almost too good to be true to be there again. This has been the very greatest fun in the world, but I am simply longing to see you all. Trousers has earned at least a K.C.V.O. for his conduct, and has been wonderfully unselfish and good-tempered, and so very amusing. The fishing was quite good, and great great fun, and would have been really excellent if it had rained; the river was 3 yards below its ordinary August level, and of course the day we left it *poured* with rain, and an Americo-Finn came and told us that his wife had caught a 34 lb. salmon, and that it was a pity we could not stop. I told him I wished that it had pulled her in. Our lodgings in Vaala were quite good, thanks to Keatings. I have read a lot, including 4 plays of Euripides. We have been living entirely on stock-fish for the last 20 days, I shall want what dear Nannie used to call 'butcher's meat' when I get back. The Finn we are staying with here is our friend from the 'Polaris,' he is the dearest little man, and the ugliest.

I simply loved your letters, and the rich account of Westonbirt. Love and profuse thanks to everyone for their letters, Hurrah for Taplow.

CHAPTER XI.

Ivo came back from Summer Fields for his first Holidays on July 30th, 1908. He and Monica went with their parents and Bron to Henley on July 31st, for the last day of the Olympic Regatta, when 'Leander' beat the Belgians; and they went to London that night for Mr. Balfour's dinner at the White City, and did every 'stunt' afterwards, till 11 o'clock. The next day they all went to Panshanger, and then Monica and her mother went to Westonbirt, for the cricket week there; 22 Eton and Oxford boys. Later in August they all went to stay at Tidworth for the end of the Cavalry Manœuvres. Monica rode with Sir Ian and Willie; a day of wild storms, and a wonderful sight, the mass of moving cavalry and guns. Ivo saw it too, from a motor, with his mother and Lady Hamilton.

On September 7th, Julian, Billy, Monica, Ivo, and their parents went to stay in the New Forest with Bron, at the *new* house at Picket, built by Bear Warre, and just finished. Bron had just made his swimming bath, and there was a lot of bathing and pony-hunting, and lovely Forest expeditions, and a visit to Cranborne, where the Salisburys were living. Happy Monica went from Picket to Dunrobin, to stay with Rosemary for five weeks. They did lessons together, with Mademoiselle Schott. The rest of the family and Imogen went to Panshanger for the partridge-shooting—also Bron and Patrick and Norah Lindsay. Imogen was having her bath, and suddenly said 'Damit, it's too hot.' Her mother said 'What did you say?' she

said, 'Isn't it damit? or is it dabit?' She was very naughty once to dear Nannie Allen, the Cecils' nurse, and afterwards told her she was sorry, and said 'It is because I have such bad men for my brothers.' Billy used to spend hours teaching her.—'What has Hawa got in her hair?'—'Little animiles.'—'And what has Hawa got in the Workhouse?'—'Tweens, Billa.' She used to sit up in her cot, in her blue dressing gown, looking so good, and trying so hard to learn all he wished.

When Billy and Ivo went back to Eton and Summer Fields, Willie went to join Monica at Dunrobin, and Julian went to stay with Bron at Wigglesworth, and then with Tommy Ribblesdale and the Listers at Gisburne, close by, and had glorious hunting and coursing. These are extracts from his letters—

Wigglesworth : Sept. 1908.

I'm so glad you and the Likkies are having fun at Swanage; I've had the time of my life up here, I had no idea it was possible to like anything half so much; real sport, such a relief after ant-fed partridges in wire remises; walking hard all day, and killing a very few *wild* birds. Bron has been in gorgeous form, I do love him, we've walked 11 hours each day in torrential rain, and at the end his leg got bad and I think hurt him a lot, but he was golden about it. My dogs have killed a lot of hares. Bron goes to-morrow. Peter Ormerod, a ripping man, who is joint-master with Ribblesdale of the new stag-hounds here (hunting wild stag which have been turned out) has asked me to stay with him at Bolton-by-Bowland this week and hunt 3 days, he mounting me. Gravy! He is a real good sportsman, *hates* and *despises* pheasant-shooting, mad on hunting, and his wife is so nice (even Bron likes her!) I shall go on to Gisburne; and foresee that I shall spend most of my natural in Yorkshire. It is a country. — I fear fades far away and dissolves under this Bacchanal of sport. Not one soul have I proposed to since I left you. I *have* loved these holidays.

Write me a nice letter to B.-by-B. and swear to be at Taplow when I get there? How perfect Picket and Pans. were. I am glad Moggie is afeard of something, if it is only the Sea.

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Bolton-by-Bowland : Sept. 25, 1908.

Thanks awfully for your letter, I'm so glad you are happy at Swanage, is poor Ivo sad at going back to Summer Fields? I'm glad you've got some time for reading, now you've escaped from your introspective and analytical elder sons. I'll read the Troades. Charles returned from Germany yesterday, and we are going to work together at Gisburne. Charlie is an awfully good person to work with, and think of the wholly unlimited supply of sport for the two hours daily exercise. I'm really having a wickedly good time here, and getting terrified of Nemesis. Charles is in his very best form, he is *the* best man. Laura I think is wonderfully beautiful, I like her very much. Diana is exactly like Charty, and rides like hell-flame. It will quiet you to know that I haven't proposed to one soul since I've been here, isn't it wonderful? My host Peter is charming, and his wife one of the nicest people I've ever seen, utterly original and un-Heygate. The orgie of sport continues, hunting 4 days a week. I do *love and adore* this country, and understand now your feeling for Sawley and Wigglesworth.

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Gisburne : Sept. 1908.

Thank you for two jolly letters, I'm so glad Swanage stimulated Moggie to epigram again. Poor Ivo, how pathetic! What a pity it is that all our family have to analyse their happiness, and analyse it so well. What a lot you've read at Swanage, and how glad I am you agree about Hippolytus; his spirit has had almost too crude a renaissance. I'm glad Daddy is making himself unpopular among the fauna of Caledonia. Has Billa written yet from Eton? I *am* enjoying this, I worship the country, and adore the sport and the Lister family. Charlie is in

such great form, he makes me laugh more than anyone except Billy. We hunted Wednesday and killed a buck, hunting again to-morrow. They've got very good quad.s here, and after hunting they just ride straight back home across country, at a good round hunting canter, over jolly smallish fences; it's curiously like riding in a point-to-point, and the very greatest fun. The *Queer Peer* * is too splendid, and my greyhounds are running like angel spirits.

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Charty Ribblesdale's long illness had begun, and she was not at Gisburne that time.

Julian and Billy both read Greek and Latin eagerly for their own delight. They were both very much absorbed that year in the Euripides tragedies, and gave their mother the translations by Professor Gilbert Murray. On one of the last days of Julian's life, when he was lying in the Military Hospital, at Boulogne, in the great heat, he repeated aloud the song in *Hippolytus*—

O for a deep and dewy spring,
With runlets cold to draw and drink,
And a great meadow blossoming,
Long-grassed, and poplars in a ring,
To rest me by the brink.

O, take me to the Mountain; O,
Past the great pines and through the wood,
Up where the lean hounds softly go,
A-whine for wild things' blood,
And madly flies the dappled roe.
O God, to shout and speed them there,
An arrow by my chestnut hair
Drawn tight, and one keen glimmering spear—
Ah, if I could !

* Lord Ribblesdale.

His voice was very weak. He said it with overpowering longing.

This was a letter from Billy from Eton at the beginning of that Half :—

Eton : September 1908.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,—I am so very glad you love the Gilbert Murray. I think Pater's explanation of the almost inhuman cruelty and beauty of the Bacchæ is by far the best; Agave and the sisters are punished for having denied the divinity of Dionysos. I should love to talk to you about it, could you come and see me here Monday afternoon before you go to Scotland? *not* if you are busy. But let me have your article quick for the 'Chronicle.' I have read your letter again, you are wrong about Agave; she had denied the divinity of Bacchus, and had accused Semele of cloaking her sin with a mortal lover under the name of Zeus, who punished her by a 'fiery death,' in which Dionysos was born; so that he was, in his dual personality, what Pater calls the spiritual form of fire and dew. Agave's worship of him is only a form of madness sent on her by the god; a manifestation of his power and godhead, and the means of her punishment. I agree with you that the Troades is almost the best, but I think the atmosphere of hopeless misery is almost choking.

Denis recited Hecuba's speech over the dead body of Ascanius in Upper School; where of course it was unsuitable. Everything goes very well here, but I have a sensation of intense age, and my Football is deplorable, but may improve. Bowlby preached this morning, and had such a good quotation from Ruskin. I am working quite hard at unconscionably dull things—grammar and the rudiments, but it is most necessary.

Ivo and Imogen had gone with their mother to Swanage at the end of the holidays; as for some reason Summer Fields reassembled late. It was very

hot; they bathed every day, but Imogen suddenly became very much afraid of the sea, and told them fearful curses that the waves 'whispered' to her. She said 'You *will* take care of me? cos I'm only about three.' Ivo and his mother read Froude's 'English Seamen,' chiefly on the downs, and the beginning of 'David Copperfield.' There was a day and night of great distress when the adored Chang was lost, but he was found, quite happy, grunting in a rubbish heap about two miles away. One of Ivo's most poignant grievances when very young was when, he said, 'Changie *fwowned* at me.' Poor Ivo minded going back to school that second time very much indeed. Julian bought 'Buccaneer' that autumn, the first horse he had ever bought with his own money. He got a most enormous amount of fun out of him.

As a great surprise to Ivo, Imogen and Hawa went to stay at Oxford for his Exeat, on November 14th, as well as the rest of the family. Imogen was told she must be very good. She said 'You must *help* me to be good.'—'How?'—'By giving me *everything* I want.'

There was a lovely walk in the Wytham Woods with Julian on Sunday afternoon.

On November 17th Billy and his mother went to a beautiful performance of 'The Bacchæ' at the Court Theatre. Lillah McCarthy took the part of Dionysos, and looked memorably beautiful.

On November 18th, the whole family went to the opening of the War Memorial Hall at Eton. Sixth Form (and Billy) walked in procession before the King and Queen. It was a beautiful ceremony, and the King's speech perfect. The boys sang an ode written by Robert Bridges, and set to music by Hubert Parry, who conducted himself. (When Julian and Billy's mother was seventeen she went into dinner with Hubert Parry, whom she had never seen; he always

declared that her opening remark to him was ' I do hate music, don't you? ')

Imogen said to Hawa ' Do give me a few of pins.' — ' I think it's going to rain, I felt a pour.' — ' Lend me that stool to sit on and milk my horses.'

On December 7th the glorious news came that Billy had got a Classical Scholarship at Balliol, from Eton.

The children did really marvellously good ' Wax-works ' at Taplow on Christmas Eve. Billy was ' Mrs. Jarley,' and inimitably amusing. Monica and Marjorie Sawyer acted a little play, and Imogen sang a song, and there was a ' Hat Trimming Competition ' for men, in which Julian competed, won by Joel. Imogen was scarlet with excitement. She had been to give tobacco to every man in the Workhouse, saying to each ' Are you a smoker? ' The story of Jonah and the whale had been read to her one Sunday. She said ' Now tell me about a Bible *monkey*.'

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LETTERS FROM JULIAN FROM BALLIOL.

Autumn, 1908.

. . . Life really is worth living, I rode Buccaneer with the Drag yesterday, with my heart in my mouth, and my courage in my boots, and had the ride of my life; I'd never dreamed that there could be such a horse, he's the finest jumper I've ever seen, and I can hold him comfortably. He could gallop about half as fast again as any other horse out—I knew he would do that—but he jumps very big and quite clean, utterly unlike the ordinary steeplechaser who goes through everything. There were three gates in the line, and he never touched them; he goes very fast at a fence, but is as clever as a cat; they all wanted to buy him afterwards. I am quite deliriously pleased about him, and he is going absolutely sound, and all his bumpinesses and lumpinesses are as hard as iron. He has got the most delightful manners too.

It was poorish luck drawing Magdalen, but we went quite differently in the race, far far better than ever in practice, and made them go all the way. The first time I've ever really *enjoyed* rowing.

Did you make a good speech at Maidenhead? 'More, more about yourself?' I'm just off to Lockinge; my hair is neatly parted and brushed, darling, and I have my high society manners, and no toothpicks, and a very tight grip on my head. Work and Boxing are going strong—and Buccaneer—I propitiate Nemesis!

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I like your leader in the Eton Chronicle *very much*, do send Billa that one you wrote in summer? Everything is very hearty here. — came, but was quite ridiculous, it is almost impossible to talk introspective shop about your companion's life and character when you've just stopped rowing, and are going to box; with a hunger passing all understanding, and a perfect craving to drink milk out of a jug. I'm longing to see you, such masses to talk; I don't know Headlam's translations, do send them, and please send me Wilfrid Blunt, the 'Proteus' volume. Everything here is splendid; work, boxing, and Buccaneer, who is far the soundest horse and far the safest hunter in Europe. All the boys are in great form; you will see that I was *not* run in during the riots last night here. I was swept down the High in the middle of a gigantic seething crowd, locked tightly in the arms of an e-normous and very wallopy policeman, but we parted quite good friends.

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Thank you for two jolly letters. Last week was great fun, I loved it, and especially the extempore bit. I agreed absolutely with all you said *ex tempore*, but I quite disagree in cold blood afterwards, about the possibility of manufactured affectionateness: i.e. we both agree that I am in a terrible bad heartless way, but while I think the evil irremediable, you still hold out possibility of recovery; you ought to have a vote of thanks from the Senate like

the consuls after Cannæ, for 'not despairing of the Republic.' But I'm afraid your hope is just about as futile as theirs was. No news here, I've had a very quiet week at the books, and am training hard for the boxing. Buccaneer is ever so much better, I rode him again yesterday with the Drag. Everyone is in great form. I had a fearful row with a cabman last night, he demanded a preposterous fare, and I suddenly lost all control, tore him down from his seat, and shook him till bits began to drop off him. I never remember being so passionately angry in my life before, and why I can't imagine. It would be awful if murder always entered one's heart on being overcharged a shilling. Luckily I only shook him, and left him alive, gasping out wild threats of the police-court. Archie has just wumped in from Stanway. What fun you had there. I will be a regular glass-case for Bill when he comes up for the Exam. I promise. I went and did a 'soshal' last night, to widen my circle of friends, dearest Cornelia, and brighten my general horizon. It was the Bullingdon dinner—all the pinheads there. They *are* such good fellows, I now know what a miserable fool I've been, shutting myself away from my fellow men, but it is not too late, and I believe that late last night I laid the foundations of some golden friendships that will blossom out and colour and change the whole of my life. But it was very late, and I am not quite sure.

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There was a happy Panshanger those Christmas Holidays, with the Grahams, Sidney Herbert, Guy and Rex Benson, Evan, and John Manners. Julian dashed up to Bron at Wigglesworth, Gisburne, and Peter Ormerod's; and Billy and his parents went to stay at Hatfield for Mima's coming-out ball; thirty-eight people staying in the house!

There was an enormous Eton-and-Balliol party at Taplow on January 16th, and a tiny dance—just the people staying in the house, and the Carrington, Cliveden, Lady Arran, and Evelyn de Vesci parties.

The Avon party was put off, as poor Edward Horner got scarlet fever there.

Little David Cecil came to stay with Imogen in February, as his parents went to Egypt. They were very happy together. Monica went to stay with John Revelstoke at Market Harborough, for her first day's hunting in Leicestershire. She rode a beautiful horse of his, called 'Gay Lad.' Willie went to Stockholm for a fortnight, to stay with the Crown Prince and Princess of Sweden for the Olympic Games there. He brought Imogen a lovely little Swedish dress—it fitted her exactly. The family went to the Robin Bensons' house in South Street on February 22nd, which they had taken for a few weeks. Monica went to a great many lectures and classes. She had her beautiful 'Dynamite,' the horse her father gave her, in London, and rode every morning.

These were letters from Julian from Balliol that Spring :—

I went to Summer Fields to-day, and burst in upon Dr. and Mrs. Williams, and was allowed to see Ivo for 10 minutes. He was looking awfully well and happy, reading your Fenimore Cooper book, in a nice warm room with —, who looks a lively horror; he never uttered once while I hobnobbed with Likkie, and kept me fixed with a stony stare. Ivo looks as well as anyone I've ever seen, no cough, no cold, and temperature now normal. I'm so glad darling Ca got her hunt, and went so well in Leicestershire. Here I am gradually merging into a semi-conscious state, work, riding, and boxing go on in a sort of dream—but I *won* the open Heavy Weight Race on Buccaneer, beating Jack Leven on what was supposed to be a dead cert. by 40 lengths. In the Balliol Race, I rode a pig of a hireling who tried to refuse every fence, and fell once, but I got Third. Rex won it. I backed myself on Buccaneer at 4 to 1, and won much gold. The going was very doubtful, after a hard frost, but much better in the afternoon. The course was capital, about

2 million people turned up. Guy Charteris had a baddish fall, but no bones broken, and there was nobody badly hurt all day, but as many amusing incidents as at 'Lisheen Races Second-hand.' To-day I start training for the Varsity Boxing. There are five more Grinds, including the Varsity Grind; they are much the best fun in the whole world. Do come soon, will you come for a Grind?—Do—or could you do Sunday next?

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I loved your letter, about schemes of life. I think any doctrine of predestination about character is obviously untrue. Character is *the* thing that you can make and mould for yourself; it is the result of continuous working upon the faculties which one starts with. The faculties may be chance, but character is the exact opposite to chance, every single thing you do influences it, it is the net result of what you have been doing by choice since you were born. I utterly agree that building up character for its own sake is a blank dead thing, with no ultimate end. It is merely a stop-gap bit of work. But I think it's a very good stop-gap—self-control—almost an end in itself, and anyhow essential to attaining an end. I utterly realise that what I am doing now is only secondary, and I'm longing for a real 'end'—I am truly, though you think I'm bolting, and barring, and banging. Only you know what I think about a wrong end, that is not *you*. You can't say 'Here's an end, it's a very good end, Smith got along very well on it, I'll take it.' But I'm quite happy and hopeful, much too much, I expect, as usual. But I am just dimly beginning to see *my* end, I do believe, very little and very dim, but still a beginning. And of course I agree that an ultimate end must satisfy all the needs of the soul; it must do more than that, it must be far far far above and beyond all those needs, a pure ideal, something wholly unattainable, you must have millions of miles of outlook. I think too that 'dedication and devotion and service' *are* very near to the roots of it; an ideal implies dedication and devotion and service, to itself, if to nothing else. Honestly I can't understand Love at

present, I can't think it, and I'm sure no ideal will come to me through Love, though Love may come through an ideal. But I did enjoy your imaginary man—'Hard, cold, unloving, un pitying, uninterested, self-satisfied.' I wonder now who he's like? Anyhow I love *you* till all's blue.

JULIAN.

Julian came to London at the end of the Oxford term, March 13th, on his way to hunt at Gisburne, but he looked so unwell that he was persuaded to see Dr. Lyne Stevens, who said he was thoroughly run-down, over-worked, over-trained, and *starved*—he had been trying to get very light for race-riding—and that he must have a complete rest. He went down to Katie Cowper at Panshanger; this was a letter from him there:—

Panshanger: March, 1909.

DEAR MOTHER,—Hear the still small voice from the tombs. Everything is very much the same here, only if possible more moribund. Auntie Ka is too angelic, and bearing up very well. I slept $21\frac{1}{2}$ hours out of the first 24, 11 hours in bed, $10\frac{1}{2}$ in an armchair; the remaining $3\frac{3}{4}$ I eat surprisingly. I do not leave the house, I talk a little sometimes in my sleep, and I sit facing books. I am quite happy: don't come to-morrow if you are too busy. I am getting very fat. As the epistolary art is now getting a little too much for Dr. Lyne Stevens' bloodless brain, I will stop,

Your loving son,

JULIAN.

His mother went down to spend his 21st birthday with him at Panshanger; he was still very unwell, and all the small festivities for his coming-of-age had to be put off till later. It was the first time in his life he had ever been ill, except with the attacks of blood-poisoning; and measles, etc. But he began to get quite all right early in April.

CHAPTER XII.

BILLY came up to London in March, 1909, for his last Long-Leave from Eton. They all went to the 'Prisoner of Zenda' and there was a dinner at Stafford House on the Sunday. They went to St. Paul's, and to the Carmelite Church, and to luncheons with Anne Poynder and with Tommy Ribblesdale, and to the National Gallery, and to see Mr. Sargent at his Studio.

These letters were from Billy that Spring, from Eton, his last Half there. He had won the Eton Boxing the previous Half :—

Eton : Spring, 1909.

MY DEAREST MOTHER,—Yes it is quite true about the Mile. Is it not quaint ? If you had only known you might have backed me for a place at 8 to 1. It was a jolly race (in retrospect, not during the performance) but he had legs and wind round the last corner. We now pin our hopes on the Half. The 'Frogs' were really quite *delightful* yesterday, most amusing and modern, and excellently dressed and acted. Luxmoore was so delightful. Lady Geena is unbelievably good, and very keen and encouraging about my versatile athletics. I do hope Robin's house will be a glorious success, and that you will keep your sense of proportion among the Pre-Raphaelite Madonnas. Dearest love to Monica, and benisons on her many studies.

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This weather is a bit of all right, isn't it ? the east wind has disorganized my temper and digestion to an alarming extent. Everyone else has influenza. Life is a hollow sham, and woman a diaphanous fraud. Wait till I win

the Half-Mile in a fortnight's time. Tuesday will be glorious for me, come early, in time for luncheon with Ainger, and stay for tea if *poss.* Did you see the photograph of Daddy ski-ing, in the Tatler—dallying with the Princess of Lapland, whose face had suffered in reproduction. Absolutely no news, Newcastle work crushes me. Geena has influenza and is laid up. John Craigie, Archie Melville, Aubrey Tennyson, and Mike Herbert are all charming, and the House goes like an Automaton, ungerufen.

(IN THE MIDDLE OF THE EXAMINATION FOR THE
NEWCASTLE.)

This blank thing is half over now, five more papers, three tomorrow, and two on Tuesday.

I shall probably not reach Taplow till Thursday morning, as there are so many people to wring by the hand, also I want to paint the town of Eton brick-red on Wednesday night if only all goes well. Thank you so much for glorious letter. Pray for me, and vow a candle to St. Mark.

Your

BILLY.

On April 6th, all the family, including Julian, went back to Taplow, and on April 7th—after an anguish of suspense—the news came, at 2.45, that Billy had got the Newcastle Scholarship. After all the elaborate arrangements for hearing, his mother and sister were told it on the telephone by Tom Brown, the tailor at Eton! They went to tell Willie, but neither of them could speak, so he thought Billy had not got it. The whole family went to tell Lizzie Grenfell at Elibank, who was ill in bed, and then drove straight to Eton, and Billy. It was a day of such wonderful happiness. They had all been sleepless for days, almost weeks, with suspense about it. Everyone at Eton was most intensely delighted and sympathetic.

Letters and telegrams about Billy poured in the

next day. Ivo's mother and sisters went to meet him at Maidenhead at 10 a.m. Billy arrived from Eton, and walked down the hill to meet them, with his father and Julian. The Archdeacon was walking up, and told someone he had passed 'three youths.' It would have been hard to tell which of the three was most happy about the Newcastle.

It was a very hot fine Easter. Dear Nea, Mrs. Neave, who had been cook at Taplow for 31 years, announced that she was going to be married, to Mr. Brown. There were a lot of Steeplechases. Julian, quite well again, won the Open Race at Hall Barn on 'Buccaneer.' His coming-of-age dinner to the tenants took place at Taplow; and a supper to the men employed on the place. He made very good and amusing speeches. They all went to Panshanger on April 17th. Billy took Ivo to 'An Englishman's Home' on the way; they applauded so much that Billy said they were asked if they would join the Marine-Scouts. Linky Cecil, Norah Lindsay, Patrick, and Maurice Baring, were at Panshanger. Two of Norah's answers in the riddle-game were 'Why is Ugudwash the Sun-fish like Maurice Baring? Because one you gud wash and the other you gudn't.'—'Why is Mrs. Pankhurst like a she bear? One is a womanly-bear and the other is bearily a woman.'

There was a happy April party at Avon, with Countess Benckendorff, Evan, Patrick, Cynthia Charteris, Laura and Diana Lister, and Duff Cooper. Poor Betty Manners was laid up after a bad riding accident. Raymond Asquith telegraphed to her 'I never did like horses.'

Julian won the Open Race at Enfield-Chase Steeplechases, on Buccaneer. Willie went there with him.

On May-Day—in lovely heat, blossom and greenness—a glorious party of 27 arrived at Taplow; the

whole Salisbury and Manners and Ribblesdale families, Brodricks, Charteris's, Herberts, Bensons, Evan, Archie, Patrick, Keith Menzies, Tommy Lascelles, Jasper Ridley, and Bunt Goschen,—and John Revelstoke and Billy Lambton for the day on Sunday.

On May 7th, Monica and Billy and their mother, and Laura and Diana Lister, went to Oxford for a most happy day with Julian and Charles and all the boys there. An immense gathering went on the river.

On May 12th Julian gave a coming-of-age entertainment to his mother's District at Maidenhead, and there was a Servants Ball at Taplow in the evening. The servants gave him a beautiful travelling-clock for his coming-of-age, the tenants a big clock, the men on the place a silver inkstand, his mother's District a silver inkstand, the people of Maidenhead a big silver centre-piece, Katie some beautiful pearl-studs which had belonged to Uncle Francis, Mr. Lodge a cabinet made out of the old water-wheel, and his parents a pair of 'Atkin' guns.

On May 14th, Billy and his mother went to Paris, where Billy stayed for two months and a half, to work at French; with the family of dear Thérèse Duménil-Leblé, who had taught Monica French for years; there were her parents, grandmother, two brothers, and two sisters. They were so abundantly kind to Billy.—They travelled from Calais with a very beautiful lady, who had just figured in a famous case. Billy longed to make acquaintance with her, and wrote imploring notes to his mother to go away and have tea in the Restaurant-car. Papa Leblé and Mlle. Laure met them at the Station at 9.45, and Billy went straight to their house, and his mother to a hotel close by.

They had three most lovely days together in Paris, going to Versailles for one day, all the lilacs out; and to many pictures, and to the Bois de Boulogne, and to

the Embassy, and to see Mme. de Béarn and her beautiful house, and to the Gustave Rothschilds, and to a luncheon-party at the Café Laurent. They went one night to 'La Tosca,' and to see Sarah Bernhardt afterwards in her dressing-room, who knew Billy's mother, and was too kind and delightful to them. Willie went to Berlin later in the Spring for the meeting of the Olympic Games Council, and he stayed with Billy in Paris on the way home. They went to see some very good fencing together, and dined at the Meurice, and went to a Play.

June 12th was Ivo's Exeat, and his parents went to stay with the Master of Balliol for Sunday, and Monica and Hawa to the Hotel. A rainy but delightful afternoon was spent at Summer Fields, watching very wet cricket, with the Elcho family, Patrick, and Julian. Sunday was fine, and Oxford at its loveliest. Julian and Monica drove a tandem over to Sutton Courteney, and Ivo spent the morning with his parents, and had luncheon with the Master, and the whole family spent the afternoon in the beautiful Wytham Woods, and had a late tea in the garden of 'The Black Horse.' Ivo went back to Summer Fields at 8 and the others went to the Balliol Concert with the Master.

The Bath Club Swimming Competition was held on July 2nd, and the Shield was triumphantly won by Monica for the second time. The Queen and Princess Victoria came.

July 7th was a perfect day at Henley with Julian, and the Balliol Four (and he) won their heat of the Wyfold. He took his mother to London, and dashed back to Henley—and the next day the Balliol Four *won* the Wyfold. Julian's father was following in the Umpire's boat. His mother went to meet Billy, who came over from Paris for the Eton-and-Harrow Match. Julian came up for it too, and Monica. There was an immense dinner-party at the Salisburys, to go to the Follies. On Saturday, July 10th, it poured, and there



MONICA GRENFELL, AGED 15.

was no cricket! They all went in the morning to see the Manners family, and to Stafford House, and to see Maurice Baring's new house in Westminster. There was a huge improvised luncheon-party at Mansfield House, to go to the adored 'Follies' again that afternoon.

There was a party at Taplow for Sunday—Lord and Lady Wemyss, the Curzons, Portlands, de Forests, Consuelo Marlborough, Muriel Wilson, Mr. Balfour, George Curzon, Lord Ribblesdale, Linky, Evan, Archie, Lord Grey, and General Pulteney. Billy went back to Paris on Monday. Imogen was taken to a children's party at Buckingham Palace, where 'Peter the Monkey' performed. Some of the babies were carried out in paroxysms of screaming, but she was quite unmoved.

Rosemary went to stay with Monica at Taplow for 3 weeks. Julian came to London for a night, and dined with Bron, and actually went to the Stafford House Ball! He couldn't bear Balls at that time.

Monica was confirmed on July 17th, at St. Paul's Cathedral, by the Bishop of London. Her parents, Julian, Katie Cowper, and Hawa, all went.

There was an Odd-Fellows Fête at Taplow, and a presentation to Julian on his coming-of-age; and a Garden Party on July 30th to the Town and Corporation of Maidenhead, who gave him a beautiful silver centre-piece. Billy came home from Paris, and Ivo for the holidays, and there was a luncheon-party at the Elchos, given by Ivo Charteris, and a glorious afternoon at the White City, which went on till dinner-time, to the extreme exhaustion of the adults.

These were some letters from Julian from Oxford that Summer, 1909.

Balliol : May, 1909.

Paris must have been fun, send me Bill's address. Time forces on me the conclusion that he is the only man

with whom life is always quite perfect. The Eights Week is on us, and Oxford will soon be a blaze of colour, poor woman-less Oxford will soon have her deficiency remedied. The lovely sisters will invade us in their myriads; fishfaces will light up again; all will be innocent fun and gaiety. You owe me 10/- and I can't think of anything more to say, except that I want to see you again.

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MADAM,—On mature consideration I have come to the conclusion that our differences of view with regard to the moral sanction, Good and Evil, and social conventions, are such as to make further intercourse impossible between us, and I think that such a decision ought, in order to save confusion, to be made public as soon as possible. I went to Panshanger for a night and caught 8 good fish. Anne Poynder and Cynthia Charteris came here, looking a perfect vision of beauty. I now see that Mog is the best and greatest thing that has ever graced the world, she *was* fun at Taplow on Saturday, flinging that cat about.

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Isn't this weather egregious, however I suppose it didn't interfere much with your intellectual sports at New-quay. I hope it will be a bit brighter when you visit the sleeping spires next Tuesday, it will be fun, I am longing to complete my newly established supremacy over you in argument. How are you? I am longing to see you, you are so much greater fun than anyone, 'besides being my mother.' I, as you probably infer, am very hearty; I spent yesterday at Sutton, I do like Norah. Anne Poynder was there, she is the best woman in England, and her views on life in the smart set are sound and amusing. Write and tell me (1) what time you arrive (2) what time we go to the Walter Raleighs (3) what time you leave (4) whether you love me?

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Dad's visit was most successful. Smuggins said nothing to him about the ragging at all, but said he thought

I ought to be doing more Greats work now. I think he rather underrates the amount of Army work there is to be done, but still I'm going to try and do as much Greats work as I can this term. He also said something about knowing more people in College. So I am going round the hedges and byways to whip up as many prize representative Balliol men as I can, and plump them into my room with the Dons, and give them tea, and read them passages from Job.

This term is going very auspiciously I think. The dons are very mellow, and I don't think they have any idea of sending anyone down unless something terrific occurs, and as you say one can have just as much fun without any terrific things. Everyone is in their very best form, especially Patrick, who grows more wonderful every day—although I rather wish he had not taken such a 'mellow' turn; dating rather from the Scotland time. He was so unsurpassed as the mandril pure and simple, the 'rough man' without any of the human pity milk. He has changed quicker than anyone I have ever seen—and really of course entirely to the good. He has written a most splendid restrained biting letter to —, who telegraphed in answer 'Go away, insufferable hippopotamus.' (Pat's own letter-game joke!) I'm just going out riding with Guy Charteris and Jack Leven, the two nicest people in the world. Do manage to come down directly.

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It is splendid about Ivo getting moved up, it's a tremendous Summer Fields glory to be moved up in the middle of a Term.

How is Dad, he sounds absolutely choked up with work? I'm *loving* this term, and dashing off in a buggy with a fast pony every Sunday to fish in odd corners of Oxfordshire, with the greyhounds running behind. What a ripping day yesterday was, I drove miles and miles back from fishing in the dark, absolutely hemmed in by nightingales. I saw Norah on my way back, she is getting the twins (Betty and Angie Manners) for Wednesday.

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Nothing much is going on here. Charles Lister has been away for about a week, canvassing for Russell at Wimbledon. He has returned, to play cricket in black trousers and brown boots. Bones (Smallbones, a friend of Ego Charteris's) has literally shaved his head with a razor, because he says there is no one here he wants to please. He has now got a strong scarlet stubble, a millimètre high, all over his head. He has taken complete control of Ego's privy purse, and pays his debts for him, and haggles with tradesmen over his bills. Guy Charteris had a most splendid dinner on Tuesday; I had to get leave for it from the proctors as my dinner, because Guy is on the point of being sent down from Trinity for kissing the dean and then throwing a live duck at him. To get leave one has to get a letter from one's own dons; Strachan Davidson wrote, with a subtle smile, 'Grenfell is a steady, modest, quiet man.' The great amusement this term is lying in the quad and singing from 8 to 1 every night. They say Charles was very funny on his Greek tour, sitting with his back to what he called 'ground plans,' and clamouring for the 'Daily Mail' and news of Keir Hardie, while Joppa Ridley took notes and made sketches. Will you give me my new blue smart-set suit as a present on your birthday? which I think draws near. Just got a glorious letter as I post this. Your last was very scraggy.

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Normanhurst, Henley-on-Thames: June.

This fine old feudal estate stands in its own grounds of 2 rods 1 pole, and is surrounded by a moat. Many things have happened since I saw you, I did good Collections in philosophy, and I've read the Symposium—queer, but *very* jolly—have you finished the Republic? I've read Pragmatism by William James, which is very good, and Sartor Resartus again, and begun Taylor on Metaphysics. Lord, I shall have to work this Summer! We are rowing very much better and having glorious fun. I've got lots of good stuff to ram down your throat when next I talk to you, but I've lost all my luggage, which is a bore.

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Glad you had such a good Cassiobury. Taplow was so funny, Daddy and Ca in great form; a half-wit American negro; Mollie Sneyd, very good but oppressed; an Austrian nobleman, the second biggest bore in the world; and his wife, the first. Can you come down this week, any old day? How *could* you go to Ascot three days, it beats me. I've got the best story in Europe to tell you, about a certain row in Balliol College.

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LETTERS FROM BILLY.

Paris: May, June, July, 1909.

A thousand thanks for your letter. I will put your advice in the forefront of the battle. Our parting was most triste, quite reminding me of Summer Fields days, a little lost lamb among the wolves of Paris. I did simply adore our tourist days together, I don't think one hour could possibly have been better, do you? Here I find myself slowly but surely forgetting what French I ever knew—(not much)—however I have hopes, and the Duménils are most kind, and I read a paper daily, and many romances. The French Professor came yesterday, and we read Rabelais, to our great edification, only he considered it a national duty to apologise for every 'vigorous' phrase, which took about three-quarters of the time. Graham and Phil are arranging about Golf and Tennis, and I think Fencing will be an easy and good relaxation.

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Here all goes as well as possible. I get up at dawn every day to go to the Studio, where I began the first morning by drawing a Hermes, in the middle of an admiring crowd; they did not laugh so very much. I suppose they thought I was a Cubist. My Hermes was quite lovely; and now I am drawing a horse's head. I hate horses, most of all horses' heads. Every evening I wend my way to the 'Cercle Hoche,' and do *Épée*, which amuses me a lot. Geordie Stafford and Florrie are here, and yesterday we dined at the Ritz and proceeded to the Grand Guignol, where there was a goodish mixture of Blood and Essex.

What fun to see Dad on June 2nd. I find the French people more polite, tactful, and outwardly kind than us; also more inwardly brutal, and much less efficient. Yesterday the tram I was in came off the rails; a crowd of about 50 loafers immediately fell on the horses with inarticulate cries, and beat them to a jelly, while 50 enormous people sat and gesticulated on the roof. If they had descended, the tram could have been easily replaced, but no one suggested this, and my French was not strong enough.

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I am quite settled here now and very happy, and going to a luncheon-party at Madame de Janzy's, an Irish-Pole, and very pretty. I am *sure* I had better not start German, but simply go hell-for-leather at French. I am sure you will agree? The Duménils are quite charming, and do not bother me in the least. We have the most curious boating parties in the Bois, headed by Pierre Duménil and myself. Archie arrives in Paris tomorrow, which will be a skylark. My French Professor is delightful, and most brilliantly clever. My French remains pretty mute, but I almost always understand now what I hear and read.

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Paris is looking too divine to-day, in the heat. I am beginning to forge ahead like anything in the smart set—Rothschilds yesterday, Embassy today, de Ganays tomorrow—God knows where it will end. — went miles out of his way to shake me by the hand, and we had nothing to say to each other after all, though he was most charming. I spend hours and hours at the Louvre, and begin to know it better—also in Notre Dame and other Churches, so cool in this weather, and High Mass, what a lovely ceremony. . . . To-day I went quite alone with my Zeiss glasses to the Grand Prix, and enjoyed it enormously, and last night I went with the Duménils to the Gala Opera, which we saw from the roof in a little rabbit-hutch with one loophole and a grating. I love the opera, it is so realistic, enormous tenors hiding behind small trees and bellowing 'Hush,' while other tenors and basses

representing watchmen pretend not to see them. Don't you think I might dash over third-class just for Lord's, from Thursday to Monday, just to see you all? I had quite a spasm of emotion on Friday, remembering it was the Fourth of June; one chapter of my life shut down, perhaps the happiest of all.

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That idiot Maurice has been through Paris, but as he gave me a rendez-vous at a restaurant that was pulled down by the police five years ago, I didn't clap eyes on his bald but well-beloved cranium, an irreparable loss. Today I motored with Madame de Béarn to Versailles, and went this evening to see Lady Sassoon. She looks like a ghost, but they seemed a shade happier about her. I am so terribly sorry about her illness, they are all so intensely devoted to each other. Poor Phil. Madame Gustave is a Napoleon among women, as brave as a lion.

Glean as much Oxford news as you can, and send Sidney over here? French is a very great strain on an average brain I find, which is not surprising when one remembers how very difficult it is to express one's most borax thoughts in English; however I shall have learnt a lot more by the end of July.

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What royal fun my Cook's trip to England was, it was trebly worth the vile night return, surrounded on the boat by nuns with mal-de-mer. I did not sleep one wink. Margot and Co have just departed; we had great larks together, except once when they upbraided me for being late for luncheon; I had always imagined Margot as hopelessly unpunctual, but apparently she is much the reverse. I am just off to the Embassy to rout out Graham and Bridgeman, and to complete a course of French waltzing, which is most amusing and instructive! What are your plans for August? I should love to stay all August quietly at Taplow, and do a little reading (which is so sadly difficult here); except for Clovelly—which is too good to be overlooked, and all my young women will be there. How is London, and when do you leave it?

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I shall leave the hospitable house of Duménil on Tuesday as ever is, going straight to Tap. It will be heaven after this stifling city, and what fun we shall have; will Juju be there Tuesday? Town life strangles me in the hot weather. Bridgeman (Embassy) took me to Versailles yesterday evening, it was too wonderful in the half-light, and quite deserted, and we dined very happily by the lake. So like old Summer evenings at Wrest, and the pavilion pond. I expected to see our dead fish on the banks. Do make a great push to get the Dolls (Laura and Diana Lister) for Panshanger. The other guests I should adore are Cynthia, Pat, Archie, John Manners, and Twiggy. Could Auntie Ka stick so many? It would be too perfect if you could work it, or shall I write to her? Mme. Duménil very pleased with a letter of yours. Just going to see the O. W. monument in Père-La-Chaise again; it is unfinished, but very simple, and insupportably pathetic.

CHAPTER XIII.

EARLY in August, 1909, the family all went to Panshanger for four lovely boiling-hot days—with a few of the children's great friends—and bathed and fished and played lawn-tennis and read aloud, and went for lovely night-walks, and saw much of the Salisbury family who were at Hatfield. Imogen was sad to find that 'Uncle Newt' was dead—in Katie's little pond. Billy used to tease her dreadfully about him, pretending to have been bitten, and screaming, and then she *roared*. It was almost impossible not to tease Imogen sometimes, her transitions from rage to sunshine were so swift and irresistible. She had a squalid rag-doll called Sunny Jim, which she adored; Julian used to choose a very happy moment to say 'Sunny Jim dead.' and poor Moggie went into paroxysms of rage and despair.—'No, no, Sunny Jim *quite* well,' and she became radiant. Then it all began again!

The children went to tea with Evan at Rumpelmayer's on the way home through London, and Monica tried on her fur-coat for Dresden—it was the hottest day of the year!

On August 14th, Billy, Monica, and Ivo, went to Clovelly for a week, Julian to Rowsley, and their parents to shoot with Lord Curzon at Crag, in Derbyshire. The children had a most perfect week of happiness at Clovelly. They all stayed at Taplow for the rest of the holidays, except for short visits to Avon and Hatfield. Julian was working very hard for Greats, about nine hours a day. Ivo played in a lot of

cricket matches, and they went over several times to shoot partridges at Panshanger. (Katie was in Scotland.) The Essexes gave Imogen their tiny pony 'Peggy'; she was in raptures over it; it followed her about, and she could ride it quite alone. It alas died in a fit very soon. She said one evening when she was out rather late 'What a stone-dark night.' One day there was a very bad thunderstorm, and she didn't much like it, but said 'It's only a little gun from God.'

On Sept. 22nd they all dispersed—Willie to stalk in Scotland, Julian to Wigglesworth, Billy to Mells and Gisburne, Ivo to Summer Fields, Imogen to Bognor, and Monica and her mother to Dresden, where Monica and her Polish governess Miss Krywald stayed for three months, in a German family. Monica went to an enormous number of classes, lectures, and operas; Rosemary Leveson-Gower and Enid Fane were also at Dresden, at a school, and they used to spend all their half-holidays together, and went for a great many expeditions.

Imogen's mother went to stay with her at Bognor when she came back to England in October; at a strange place called 'The Children's Hotel,' where all the furniture was diminutive. Evan Charteris came to see them there, and the only thing high enough for him to sit on was a rocking-horse, with 'Togo' painted on its chest. Imogen enjoyed it immensely, and all the donkeys and goats. The donkeys were called Blackbird, Bob, and Baby. Her favourite animal was 'Adam the Savage Goat.'

There was a happy day in October at Oxford with all three boys—Ivo at Summer Fields, Billy at Balliol, Julian moved out into lodgings at 8, Long Wall—with Patrick, Edward Horner, Paul Methuen, and Barrington-Kennett. Someone said to Pat 'Haven't you come of age?' he said 'Yes, my debts are my own.' Looking at Julian's picture of the two monks,



DRAWING OF JULIAN GRENFELL, AGED 21, BY THE
DUCHESS OF RUTLAND.

Billy said 'There are the Grenfell brothers after being refused by the Hothouse.' (Their name for the Rutland family.) Violet Rutland had done a beautiful drawing of Julian. Imogen was the only child at home that Autumn. She said 'I have been away a most long time.' (Three weeks.)

Early in November Julian became very unwell again—in the midst of his work and his rowing—and was sent to Brighton for a week. His mother went to him there, and they had a happy time at the 'King's Hotel,' and spent some lovely hot days on the downs above Rottingdean, lunching at the little sunny inn there. They went to an excellent performance of 'Hedda Gabler,' in the Theatre on Brighton Pier.

Julian was back at Oxford for Ivo's Exeat, and their parents and Imogen went there for it. Monica (in Dresden) was sadly missed.

Patrick and Julian and his mother went to see the 'St. Ursula' Tableaux at the Court Theatre in December—Cynthia Charteris was St. Ursula, and looked lovely;—they were unluckily overpowered by laughter. Jack Horner, who was taken to the Tableaux by Francie, only said 'I never saw such a fiddle-headed lot of women in my life.' Julian and Billy went to Belvoir when Oxford ended, and on to Gisburne. These were some of Julian and Billy's letters that autumn.

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JULIAN, FROM WIGGLESWORTH.

October, 1909.

Do write and tell me about Germany, and darling little Casie? This place is God's place, and it's a grand life—out by 7.30, and out till 7.30; 4 greyhounds, 40 couple of staghounds, 14 horses (of Peter Ormerod's) Peter himself, grouse, duck, hares, two ponds full of trout—I got 22 yesterday—no women, good food, and absolute freedom.

It's all too good to be true. I start to-morrow at 5.15, bicycle 10 miles to Peter's, ride another 8 miles to the Meet, and then hunt. Peter and his pal (who is a Sport, with gaiters and a straw in his mouth) are putting me on to a ferocious horse, to knock some fun out of me, as they say I am too pleased about my riding. I long to hear your plans and doings? Billa has been over 3 days to shoot, from Gisburne, in splendid form. I have worshipped this wild life. Spenser Pryse (the artist) is such a good man. Tommy Ribblesdale is grand, especially about the Hothouse—he says, 'They are *my* young women; the only young women.'

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FROM BILLY.

Gisburne : October, 1909.

Many thanks for your happy news from the Teutonic capital. My visits have been the greatest fun, Mells was delightful. I think Edward is one of *the* nicest people, and his philosophy of *dolce far niente* and the primrose path is dangerously entrancing. Ray and Kath and Frances were all quite charming.

Here life is perfect, but for the intangible depression which hangs like a cloud on this grey and beautiful valley, and a violent cold which I have communicated to everybody, including Barbara's two Hopefuls. The Dolls are delicious, Laura more like a dream than ever, quite miles away from life, but most delightful. The Queer Peer returns tomorrow, from a brief bout in the metropolis; also Charles and Reggie Lister and Lady Ripon. Julian has been all the time at Wiggle; with his artist, who has a cockney accent, and a point all his own. Julian has been too glorious, and I spend most of the days with him, shooting the delightful Wigglesworth rough ground. He is quite madly and splendidly wrapped up in sport; and courses, hunts, shoots, and fishes, from 5 a.m. till 10 p.m. repelling with a savage intensity all feminine overtures. We have the most splendid talks about Free Love, Socialism, and Philosophy: and I stand up to my neck in malarial swamps trying to fulfil the ideal conception of

the Sport, but fall far short of his success. He is a splendid creature, as beautiful as a panther, and no woman can resist him for 10 seconds. I wish I did not feel such a centipede beside him.

FROM BILLY.

Balliol College : Autumn, 1909.

It is frightfully exciting being here. My pictures have arrived, and are looking extremely handsome, though my room at noon is as dark as the Arctic regions. Archie has been here for Sunday, and has just gone; he was most charming, and among other treats took me to Huntercombe yesterday, where I lost seven golf-balls and my temper in a howling gale, and I think contracted pneumonia. C. A. Lister is here, in inimitable form. I see a lot of 8 Long Wall, also of Sid, and Cys Asquith. The worst of this spot is that it is plague-stricken, one's cold progresses from bad to worse. I am longing to see Dad tomorrow.

Life here is very pleasant; peaceful, instructive, uninterrupted by school arrangements, or the undue quantity of Eton friends. I find it delightful to have time to read what one likes, a thing one never had at Eton and never wants in the holidays. I play tennis occasionally, and run daily. The Long-Wall-ers are working like walruses, and appear but seldom, but are very delightful when they do, and so are Cys and Guy and Sid. On Friday I toiled off to London to see —, which expedition kept alight the torch of friendship, but quenched the infant flame of love. I also bought divine pictures with Spenser Pryse, and dined with him in Soho.

Yesterday I played Football against the School at Eton, which was huge fun and a legitimate source of pride. It was the greatest fun seeing them all again, but of course I'd be something of a Mastodon in a china-shop if still at Eton. To-day I walked with Pat and Edward to see Walter Raleigh, but he was out, a great jaw-dropper.

The Freshers' Mile is on November 2nd, for which I am in active training. How happily Casie writes from Dresden. I am reading, in various stages, the Shaving of Shagpat, The Egoist, Redgauntlet, Garibaldi, The Homeric Hymns, Aristotl , and Virgil.

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On Friday I entered, perfectly unprepared and with a shaking heart, for the Boxing, and got in a good brassey shot with the right, amid loud opposition cheers, which almost dismissed my man from this sphere for good and all; wasn't it luck?

Yesterday Denny Anson had his twenty-first, and 50 rabbits were lowered out of Trinity, and chased by 50 excited humans and one phlegmatic and mangy bull-dog; the Dons pursuing, and interring the corpses. The splendid part is that all ire fell on Denny, and Trinity.

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I suppose you must have heard by now of my public ignominy at a Rehearsal of 'St. Ursula,' I was called 'the last straw,' and expelled from the place, in full sight of the 11,000 virgins, who were arranged in line for my passage. Last night we had a supreme Bullingdon dinner, and I was only just saved by kind friends from death at the hands of a burly ruffian, whom I challenged in a moment of Bacchic frenzy, and who turned out to be the Champion Discus Pusher of the World, thrice crowned with bays by you at the Burning Bush.

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I went to see Ivo's play yesterday, and found it very good. Ivo was in radiant health, but rather piano spirits, as he watched with a green-eye the other little galley-slaves going off with frumps who were I suppose their mothers. Cys came too, and Doctor was very nice to us.

Julian is really better I think, at least he continues to work, and laughs a lot at times. Edward is too delightful, pointful, and clever; I see heaps of him. Cys is really an

angel, and Sid as golden and 'hors concours' as always. The Taplow party must last at least a week.

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On December 16th Archie Gordon died. He had had a terrible motor accident three weeks before, in his new 'Silent Knight,' with which he was so pleased, and was taken to the Hospital at Winchester. He suffered great pain, borne with unshaken heroism. He was getting a little better, and then the end came very quickly. He had been the beloved friend of the whole family for five years, especially of Billy and Monica and their mother; and deeply associated with all their lives. He had a power of pouring out love and encouragement on the people he cared for that seemed different to anything else. It was the first time that death had come very near the children, except in regard to old people.

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LETTER FROM JULIAN.

Belvoir : Dec. 16, 1909.

I am miserable about Archie beyond power of speech. It was angelic of you to write; it is so terrible after the recovery a few days ago, and the glorious hope it gave one. I suppose there is no hope now; my heart bleeds as I write those words. I go to Taplow to-day, and if you aren't there, straight on to Winchester. I am glad you are with him. I never stop thinking of you.

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LETTER FROM BILLY.

Gisburne : Dec. 16, 1909.

I got your telegram at luncheon time today, and all this afternoon I have been walking with Laura, and thinking about it. But I could not say a word to her, and love to think that it is only to you I can speak 'unveiled.' You will know how wonderful I thought you during our tiny

time together, so calm and rest-giving and hopeful, with all your marvellous understanding and tenderness and love. I know how great your love for him was, and God knows he worshipped and adored you. It must be happy for you to think that you never failed or disappointed him once, as the guardian angel of his life.

I am sure it is no good dwelling on the tragedy of it; Archie was so brilliant and brave a giver of happiness in his life, that I am sure he would have no one too unhappy after its end. I would rather think of his brave and lovely self, as something re-incarnate and divine; though can it ever be the same bright angel again? I would like to go through with you every delightful moment he has given us, all these years, nearly six now; and to remember his great love and goodness and courage. God knows I could be miserable enough thinking how poor a friend I was, how he was always the giver, and I the taker, and yet I like to know that he *did* love me a little, even as he loved you much, my darling. I am going home to-night, so as to be there to meet you.

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This was a recollection Billy wrote about Archie :

I first remember admiring from afar his intrepid skill in taking standing leaps over the tallest articles of drawing-room furniture. It was not wholly a misleading impression. The feat was in a sense characteristic of him, a foreshadowing of his real self; the same bright trustfulness, the same serene optimism, was seen all through his brief encounter with life. He was not perplexed with theories and philosophies; he always held the deep conviction that all that happened was for the best. A spirit of delighted and untroubled childhood seemed to possess him; it would not have left him had he lived thrice as long. He carried with him the sparkle and freshness of the dawn, and adventured through the world with all the delicious thrill of some youthful buccaneer on an unknown sea.

Even the commonest facts of life had an enduring glamour for him, so intense was his joy of living; most of all was this shown in his pleasure in the exhibition of new

possessions, and his triumph—and he had many such—in the conquest of new friends.

It is certain that all these remained his for life; for he had the rarest genius for friendship; steadfastness, understanding, absolute self-sacrifice, sympathy and joyfulness; and he put so high and proud a value on those he loved that even the most unworthy of them strove their hardest to be worthy of his trust.

His conversation, full of a dancing kind of humour and quaint little jets and spurts of laughter, was charming rather by its felicity than its fluency, since he would often hang becalmed, as it were, in mid-sentence; he used a number of 'portmanteau' words, some of them, often admirably happy in idea, of his own coining; and sometimes, in situations of delicacy and embarrassment, would emerge into broad and more expressive Scots. For a person so instinct with humility he had delightful streaks of pride; I remember his ire on one occasion when I impugned the purity of his French accent, and, on another, the colour of his cravat. The mere scent of competition stirred him like wine, and he issued innumerable challenges to his friends on subjects varying from golf to a knowledge of Shakespeare's tragedies.

After his entry into the City it pleased him sometimes to assume the gait and character of a merchant prince, together with the assumption of intense wealth; and on one occasion his younger friends were admitted to the awe-struck contemplation of three dressing-cases of precisely similar pattern, bought the day before in a flush of insecure prosperity.

He was, I think, constitutionally incapable of untruthfulness and unkindness; simple and strong people, children and gamekeepers, took to him at once and without reserve. He was the firmest believer in the beauty and durability of happiness, and the most blithe interpreter of that belief; for there never was anyone so prodigal of his own gladness; he seemed to diffuse and radiate it as he went. He knew only the sunlit side of the garden, 'shame, dishonour, death, to him were but a name'; and now that he knows the last, and all his bright eagerness is quenched,

he has left to those who love him, already so deep in his debt, an enduring heritage in the memory of his brave and joyous life.

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WRITTEN ABOUT ARCHIE GORDON BY EVAN CHARTERIS.

Archie was, I think, the most vivid human being I ever knew. Merely to be young is not necessarily to give an impression of youth; but Archie was the crown and glory of youth, and had about him a kind of radiance one has hardly ever seen. His youth, too, had the peculiar gift of making others, divided from him by a generation of years, feel no barrier of age. His nature waived such differences, and disposed of all inequalities in time as though they existed not. In this way he enlarged the area of friendship, and was able to attach himself to anyone with whom he chose to make friends; and once friends with him, there was a sense of security and charm that never varied. He never failed; he carried hope in his right hand, and loyalty was written over every action of his life. His affection was never at fault for an enthusiasm or seeking reasons for his faith. He was whole-hearted and single-minded, and entirely constructive in his relations with those for whom he cared. He embellished and enhanced the commonest occurrences of life. He was essentially a colorist, turning dull and negative things into bright and flashing possibilities. He reminded one of Shakespeare's 'Singing masons building roofs of gold.'

Indifference had no place in his scheme of life. One might start with him on the most ordinary and even dreary purpose; one always ended by being caught up in his eagerness and carried forward by his invincible gaiety. If he was to take part in a diversion which promised nothing but boredom, he somehow managed by merely being there to infuse it with a different value. He could win humour and amusement for himself and for those with him out of material that seemed to hold no possibility of either. Such qualities might easily be too strong on occasion and run in advance of the pace of his company. But I never knew his spirits to be out of sympathy. His

consciousness of his surroundings was far too true and delicate. He had a kind of courtesy of heart which instinctively brought him into touch with the mood of those he was with, and quite without effort on his part created an atmosphere of good-will and understanding. I do not suppose he ever willingly gave a moment's pain to anyone in his life. I cannot imagine his doing so. I cannot imagine him at any time as untrue to the self which his friends saw. There seemed a crystal clearness in his character—one detected no flaw. Chivalry, kindness, courage, sincerity—these were the things one was perhaps most aware of; but there was no parade of them, they stood at the back of the humour and delight which made him a companion so admirable. One felt they were there in reserve, always to be relied on.

The aspect of him is singularly clear before me. Most clear, perhaps, as I remember him at golf in the winter in Scotland, in rough clothes and a loose muffler round his neck, hitting the ball with the vigour of a young Titan, the whole of his fine activity in his stroke; following up his shot with an eagerness slightly disconcerting to his opponent, and bounding to the sky-line of the nearest hillock to trace its course. Whether as an adversary or as an ally, there was no one so good to play with. When things were most perverse, and the natural features of the links seemed almost leagued to rob him of victory, there was always good humour at the back of his arraignment of his luck—always an inimitable boyishness in his railings at fate. He loved to win, but defeat never clouded him, and he wore victory so well that none ever grudged it to him. One feels that his attitude in this respect would have been the same throughout life. Whether failure or success in their narrow meaning awaited him, one knew that no strain could overtax either his goodness or his faith, and that the chances and changes of life would never obliterate or dismay them.

He held in himself 'all that happiness and prime could happy call.' I do not remember a dull moment with him, nor a meeting that was not a new draught of sunshine and good nature. One has not to look about for recollections which

manifest the best side of him; one has only to remember him as he was at any time in any walk or circumstance of life, to feel again the splendour of his youth and the living force of the qualities which won such affection and gave forth such light of encouragement. And if now there seems 'less of high hope, less light on wandering hours,' one may turn gratefully to the actual memory of him as he was, and realise how much he has left to uplift and fortify.

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LETTER FROM BILLY.

Balliol: January, 1910.

MY MOST DARLING,—I shall always keep the sun-stained remembrance of my dear Archie. Why is it that the little things, 'tender and laughable,' this and Moggie's doll, break one's heart? And yet I know that I am but touching at the hem of life, and for you, who have always lived to the hilt, and whose power of love is so great and deep that I can scarcely imagine it, the hell of loss must be ten times hotter. For the loss *must* be hell, even though the past (his past) is all light, and for you and in a sense for me the future is the same. My darling, you talk of happiness. Remember that *all* our lives, and even in these last weeks, you have meant happiness for us all, and for all the people who love you. I feel as if I have just been awakened and quickened in all the parts of me that were quite dormant before, and I do ask your forgiveness for all the times when I have ever been churlish or ill-tempered, and not seemed to return a little of your great and constant love. Darling, you do know you have always meant all things to me really, and my permanent and life-long joy. My love to you always.

BILLY.

CHAPTER XIV.

MONICA came home from Dresden, and Ivo from Summer Fields, on December 22nd, 1909. Their mother was at Haddo for Archie Gordon's funeral (in deep snow), but got back to Taplow on Christmas Eve.

Julian was very unwell indeed all that Christmas and all the Winter. He was taken to Dr. Maurice Craig, who said he would get perfectly right, but that it would take three months; and so it did. It was just the same sort of illness as in the previous Spring, only worse, and they said it came in the same way from complete overdoing in every way, after his rapid growth. The symptoms were acute depression, lassitude, and weakness; he was not allowed to do any work, or even to get on to a horse, and indeed he had no wish to do anything. He looked so ill, and so puzzled by it; and he was terribly worried and disappointed about his work and his various athletics, but always most patient and good. The Doctor said he must not even think of going up to Oxford that term, and that he must be perfectly quiet, and not encouraged to exert himself in any way. He stayed quietly at Taplow, except for a few days at Panshanger. Monica was wonderful with him; they were devoted to each other, and he always loved being with her. He used to lie for hours on the sofa in his mother's sitting-room, not even reading. It was a great grief to all his family to see him so depressed and ill; his spirits and zest for life had always been extraordinary; like Marie Bashkirtseff, his candle was cut

into eight pieces and burning at every end. The words that Sir Walter Raleigh wrote of Robert Louis Stevenson always seemed very true of Julian—'His attitude towards the surprising and momentous gift of life was one prolonged passion of praise and joy.'

At this time, and when he was ill before, he was very depressed about religion. His faith was the very root of his being; Billy used to say that he mixed up religion even with running with his greyhounds, and in a sense it was quite true. I do not think that doubt in any sense of the word ever came near him, but when he felt in any way separated from God it made him very miserable; he could not be either happy or well until the sense of communion and unity returned. During the last days of his life he prayed a great deal, probably not knowing that he was speaking aloud. He always used the second person plural. Those who heard him felt a strong realisation of how great a part prayer and communion with God had always taken in his life.

They were all very unhappy about Archie Gordon, and did not have any parties; but the dear Dolls came to Taplow in the Christmas Holidays; also Millie Sutherland and Rosemary and Alastair; and Tommy Lascelles, who was one of the friends Julian loved best; and Maurice Baring when he got back from Russia. Billy went to Stanway for a few days, and then back to Oxford on January 18th.

Imogen was a great amusement to Julian all the weeks he was at Taplow, and did not tire him. She was painting animals one day, rather badly, and he heard her say softly to herself, 'Dam ostrich.'—She was playing at being Red Riding Hood, and said to Ivo, 'You be the *woodpecker* and save me.'—She wouldn't let her father touch her new 'Daddy Tinnywhiskers'

toy, saying to him 'You do get so excitable.' They went to the Maidenhead Pantomime, and there was a sham thunderstorm, which she could not bear. Her mother said she would show her how to make it at home with a tea-tray. After a long time Imogen pulled her down and said, 'Promise you *won't* show me how to make that noise with a tea-tray?' She got very angry with Monica at Bible-reading, and said 'I must bring my *stick* next time I come down to Scrippie.'

Willie and Monica went out hunting with the Old Berkeley, and Imogen's mother took her to the meet, at 'The Feathers,' on Toby the donkey, who got so excited that he ran clean away!

In the middle of February, Julian went out to Bordighera to stay with Katie Cowper, who had taken a villa there. He seemed hardly at all better when he went, but it did him very great good, and at the end of a month he came back almost perfectly well. Dr. Maurice Craig had managed him admirably; Julian thoroughly liked and trusted him, and learnt a great deal from him about the right way to treat his health; and that he could not go on overdoing so frantically when he began to feel exhausted, but must take two or three quiet days at once. He never had any return at all of that kind of illness—after one or two very mild threatenings in the next year; it seemed to pass away altogether. His health and power of endurance were wonderful, and he seemed to grow stronger in every way as the years went on. He was very happy at Bordighera; Katie never fussed him in the least when he was ill, or tried to 'rouse' him; and had a marvellous power of disguising her own anxiety about him.—These were some of his letters from Bordighera.

Monte Verde, Bordighera: February 19th, 1910.

Not so many adventures on the journey as you expected. Glorious crossing, and the enormous luncheon I eat

directly I got on to the boat, as a precaution against nausea, was quite unnecessary. I changed my money at the station in rather a hurry, and discovered afterwards that I was the lucky recipient of three of the rarest coins in Europe: one Belgian 5 franc piece, dated 1832, very handsome: one Empire 5 franc piece of a curious dark metal: one disc of Roman appearance, with a head conjectured to be that of Julius Cæsar? I did not know whether to sell them at a profit to the British Museum, or to try and get some dinner with them on the train; but hunger prevailed, and the waiter accepted them without a tremor as legal tender. There was one brisk brush with the sleeping-car attendant, after your advice about not trusting the wily alien, he using the English language, while I of course talked fluent French, and succeeded in outing a dissolute-looking cosmopolitan sleeping-companion with a beard.

It was a glorious morning, and I was absolutely knocked over by the colour, I had never dreamed anything could be like that; *how* beautiful this country is, I had no idea it was so hilly. Does one ever get tired of olives? Auntie Ka is awfully well; very good villa, right above the town; she met me at Ventimiglia. Post going.

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Thank you awfully for letters, we are having glorious sun here and I am loving it, but can't walk yet, and long to begin tramping. I can't tell you how I love this country. I had no idea Abroad could be so different to England. The only down is that there are no birds and beasts, which makes it seem unlike country to me; I'm not enough of a botanist to be consoled by the flora. The people are enchanting, they are so poor and dirty and cheerful, and the hill-villages simply wonderful, looking as if they were carved out of very thin cardboard. The villa is very nice and airy, and the garden divine. Uncle Willie* has come, and he and Auntie Ka have regular brother-and-sister brush-ups, about how to make olive-green, and salad, and middle distances. Auntie Ka is too golden, and better than I have ever seen her. We generally motor in the after-

* Lord Northampton.

noons, and get out and lie in the sun in the hills, and they sketch, and I sleep. But yesterday we had a smash; we rammed another motor at some cross-roads, Albert driving, and very nearly boulevered it. As we were going about $6\frac{1}{2}$ miles an hour, very little damage was done. Uncle Willie got out, and spoke for just over an hour without a break, with rhetorical periods and questionings; till a large crowd which had collected dispersed disappointed, and the orator was left addressing two small boys in sky-blue trousers and bare feet. The owner of the other motor then turned up, but was overwhelmed by the word-torrent, and left his lordship describing the only accident he had ever had in a motoring-career of nearly ten years—at Luton in 1905. I can't sketch. I feel better. I haven't seen G. Osborne, but hope to. Is that all your questions?

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I am simply adoring The Newcomes, though it doesn't bite quite like Vanity? I tried a long tramp on Monday, but it rather laid me out, but I am *much* better. Thank you awfully for your letter. I feel more than ever ashamed of being the only sleeping partner in such an active troupe as the family Grenfell. I wish I could have heard your Lloyd-George, and Daddy's 'Oar,' and seen Casie perform.

Things are very quiet in Italy after the departure of the Marquis; he was too splendid, and so boundlessly kind and cheerful. I'm terribly conceited about being so much better. We have decided *not* to go to Venice, Auntie Ka did not seem keen about it, and I am longing for a plunge into the bosom of my family; besides which I must be at the books, or I shall be missing that First in Lit. Hum.

My brain has made surprising strides lately, and keeps up an incessant ticking, like Mrs. —'s ear; I spelt through three pages of 'Diana of the Crossways' yesterday, and understood quite one.—She is very like Diana of Belvoir—Expect me Saturday next; is that your smart-set day? I shall be a perfect rose for the feast. The family have been magnificent in writing; I can't give as good as I get, as meals are our outstanding incidents here.

Politics must have been great fun just lately, and Hatfield exciting? I am batting to hear of Billa's Boxing?

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Monica and her mother had a perfect Sunday at Oxford with Billy and Ivo, and all the Oxford boys, and talked to poor Patrick—who had mumps—through a carbolic sheet. And there was another happy day there with Billy, when he had twisted his knee Boxing. Willie gave an excellent lecture on 'The History of the Oar,' before the Philosophical Society at Edinburgh, and also in the Town Hall at Maidenhead.

Imogen was saying her Psalm—'The Lord is my Shepherd, which I *do not* want.' She was in bed with a little cold, and looked such an angel in her blue dressing-gown, with a great company arranged round her cot—Gollywog, Prayer the monkey, Mrs. Tiggy-winkle, Mutter and Jutter her two big dolls, and Water and Mortar the Teddy-bears. She said 'I do like reading the Bible, there are such very naughty people in it.'

The family acquired their first motor that March. (It was very shortly ground almost to powder by Julian, who put on the Reverse when going at full speed!)

On March 8th Billy won the Heavy Weight Boxing for Oxford against Cambridge, having got his Half-Blue.

Julian came back from Bordighera on March 15th, and they all went to the Steeplechases at Hawthorn Hill. Billy went to stay at Gisburne for the Grand National. Monica went out hunting at Taplow at the end of the month, and they ran to Oxford (!) and got back at eleven at night, by train. Imogen went to a meet, *riding*, on her pony Dot. She rode stride-ways, her short legs sticking straight out at each side, but had very good balance. Julian was riding Steeplechases

again; 'Buccaneer' was beaten by one length at Gisburne, after a tremendous race. His parents went with him to several race-meetings, and endured all the usual agonies, as his mishaps always took place at the most distant parts of the race-course, and the customary reports used to reach them.

There was an Easter-party at Panshanger, with Margot, who always enchanted the boys; and a specially good Taplow party, with the whole Manners family, Consuelo Marlborough, Venetia Stanley, Cynthia and Ego Charteris, Laura Lister, Iris Ford, Bim Compton, Evan, Rex, 'Jonah' (Lawrence Jones), Lionel Tennyson, and Spenser Pryse the artist. This is a letter to Guy Benson dictated to Rex by Imogen.

DEAR GUY,—You little fool. Don't tell Mummie I said that. Very bad. Why don't you come here? I don't want you to come now because it is too late. You ass. Yours in great haste. Taplow is all right and quite happy. The river is still there, and very high, and very east cold snow water. I can't bathe. Goodbye. This letter is very neat and written by Imogen, and my kittens and my calf is quite well now, but one has died because we were very annoyed with it, and so we are with you. Do you know, I have got a real pony now. Guy. Real Post.

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There was a lovely pony-hunting week at Avon, with Count Benckendorff and Natalie, Eileen Wellesley, Maurice, Evan, Aubrey Tennyson, and Hugh Godley. Pamela Tennant (now Glenconner) and her little boys were met in the Forest, travelling in a Caravan; they looked most delightful, and happy.

Willie was Chancellor of the Primrose League that year, and we had a huge party at Prince's. He went out to Vienna on the 1st of May, for the opening

of the Sports Exhibition there, as he was President of the British Section.

On May 6th King Edward died.

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These were some of Billy's letters from Oxford that Spring.

Balliol: January, 1910.

MY DARLING,—Here we are back at Dotheboy's Hall, quite reconciled to lifting the drawbridge and nailing down the portcullis, for a really strenuous and productive and anti-social 8 weeks. The holidays were indeed glorious, doesn't one feel it more and more a duty to utilize to the full every moment of happiness snatched from under the imminent hand of Fate? Stanway was the supremest fun, I arrived battling with shyness, to fall into the reassuring hug of the Bear (Edmund Warre) and the more tender though no less comforting embrace of Letty Manners. There was a ball at Broadway, in which my going on the flat was not above suspicion, and my steering even more severely criticised; and on Saturday a Cotillon, with Mary Elcho's unconscionable neighbours. Cynthia was the greatest angel, and most delightful to me, in the lucky absence of more puissant rivals. She is really inimitable and irresistible in face and character. Venetia was also a pearl of great price, and there was a clinging and seductive and very charmingly-feminine Tennant called Frances. The home family were all delightful.

Heigh-ho for a strenuous; the last 5 weeks have been too good to last, and I have loved you so much. *How* is Juju, and Antichrist? My love to all who want it.

BILLY.

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Dear Rex arrived yesterday, and fell at once into two brooks. — has a new million-guinea hunter, on which he travels over the flat like a flash, but boggles a good bit at the fences. Sidney is back, and charming. I *was* glad to see him again. Photographs of Laura Lister and Diana Manners have appeared dos-à-dos in a Society paper; we

have written to them both, pointing out how this facilitates the supreme choice of hesitating young men.

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I am too overjoyed to hear the continued and increasing good accounts of Julian. Oxford has been quiet fun lately, lots of work, but now a rush of excitement is beginning—our Grind to-day, the Boxing on Friday, and the Quarter-Mile on Thursday or Saturday. I have luckily always felt, with Prue the Stanway coachman, that the horse, though a noble animal, was never meant to be tampered with by humans; and so am in the uniquely happy position of being able to mock at the blanched faces and trembling hands of my friends this morning. Have you seen Constance S. R. dance, they say it is a grand exhibition? Edward went with — who did not cease to tell him, with much truth, how much better she could have done it.

Come as early as *possible* on Sunday and lunch with me in my rooms and stay to dinner. I will get Cys and Sid, and we will go to see the Shelley Memorial and Ivo and Sargent's drawing of Guy, all very good sights in their way.

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I am writing this in circumstances of some difficulty, in bed with a slightly twisted knee, the result of the Boxing on Friday. I had to fight a creature of apparently Oriental origin and a mild appearance. I simply hammered him from the start, but in the last half minute his great natural form came to his rescue, and he landed a wild swing on my jaw, which absolutely dazed and dozed me; though I am told I got up once, to receive a final bashing. I think there is still a good chance of my fighting Cambridge, as it was absolute luck for him and carelessness on my part that brought about this result. My knee got doubled up as I fell, but I think will be right in a day or two; the bore is I couldn't run in the Quarter Mile on Saturday. Do get Cynthia for Taplow, Panshanger, and everywhere; she is the only woman. Tell — and — so. How

infinitely lazy one's life is in bed, I sleep all day, and have insomnia all night; such a chance too for doing Aristotle Poetics.

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It was golden of you to come and see me and take such a hearty Spartan view of my health; the member in question is well-ish but not fully recovered. I am boxing a trial this afternoon, and if that is successful, make my appearance for Oxford in the Town Hall on Tuesday at 8.15 p.m. This will I suppose be less intense than being guillotined, but far more hideous and uncertain. I will wire the result of this afternoon.

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I do feel like a reprieved criminal, and very glad indeed to be rid of my gyves. I have never undergone a more needle-y performance; increasing needle for days, then just before the actual execution one seems to lose all volition, and merely to be impelled automatically by a dynamo somewhere in one's lower regions. On entering the Ring, one contemplates one's prospects with a quite external eye, and what George Meredith calls a 'cold clarity,' and this illusion continues throughout the performance. As a matter of fact the Cambridge man was a better boxer, and pretty sturdy, and I was abnormally surprised and stupendously pleased to see his heels standing where his head had been.

Yesterday we all went to Eton, the most lovely shimmering Eton-blue day; we had luncheon with the Cornish's, and I saw Ainger, Luxer, Geena, and the boys. It was all too wonderful and rare. What a memory, Eton, if one dies in a debtor's prison or on the beach at Papeete.

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CHAPTER XV.

JULIAN'S hopes about Greats and Rowing had been pitilessly destroyed by his illness. He had worked so very hard for both, but was allowed to do absolutely nothing from November, 1909, until he went back to Oxford in April, 1910, and even then the doctors strongly deprecated his undergoing any severe strain for several months. It was decided, as the following letter to his father will show, that he should give up going in for Honours altogether, and go up for an ordinary Degree.

8 Long Wall, Oxford: May, 1910.

MY DARLING DAD,—I am so glad that your British section at the Vienna Exhibition is such a success, you must have had a tremendous lot of work and worry with it, and it must have been a great satisfaction getting it so good in the end, and being able to feel that it was so well worth it. I expect the whole of the work devolved upon you in the end, as it always seems to do; they have found out that whatever you put your hand to prospers, and they treat you accordingly.

It is splendid of you having got me the vacancy in the Royals. I saw General Russell down here the other day and he was charming. He said I was quite right to go to India *first*, and I do think it's a good arrangement, and am looking forward to it very much indeed, although it will mean leaving the family, and making a gap in the Taplow table, which is very sad. I hear wonderful things about the Royals from everybody I talk to; they seem to be a splendid lot, and I only hope they'll like me. Old Bill is getting quite good at real tennis, he ought to

play for the Varsity. Maurice Baring has been up, and stayed the night here, he was as mad as the cob. I had another talk to Strachan Davidson when I got back, and he advised me strongly to take a Pass Degree, and so did Lindsay and the coach, and I thought it all out carefully, and decided to follow your and their advice. The Greats exam. would be a good strain, especially if you know less than half of the matter; and I ought to get through the pass-work all right, though there is a good lot of it. So it seemed clear, and I started off at once with a coach.

Billy looks well, and is making a great many jokes per diem.

I made 17 not out and got 2 wickets and 2 catches in a college game—to my intense surprise—I hit the first ball out of the ground; so I have been selected to represent Balliol College at cricket! It is rather fun. Guy Benson plays too.

Good-bye and all love from

JULIAN.

This was Julian's last term at Oxford, he was quite well, working hard for his Degree (as the work was quite different to what he had been doing for Honours) and very very happy. It was so delightful to see him well again. He was flinging Alastair Leveson-Gower about one day, who said to him in his inimitable slow voice 'I think, Juju, I like you better when you are suffering from melancholly.'

Monica and Imogen went to London in June for a fortnight, to stay with their parents at 19, Manchester Square. Imogen was very much distressed because the man at the Wallace Collection said she could not go in till she was eight years old (and she was only five). But she was comforted when he said that if she was very good he would let her in when she was seven and three-quarters. She went to see the Duchess of Devonshire (Louise), who said to her 'I am afraid you are not very comfortable on that chair.' Imogen said 'No, I am most uncomfortable indeed.' They had a



IMOGEN GRENFELL, AGED 5.

long conversation. She said to the Duchess 'Do you happen to know Lord Revelstoke? his little dogs are coming to tea with me this afternoon.' She used to go into Manchester Square with a strange collection of scraps, and almost all the cats in London seemed to gather round her—she knew them all, and kept them in great order with a very long whip. Monica and Imogen swam a great deal at the Bath Club, and there was a party for the Zoo with Mrs. Maguire, Maurice Baring, and George Brodrick—who was just going back to Canada. They all rode the elephant, and Imogen rode on the camel's neck.

On June 7th, their parents, Lord Curzon, Helen Vincent, Millie Sutherland, Maurice Baring, and Claud Russell, went to Oxford to hear Mr. Roosevelt's Romanes Lecture, and all went to an uproarious tea with Julian and Billy afterwards, at Long Wall. Their parents and Monica went to stay with the Master of Balliol on June 11th for Ivo's Exeat, the last time at Oxford with the three boys. They all went over to Sutton on Sunday; there was a terrible thunderstorm. Julian took his Degree at the end of the Term; he had passed into the Army First of all the University candidates.

NOTE ABOUT JULIAN AT OXFORD, BY RONALD KNOX.

Each of us, who came up from Eton to Balliol in 1906, seemed to have a private philosophy of life, something between a pose and a creed. Each of us (in the jargon we then used) 'held a brief for' something. Julian himself preserved the memory of some of them in the 'Eton Characters' which he wrote, in imitation of Theophrastus, for the Outsider: each of the 'Characters,' though professing to represent a type, was really the portrait of an individual. To his own portrait he gave the name 'The Sporting Man.' The term 'sporting' has been inconceivably abused in our language, but to Julian the sportsman was what he ought to be—the noble savage expressing

himself, as far as could be, under twentieth-century conditions. Physical strength was to him a duty, although in deference to our tacit code he did not try to impose it as a duty. He would expatiate like a missionary on the glories of the short-arm balance. He would show you, with the air of a professor, a certain muscle just above his hip, which was, he said, developed by boxing, and was essential to proper physical development. His special fondness for greyhounds was based on their perfect architecture—no waste of material, no false proportions, simply a coursing-machine.

He had this Greek love of form, but not for its own sake. Nor were his interests athletic: he was not interested in whether Blankshire won. Strength, speed, and skill were to him the assertion of the dignity of man. Boxing was a thing that might come in useful in a crowd: I can fancy that even rowing would appeal to him primarily as an instance of man 'scoring off' the conditions of nature. (This is an exposition of his philosophy at that time, not of his feelings; this is how he liked to be thought of.) He did not exalt muscle over brain; he knew that cunning is, at least as much as strength, the weapon of the noble savage, and, as his tutors knew, he had an unusually good brain; but I think he would always have preferred to assert it by superiority over wild nature. Making entries in his game-book was, in that first year at any rate, a solemn ceremony, though we laughed at him and he laughed at himself even as he did it.

I suppose all this is only a moment in his career, but it is easier to catch a moment than to trace developments. Anyone who was at Oxford with Julian, if he tries to picture him, will at once picture him standing in Balliol Quad, just outside No. 14 staircase, cracking a great whip. ('I always called him Tisiphone,' the late Professor Robinson Ellis told me—his rooms looked over Balliol—'because of his whip, y'know.') Undergraduate philosophies generally fade into the light of common day, and even when he went into the Army, you hardly felt that the noble savage would find scope. Other people—Charles Lister with his political sympathies, George Fletcher, bent on



BILLY GRENFELL WHEN REPRESENTING OXFORD
UNIVERSITY AT TENNIS, 1910.

being a school-master, Victor Barrington-Kennett, who had given up the Army and decided for business—seemed more likely to have their ambitions realised. But there was to be one way for all, and it was Julian's way; when the elemental conditions broke loose in 1914 he seemed to have come to his own. You were not surprised when you were told that he was the only man on either side who didn't wish the war was over. Nor was it inappropriate, in spite of his immense personal courage, that he should be mentioned in despatches for cleverness; he was tracker as well as hunter. Either way he was in his element: if anyone else had written 'Into Battle,' you would have said that it was an astonishing poem, but the man couldn't really have felt like that; in Julian, you knew it was sincere.

Perhaps this makes him seem very inhuman, but you cannot write down the human part of anybody: it remains as the private possession of those who knew him, to balance the bitterness of his loss.

Billy won the 'Silver Racket' at Oxford for Tennis. He came up to stay in Manchester Square, and Julian was to-and-fro between there and Panshanger. 19 Manchester Square was a nice big house, and the boys had their own sitting-room. Monica won the Ladies' Shield for swimming at the Bath Club for the third year running, and so had the miniature Shield to keep for life!

On July 7th the whole family went to Lord's Tennis-court to see Billy play for Oxford against Cambridge in the Tennis Doubles. Tyler and Billy played for Oxford, and Gibbs and Ivor Windsor for Cambridge. Cambridge won.

On July 8th they all went to Paddington to see Anne and Jack Islington off to New Zealand, and Julian travelled with them as far as Plymouth. Billy enjoyed his short and first 'London Season' very much; he went as a splendid 'Red Cross Knight' to the Rutlands' Fancy-Dress Ball. Ivo came to London

the first day of the holidays, and the whole family went to Cynthia Charteris's wedding to Beb Asquith; and Ivo went that evening to the Manners' wedding ball; he adored it, and danced with all the young ladies. They all went to Panshanger the next day, for a very lovely hot week, with Bron, Linky, Evan, Edward Horner, and Maurice—Billy and Evan had begun their great controversy over Fashions for Men! Evan disapproving of the squalid garments that were then the hall-mark of Oxford undergraduates. And they went to stay with Bron at Picket for a Sunday, and two glorious pony-hunts; and to Taplow; and then on August 17th to Alton House near Nairn, which they had taken for a few weeks. Every hour of those months was very precious—Julian's last Autumn at home before going to join his Regiment in India in November.

These were letters from Julian that Spring and Summer.

8 Long Wall, Oxford: April, 1910.

. . . I went to luncheon with Bron on the way here, he looked well, I thought, but absolutely at the last gasp in the way of tiredness; he said he was absolutely worked out. I did love seeing him again, what an angel he is, a really *great* man. Dr. Maurice Craig was frightfully pleased with me. Do come down soon, there are already 1001 things to talk about. The end of the holidays *was* fun, I've never enjoyed anything more; thank you for all. They won't let me talk any more about my family here, they say I have got a mania about it. Give my love to all at Avon. What about the cherry hung with snow, you should see it here.

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Thanks awfully for the 'Velasquith,' which is far the funniest caricature since the Flood. I'm so glad Avon was such fun, I told the Hothouse about the fresh Forest air. I went up to see Pavlova with Constance S. R.—

Pavlova is marvellous, and has hair like snakes. Mordkin I think is perfectly hideous, like a second-rate strong-man who has forgotten to bring on his dumb-bells and looks lonely and perplexed without them. His physique is like 5 or 6 barrels firmly stuck together.

After great heart-searchings I have come to the great decision, strongly advised by the Master (who has been charming), Daddy, and all the dons and coaches, to take a pass Degree and not try Greats. I *would* have loved to have had a shot at them—but our theory about spilt milk is a good sound one. Perhaps I should have done very badly, even if I hadn't been ill. Will you really give me the dry-fly-rod? I have bought it, and just holding it is like playing de Bussy (which I'm very good at as you know). Good-bye, darling, and come down soon. At long last I can answer your query in the affirmative, *I have made a new friend*, by name Alan Parsons.

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May, 1910.

Isn't it funny that the sort of Daily Mail things are really true now for once in a way, the things about feeling the tragedy in the atmosphere and seeing it in people's faces. Everybody is looking quite different, and one can feel the thundercloud in the air. I am really sorry about him, (King Edward), he must have been a jolly man and a glorious king. Will it complicate things very much?

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(Ivo was at Summer Fields, and wrote to his parents 'I expect you will have seen in the newspapers that King Edward is dead.')

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Life is very good here. Maurice has just arrived to stay here, in the first flush of madness, and Walter Raleigh is coming to dinner. I am working hard at Groups. Sunday I took a well-earned rest, as those delightful women Viola Tree and Marjorie Mannes were at Sutton; they were in glorious form, and so was Norah;

Bill came too, and Patrick, and the Bear. There is very little news here, but everybody is wonderfully jolly, and happy are the people who have no history. I've a great up on Patrick.

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I hope you had a good time at Hackwood, it was fun seeing you Tuesday and catching a glimpse of high life, I loved it. Are you back in London, or at your charming country-seat now? I looked in the Daily Mail, but it gave no information. On Sunday I started at six and *drove* a motor to Panshanger, 75 miles, and not a dull moment throughout either going or coming. The shover's hair turned grey, and then snowy white. The fish wouldn't look at a fly, I only got two, and a 10-lb. pike. Let's go a picnic right *up* the river with Ivo on Sunday—it is ripping, and no boats. I went up to see Dad and the lawyers in London about future arrangements. Plato is quite right, there are no lawyers in the Ideal City. Dad was in glorious form—and coming back here, *Bill*, a hatless vision, loomed through the dusk at Reading, returning from Eton. He is a very good boy, your scholar-athlete son, there is none better.

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Right-O, mid-on, Pat and I will come to Taplow on Sunday. I'm longing to see 19 Farewell-Manchester Square, and am glad it's fun. It will be fun being at Taplow on Sunday and seeing the great Lord K. again. Hasn't this hot weather been gorgeous, I haven't seen you since it began. I've found the best place to work in, quite close, in Magdalen water-meadows, in thick grass under a May-tree near a pond where a frog croaks incessantly; I lie in the sun and read. The sun is the only thing worth living for; also Billy, now called The Butcher.

Coming back from Sutton last week, riding, at 11 p.m. a party of furious bicyclists ran into Billy and me, and two of them barely escaped with their lives. But they were jolly about it, and humble and brave and rather pathetic, so I gave one, who had his face obliterated and

his bicycle twisted like old scrap iron and his Sunday clothes wrecked—a magnificent gift of £5, which made him radiant.

Hartham : June, 1910.

I was so miserable at not being able to get even a glimpse of you yesterday, but I missed the train up, and had to dash off to Charlie Fitzmaurice the moment I arrived, and dash for the station the moment I left him. I want to talk to you about 3,000 things; all equally urgent; where do you go this Sunday, where are you next Sunday, when do we go to Taplow for good? I wish I was better at London fun, but after 10 minutes in the metropolis I become gruesomely ill and unutterably —. Are you loving it? You look wonderfully well, I've never seen you look so well and lovely; you must have the constitution of a cartload of oxen to stand that sort of thing. Do you remember Margot's saying, 'Ettie is an ox, she will be made into Bovril when she dies.' That was at Langcot. Do write. I suppose Dad is still doing the work of twelve able-bodied men per annum per diem? Delicious two days with Auntie Ka; then my viva voce, and the Examiners with a smile asked me the Greek for courage (which is like asking the French for I have) and complimented me on my papers. On to Sutton; Harry Cust, Evan, Miggs (Marjorie Manners), and Rocksavage. How beautiful he is, I've never seen anything to touch him for looks—and how jolly and *nice*. Miggs was so amusing.

Here it is raining, which is a bore, but Anne so wonderfully unutterably amusing, I do love her, she makes me laugh till I simply long to stop. Write to me, my darling—I am marvellously happy, and batting to see you.

Panshanger : July.

I've never had such a good talk as on Friday and never such a good morning as on Saturday. You are wonderful; your wonder is inexhaustible, and keeps coming on me with a shock of newness every time, and your dark depths

and your surface fun—so blended that you can laugh at the deepest and weigh the lightest, and your intuition which gives you not only the meaning, but the half-tone and the shade of the meaning, before it's said—and which sometimes makes it seem silly to talk at all. I want to see you again directly, because you are so far far better than anyone else, and I don't want to see you again ever, because everyone else is like flat soda-water afterwards. Advise me what to do?

I had such fun with little Miggs, she is the wittiest of all the girls and very nearly the nicest. She was too gloriously amusing about my young married women friends. I stayed there for four hours and laughed enough for four years. What a wife for a lonely young fellow! But she is pretty well plighted to Another.

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Panshanger : July.

The Trojan women have gone, and left a holy peace. Billa is here, which is superb; he is affable, somnolent (after 100 balls), and majestic. Auntie Ka is in glorious form. I've done some life-size chalk drawings on the brushing-room walls, Bill likes them, which fills me with pleasure.

Mr. Barnes said 'That 'ole hen crowed loike a cock—Oi squared her up—can't 'ave them sort about.' Why this prejudice against hermaphrodites? 'Woy—it ain't roight loike.'—I'll come to Taplow early Saturday. I've read Gilbert Murray's Hippolytus again—the best thing ever—some Dante Rossetti; the Psalms; the Imitatio Christi; and Belloc, endlessly.

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Panshanger : July, 1910.

It was clever of you to make even being photographed amusing, which is the hardest end to lend a Yonder to. And I did love the National Gallery, and was fatuously pleased when you said I was like the Botticelli Mars. There is sun here, and a wind across the heath. Mr. Barnes surpasses himself, and my two new dogs are the best ever. I get up at 7 go to bed at 10 in the hut outside

and spend the rest of the time in the open country. The place is looking too gorgeous, they are just cutting the hay, and the crops in about 10 days. You can't think how happy I am, just drinking country—but I am coming up to join carouses with you and Billa next week. I made such a floater with ——; what an ass am I, said little Adolphus. But I wish social 'plans' had one neck and me a knife.

Doesn't the Nairn place sound ideal, I *am* looking forward to it, splendid weeks all alone and all together, with no bores and chores.

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Rowsley : August.

I go down to-morrow to see my colonel—Makins, at 1.30; and I shall get as much of my uniform done then as I can, and what about the inoculation? Then straight up to Nairn. The Hothouse have been in their best form, and too amusing and darling. Bill is being drawn at this moment. Dear Ego has just arrived. We killed five buck on Monday, it's the best day I've ever had. They were immensely fast, and two ran clean away from the greyhounds. The hounds, who had never seen deer before, never hesitated, and went straight at the throat when they got up—a good sight, with both buck and dogs going over 40 miles an hour, and then the spring, and hold or miss. Two of my dogs were hurt, but not badly.

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These were letters from Billy that Spring and Summer.

Gisburne : March, 1910.

. . . 'Carsey' was a gallant horse and jumped like a stag, he was one of the very few who escaped shipwreck—so the family fortunes perished not unworthily. The cold at Aintree was unbelievable, also the flat racing was incredibly dull, but the Grand National is the most glorious sight, and worth crossing a Continent to see. We had a splendid hunt with Peter Ormerod on Saturday. I rode a thing well known as Black Maria, which jumped quite wonderfully, in spite of my clasping it round the neck at

the stone walls. I am going to Peter to-morrow, and will be with you in time to hunt Tuesday, tell Casie to have 'Diomed' prepared for me. L. Lister has been very charming; I wish Diana was with us instead of among the flesh-pots, where I have decided *not* to join her after all, as I don't want to spend my whole life in those new trains. I would rather die quietly and economically in a ditch.

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Balliol: April, 1910.

What fun the holidays were. Better than ever. I think we ought to amalgamate with the Manners family of Avon when the time comes that we can no longer stand the competition of the 500 new industrial peers, and migrate to Canada. Juju is well and strong and not over-working, I don't think the work for a Degree is excessive, though certainly considerable. What an angel he has been about it all, and all through his illness. The Rowing too! Yesterday he and I rode to Sutton. Norah was quite inimitable. The cold here is intense; I have been working like a Trooper, but quite contentedly. Miggs reaches Sutton on Saturday next; and other bexies. There was a slight don-floater—noise in quad.—but your two sons were well out of it, watching a Boxing Match.

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Balliol: May, 1910.

I am sad about King Edward, aren't you? It seems as if the glory had departed; and there will be lots of war, and mothers will have to worry considerably. Oxford has really been the greatest fun and caviare, and I find myself drifting rapidly into the riding and cock-fighting set. Miggs and Viola were at Sutton yesterday, also Raymond—and Patsy, Julian, Alan Parsons, and I all motored out to spend the day. Viola seems a grand woman. Miggs was quite irresistible, I had almost forgotten what fun she is. Norah was also in the best form, and flew a Man-Kite with me most of the afternoon. *Come* here, any day this week?

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Friday was the best funereal fun; I would have wished to see more of you, but did not like to endanger your carefully constructed social position by walking hatless with you down Pall Mall (where *was* my hat?) I dined with the Misses Tree and the Actor-Manager. — was there and inimitable, she described the scene at Windsor down to the last button on the Archbishops' gaiters, after telling me that she was so blinded by tears that she could see absolutely nothing. The Hothouse were in the Connaught Stand, under the strictest injunctions not to scream, nor to kiss their hands. Accept Esher for me, it does sound fun. What about a Schloss in the Tyrol or a Salmon-fishing in Norway for next Holidays? and *when* do you come here?

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What royal fun Sunday was, I did love it. I beat Buns Cartwright to-day at Royal Tennis, after a terrific game, and am now in the Final. If I win that, I play for Oxford, and shall probably come up to Manchester Square next week, to practise at Lord's. Do let me take Casie to Clovelly for a few days in August, it was such fun last year. Even Lady Eileen W., daughter of Her Grace of Wellington, goes there unattended by her mother.

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Rowsley: August, 1910.

My plans have been staggered by the discovery that it takes $19\frac{1}{2}$ hours, no less, to get to Nairn from here. Then I shall stay there straight on till Dunrobin. I do hope Lady Ripon has not lost her patience with those Grenfell boys. I had my hair coupé-en-brosse before coming up here, owing to excited foreigners not understanding my agitated French. I look uglier than the dreams of avarice, but Violet Duchess insisted on drawing me, and has made a marvellous though I fear sycophantic job of it; I do hope you will like it. This has been the best fun, Miggs too wonderful and brilliant for words, Diana crammed with wit and satire and looking lovely, Letty most delicious. Ego, Eddy Marsh, and Julian,

make up our pleasant party. The weather is beyond human speech, but the wit and pleasant drawing and cheerful reading of our hostesses, as well as the beauty of Haddon Hall in slashing rain, have made life a pleasure. Tennis, fencing, and battledore, fill up the intervals. I must go now. Don't shirk — unless I do.

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Ardgowan: Oct. 1910.

Loch Choire yielded me a harvest of 22 monarchs of the glen, and a young salmon; also the best ten days of my life. I am regarded as a sort of Hiawatha of the rifle by those who do not know how many shots I had. I was at Dunrobin for Sunday, with Blues, Scots Greys, Society Mia's, and Gaelic Sacred-Soloists, who were never happy when sober; also Millie, Rosemary, and Edie. It was such enormous fun, and on Sunday Edward Aylmer took me over the *Téméraire*, his ship, then at Dunrobin.

Our evenings there put the *Bal Tabarin* and the *Grand Guignol* in the shade.

I travelled here with Patrick and the Howicks—a good party, excellent men, Edward, Charles, Sidney, Patrick, Ock Asquith, Jasper Ridley. The women, Twins, Aileen Brodrick, and Mima, being all that one could wish. We shot yesterday and are weather-bound to-day. Can I come to Gosford or Whittinghame for Sunday, if you are at either? Ask Julian if October 20th will do for Panshanger partridges? but I could only come from Oxford for the day.

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Alton was a comfortable sunny modern house, with a pretty walled garden and 'policies,' and a tennis-court; close to the end of the Nairn golf-course, and with very attractive wild country, woods and sand-hills, within easy reach. Willie and Billy played a great deal of golf. There was no shooting belonging to the house, but Julian quickly acquired some, at Boath, about three miles off; and got very good coursing. Ivo and Imogen had a pony called 'Nellie,'



JULIAN GRENFELL AND "TOBY," ALTON, SEPTEMBER 1910.

which they hired from Mr. Peter Norrie, a Lovat's Scout, at Ardersier Farm, for five shillings a week ! and rode from morning till night. There was very good bathing at Drum ; miles of deserted shore, with sand-hills and pinewoods for dressing-rooms ; and they often spent whole days there, and in the lovely Darkglass woods, also near the sea.

Jack Leven and his family were near by at Glenferness, and the boys went over there often, and shot and coursed with him. And they all motored to Cawdor, Tulchan, Beaufort Castle (where the Listers were staying ; Laura engaged to be married to Lord Lovat) Struy, where the Derbys were ; and to the Games at Inverness. Also to see Poyntzfield again (and Ivo's ' Jeanie,' to whom he had written all this time !) and to Langcot. There, still lying under a hedge near the house, was the great iron rim of a cart-wheel, which Archie Gordon and Ivo used to bowl up and down the road as a hoop, with shouts of joy, four years before. Nothing could have brought back the thought of Archie and his vigour and happiness more vividly.

' Vanity Fair ' and ' The Master of Ballantrae ' were read aloud at Nairn. Charles Lister came up for a long visit, and Patrick Shaw-Stewart for a short one, and little David Cecil (from Lossiemouth) to stay with Imogen. They all went to Shackleton's excellent lecture at Nairn on the South Pole.

The boys went to Rowsley on the way up to Nairn, and Billy to Studley, where Lord and Lady Ripon had a boys' party for Sidney and Michael. Lord Ripon of course shot fifty grouse at each drive, and all the boys about two apiece.—Michael used to rush to look at the lists, and come back shouting ' Ripon still leads ! '

Imogen used to look very small, drying in the sun on the great sandhills at Culbin, and tearing along on

what she called her Highland-lassie feet. Coming up from the sea, her mother said to her 'Let's be people in an Indian jungle, and you be the guide,' but she said, very sweetly, 'No, don't let's be that dashed nonsense.'—She said 'Oh here's an *ear-ache* creeping in at the window,' and one day on the sands 'Look, Mummie, what an enormous foot-mark—or is it Julian's?' She was vexed with Hawa one evening and said 'You are not fit to be a nurse, you ought to be a lion-tamer.'

Ivo was so happy at Nairn, and always with the boys; and a wonderful walker and sportsman. He hurt his leg one day, and Julian carried him home, miles. When he went South, to Summer Fields, Monica went too, to go to Florence and Paris for a last three months of 'lessons,' with her very delightful and brilliant Austrian governess, Miss Chromy. So her goodbye to Julian before India was said at Nairn. It seemed to bring his going terribly near.

Billy went to shoot at Loch Choire and Ardgowan, and both the boys had a last shoot with Bron at Sawley, this is a letter from Julian about it.

Guards Van. Train from Sawley: October, 1910.

Thanks awfully for your letter, Dad says he can shoot at Panshanger October 18th and 19th, and so can Bill, so let's settle that. I did *adore* Nairn; I shall be at Taplow Thursday and stay till the end. I had such an amusing journey with Sybil Sassoon, and she gave me and Toby (his greyhound) *such* a good cold dinner from Tulchan. I never knew cold dinners could be so good. It has made me miserable thinking of your eyes being bad, and do *do* see Lister about them directly, and do take an 'easy.' *Please?* I know you're rather run down, though you look so well. Very good weather here, and warm sun. Sawley was perfect, what a jolly little house it is, I thought of you being there when you were little, and loving it. I've never had such a good shoot, or liked two people more

than Bill and Bron. Bron was most dear—unferocious, and enjoying himself. I've never loved him (or known him) quite so well. It is *the* life, out from 10 till 8. This paper is the best money can buy on this blasted line, it is the barmaid's, who parted with it hardly. Written standing up, between jerks of train.

Both the boys were at Taplow for a few days before Billy went back to Oxford, on October 14th. Julian would order liver and tripe for dinner; Billy said we'd better gralloch a cow and eat that. He was reading poetry to Imogen and asked her at the end what it was about, she said 'Gathering wild flies.' She said to the boys one morning 'You mustn't frow me about, because I've got a bad liver.' Willie read to her about a Frenchman who jumped out of a bush, crying 'Parlez-vous Français?' she said 'Oh, how *foreign* he was!'

On October 17th they all went to Panshanger for two last days' partridge-shooting with Auntie Ka. Tommy Lascelles and Edward Horner and Alan Graham were also there.

On October 29th Billy came to Taplow for Julian's last Sunday; and Julian and his mother went to Oxford the following week for a day, where Julian said goodbye to Billy and Ivo. It was more than poor Billy could endure. On the 4th of November, Julian, in his new uniform, and his parents, went to Southampton; and he sailed away to India in the transport 'Rewa,' on a very sunny glassy sea. He did not come back to England for nearly two years.

LETTER FROM BILLY.

Balliol: Nov. 4, 1910.

I can't bear thinking of to-day for you and Dad, it must have been too horrible. I don't think people ought

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ever to be allowed to say good-bŷe, they ought just to fade away silently, without these soul-harrowing seconds, and to leave one to put the past in a frame of gold. . . . I know you are feeling cut in two and bled to death, but I am sure you were most brave, and made it perfect for Julian.

CHAPTER XVI.

ON November 12, 1910, they all went to Oxford for the Concert at Summer Fields, and Ivo's Exeat. It absolutely poured with rain all Sunday, but Ivo said he had never had such a happy day! Patrick Shaw-Stewart, just elected a Fellow of All Souls, took them over the library there.

Imogen did reading and writing and counting and French every day, and went to a Dancing-class at Maidenhead. She said one day 'Which Dick do you mean, Dick the stable-boy, or Dick the fat company, or Dick the donkey?' On November 15 they got Julian's first letters, from Malta.

H.M. Transport 'Rewa': Nov. 9, 1910.

. . . We are off Algeria now, we passed Gib. at 5 a.m. yesterday, so did not see it. This letter has to be posted on the high seas, before we get to Malta, so it will go before I get a letter from you.

We had a great bundling in the Bay. The Captain wanted to throw over my trousseau, to lighten the ship, but a great calm was sent which has lasted ever since. I found out that as a sailor, Cortez, Columbus, and Co. cannot compete with me; but you should have seen the two brother-officers in my cabin. They were both at Eton, and I knew them both by sight, also several others, so I never felt lonely. The cabin is 5 ft. by 3, and has none of the comforts of a home. The food is all of the same size, taste, colour, and smell—so that you never know whether it is a sausage or a banana that you are eating; and the taste is not a very good one, as tastes go. The family of Lieut. Patch, who we saw at luncheon, are next door, and

make a noise by night like greyhounds. But it is all the very greatest fun, and all very new and exciting. I was inoculated yesterday, and had a touch of fever, but to-day I've only got a headache. Never am I so ill that I do not immediately perk up at sight of food. The female society is nil. There are some such very jolly men among the Gloucesters; they got up a Boxing competition, and made me judge and referee. It was a very good scene—a tiny little ring on the hatch, in one corner of which I sat, while two people fought for their lives just over my head; and all round, on the forecastle and cookhouses and decks and rigging, a crowd of excited yelling faces, and bodies packed like sardines. They fought rather well and very savagely. Then they had pillow-fighting on a spar. One night I was officer of the guard, which meant that between 12 midnight and 4 a.m. I had to go round 18 sentries once every hour. It was a glorious night with blazing stars, and the Great Bear standing on its head. All the sentries slept like the 18 sleepers of Ephesus.

One wretched man, a reservist, was discovered on the third day out, in the bottom of the ship, reading the Bible. He was brought up on deck, and immediately tried to throw himself overboard. So then they put him to bed, with a 19th sentry over him. I asked them if he was mad, they said 'Oh no, only religious and melancholic.'—It is very very good to feel hot again—which one had forgotten. I am sure that I shall be sorely tempted to settle under a banyan tree, and never return to the Arctic Circle. Please tell darling Mog that I will send her several elephants. I wish I'd ever been able to express to Dad my gratitude and admiration for his generosity in paying for *all* my boot-trees. He is certainly the Model Father. On 'change of clothing' days I go proudly to the hold and say to the bystanders, 'Let's see, this is mine, and this, and this, and this, and this.' They think that I am the giddiest plutocrat, little realising that my parents are now begging their bread. I shall be unable for very shame's sake to return to sweaters and tatters until my trousseau is worn out, which will bring me to 82 at least. Even then I shall have Billa's wonderful watch to pawn, which is always

affectionately wound about my middle. What a very very nice family I have left.

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I got your two glorious letters, one at Malta and one at Port Said to-day. Wonderful weather. Everybody wearing white drill. I go on thinking how you'd love the sun. It was heaven getting off at Malta. Sir Ian (Hamilton) asked me to luncheon, and was in terrific form, and we had tremendous fun, and discussed every conceivable topic, and then we played lawn-tennis. Ian is a good 'light-horseman' isn't he? Poor Lady Hamilton was laid up with fever.

I set off alone to-day to explore Port Said, in search of adventure. After rejecting several proffers of guides, a charming man came up, the colour of strong coffee, and said he was a 'Scotchmannee.' I asked him what town he came from, and he said 'town they calls Dublin,' with a huge grin. So we made great friends and he took me off to see the Arab quarter. God, what a town, how can it be allowed to exist on the earth's face? I always thought the rumours must be exaggerated before.

You said one of the people on board was called Fane, all the people on board are called Fane, or if they aren't their wives were called Fane, 'Fanny Fane, you know.' I loved Moggie's letter and Ivo's and Ca's. Oh, I am dying to get my legs across a horse again, and looking forward to Muttra tooth and nail. I forgot to say that Malta is hideous, brick-colour all over, with never a leaf of green, except Sir Ian's garden, which is lovely.

All all love, what a wonderful send-off you gave me, the best anyone has ever had, and the best hours to look back to.

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The Royal Dragoons, Muttra Cantonment : Dec. 1, 1910.

We are here, after perils by land and sea, and the Mail is going, so that I can't recount them, and can only send one word of dearest love. I adore India, and the sun, and the cold, (which is penetrating) and the Royal Dragoons (who are magnificent and yet friendly) and my clothes—

especially my boots; and rice and curry and saises and khitmagars, and the entire lack of privacy, three men black 's your hat sitting on your doorstep all day, and vultures, and those blasted little birds which look like moorhen and are apparently doves, and the Taj, which takes my breath away altogether. We arrived at Karachi on Friday, and here on Monday. The Sind desert is a chirpy place, isn't it? I saw all my trousseau off the 'Rewa' into a cart drawn by two bullocks, who pulled it apparently straight into the said desert, for when we got to the station the cupboard was bare, and when we got here, after two days stew in dust, we had nothing but what we stood in. But everything has turned up. The sunsets are pretty good, aren't they; I shall never forget the first, at Karachi. O how I wish I had time to write; how I hate missing the Taplow Christmas plum-pudding.

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Dec. 8, 1910.

The Exeat must have been royal fun, how I wish I had been there, but how glad I am not to be in the rain and fog. Your letter brought me all the dear old 'forty foot of clay' and fourteen inches of rain and four hundred cubic feet of fog of the Oxford atmosphere. I do love this sun, and colour, and country, and all the things among which I move at present like a blind man in a dark room. There is so much to learn that the little one learns every day seems to make no impression at all. It is horse, saddle, and boots (Field Boots, Polo Boots, Stohwasser gaiters, Wellingtons, undress Wellingtons, mess Wellingtons, dress Wellingtons—and up to now I only had my boots and my other pair of boots) all day and every day, and the bones are wearing through the brown and shrunken skin of my 'face. I've bought a very good polo-pony, very goodlooking, price Rs. 1200, and shall begin polo and pig-sticking directly. I love the Royals, and the rich life of the soldier. Your racquets have come, and look wonderful. For heaven's sake tell me what Post-Impressionism is?? I see vague things about it in the newspapers, and am convinced that I am a Post-Impressionist. I played cricket to-day for B. Squadron v. the Band, we beat the Band, and won the cup.

I bowled rather fast, with a long run, getting 6 wickets, the second-drum on the head, and the bassoon just above the instep. The Taj—I go straight to it every possible moment; you never told me *enough*. Please thank Dad tremendously for his letter, I'll write to him next mail; and please send my trousseau-list, I want to see what has been stolen already by these dusky natives, and to require it at their hands. Tell Imogen I've got 8 servants including a sweep, a sweeper, a bearer, a bear, and three dhobis.

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At the end of November their mother went over to Paris to join Monica, and to get all her 'coming-out' clothes—they had very happy exciting busy days, in pouring rain. Monica said that every hairdresser in Paris was called upon to devise different ways of doing her hair. Rosemary was in Paris too, and they were all three nearly killed in a taxi on the way to Rumpel-mayer's! Monica came home on December 23rd, and Billy from Avon, and Ivo from Summer Fields. Imogen took the chief part in the Christmas Entertainment—'Cinderella'—and also did a Duologue with Bertie Good.

Julian was so terribly missed. A long telegram was sent to him, and one received from him on Christmas Day.

On December 30th there was a neighbour-dinner, Monica's very first grown-up dinner-party! She wore her new white Paris frock, and the Marie-Louise pearl necklace.

There was a very happy week at Panshanger, with Sidney and Michael Herbert, Nellie Hozier, Angie Manners, Linky Cecil, Patrick, and Edward Horner—and on January 14th, 1911, Monica's coming-out party at Taplow, and Ball. The people staying in the house were Alice Derby and Victoria, Winnie Portland and Vera, Diana and Charles Lister, Daisy and Guy Benson, Betty and Angie Manners, Bim Compton, Titchfield, Ted Kay-Shuttleworth, Des

FitzGerald, Geordie Stafford, Lord Winterton, Charlie Mills, Billy Ormsby-Gore, Bear Warre, Volley Heath, George Brodrick, and Linky Cecil; and about 250 people came to the Ball. It was a great sorrow that all the Salisbury family were away in Canada, with the Greys.

There were Golf Tournaments, and Tennis Tournaments, and a very brilliant Mock-Trial of Linky one evening, conducted by Charles Lister, Charlie Mills, Lord Winterton, and Billy Gore. Alice Derby said the first morning that the party was already hall-marked, as they began to dance the instant after *breakfast*. The Ball went on till 4.15 a.m. Monica wore a white and silver Paris frock, and a green wreath in her hair, and the beautiful long Renaissance necklace of pearls and emeralds given to her by Katie Cowper. Imogen wore a pink 'dewdrop' frock, and a wreath of pink rosebuds, and sat up till 3, and danced every dance with 'red coats'—she was heard muttering 'No use for black coats to-night.' Monica had lovely coming-out presents; her father gave her her Paris trousseau, and her mother the string of pearls that had belonged to the Empress Marie Louise, and which were given by Marie Louise to Monica's great-grandmother, Lady Westmorland; and a new emerald clasp for them. Katie gave her the Renaissance necklace, Julian a long necklace of jade beads, John Revelstoke a ruby and diamond brooch, and Bron a most lovely little diamond necklace. Rosemary said Monica was certain to be murdered for her jewels, and said, 'Look at me, with nothing but my handsome set of Sutherland cairngorms.'

Their mother was made a Lady-in-Waiting to Queen Mary that January.

They had taken Mansfield House for that Spring, and there was to be a Ball there for Monica; but on

February 2nd the children's grandmother, Willie's mother, died—at the age of eighty-four—so everything was put off. The children had not seen her often of recent years, as she had become very infirm, and lived with the Aylmers, far away in Devonshire; but they had always been very fond of her, and she so good to them. She was a very clever and remarkable woman. She was buried at Taplow; the first funeral that Billy and Monica had ever been to.

They went to Mansfield House, but Monica did not go out until after Easter; Imogen went to a little Kindergarten; when asked what the children were taught there, the lady who kept it said, 'Oh, to read, and to breathe, and to make paper-rabbits, and a *little geometry*.'

Monica and her mother went to Oxford for the Balliol 'Grind' with Billy. John Manners and Sidney Herbert rode a dead-heat in the Balliol Race. Hoping to relieve their two mothers, Billy's mother sent them each a telegram, but they both only read the first words, at first, 'Sidney and John dead' and received a terrible shock.

Billy was very overgrown, and not very well, and Dr. Lyne-Stevens would not allow him to run in any of the races at Oxford that year, which was a grievous disappointment; he was only stopped on the very eve of the Half-Mile. As with Julian, the strain of his rapid growth only seemed to tell on his health afterwards; they had both been quite well and strong when they were growing fastest. Billy was then 6 ft. 4½.

They went to Oxford again in March, and Monica and Angie Manners had a glorious hunt with the Oxford Drag, and Billy (still too unwell to ride) and Ivo and their mother followed in Philip Sassoon's motor, and then rushed across fields and fences, and saw a great many jumps. Duff Cooper went so deep into the brook that there was nothing to be seen but

a few bubbles. Poor Monica had a fall, but was not hurt, and Angie came in First, with Volly Heath, the Master.

Julian had a rather bad fall pig-sticking at Muttra, and took some time to get right again; these are extracts from some of his letters that Spring.

Muttra Cantonment: Jan. 5, 1911.

I would have loved to see 'Cinderella'—the first I've missed. I suppose Wuggins's * theatrical talent had full play, and that she enjoyed herself awfully in the glare of the footlights, even when dressed in rags. I suppose you are at Panshanger now, is Billa going to Wigglesworth? Tell me every detail about Casie's Paris frocks, and how she does her hair, and how many people propose to her at her first ball? She has already worked such havoc among my young friends that I shiver for the future. I want to write to her, and to them *all*, but when we are not riding horses we are cleaning them, or else chatting to German Princes. The Crown Prince came this week, and all the pig in the United Provinces were herded together into a swamp for him. He is very bad at Polo, and does not gallop too hard after pig, but he seems a good fellow. Only we were all rather weary with bowing and scraping, and never got to bed till 2. My Democratic principles get aroused by 11 p.m.; at 12 I am a Socialist, and at 1 an Anarchist. The Royals are perfectly splendid, all of them, almost without exception, and they've been so awfully friendly and kind. They have got a very good language, mainly Hindustani, and nearly as copious as the Grenfells'. The great excitement has been buck-stalking, which I adore. I set off in the afternoon, alone with a villainous shikari, in an ekka drawn by a diminutive pony; stalk, and get back in the dark just before mess. The shikari has no English, but we converse by signs, and generally get a buck. I do love the Colonel, he is the best man; and I do love the smell of India; and the old native towns, which round here are quite untouched; and the pig-sticking which is beyond one's best dreams of excitement.

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* Imogen.

Jan. 26.

I've just had a week in bed, but they are letting me get up again soon. I took the most imperial toss at pigsticking, and was found firmly seated on the ground facing my horse, also firmly seated on the ground facing me, the reins gripped in both hands, and addressing him in blissful unconsciousness that Major McNeile, Mrs. McNeile, and Mrs. McNeile's young lady friend, had appeared on the scene.

I've read lots of your Shakespeares, and Natural Law, and Ecce Homo, and Mr. Clutterbuck's Election, and The Broken Road, and now I'm pretty keen to get up and to-it again.

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Do send the Sir A. Lyall books. I got the Clough, and I've read all the Ring and the Book, and all Bacon. I'm sending you and Dad two rugs, which I think are too lovely, I do so hope you'll like them. Casie's Ball must have been the success of the centuries, I've heard about it from thousands of people. They *are* jolly about writing. Thanks for 'New Macchiavelli,' it did cheer my bed of sickness. I simply worship the Royal Dragoons, who have been charming to me through this deuced time of being laid up. The Colonel is the best man in the world, and you will love Mrs. Makins. She is very pointful, with a heart of gold. I'll write you biographies of the Regiment soon; the general type is marked by a quiet demeanour, under which is hidden a great deal of fire. They are all tremendous friends, and there are no factions or parties.

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Feb. 23.

I am so miserable for Dad about poor Grandmother, what a blessing that she knew him and was able to talk. Connie will be so miserable. I have always thought Grandmother such a fine serene *great* figure, there was great peace and dignity about her, and what a good laugh she had. Charlie Meade will be very unhappy, I have written to him. Poor little Casie, and all her bunderbusts—your dinners and Balls, and all the invitations gone out

—but I know *how* good she'll be, and I do hope you can sub-let Mansfield House? So glad Casie liked my Indian cloak. I've got a gigantic stud now, three horses and three ponies. The horses are all good, two gigantic raw-boned Walers, which have St. Vitus's dance when they stand still, and run away when they gallop after pig. It's getting gloriously hot, but I expect even I shall cease blessing the sun soon. I'm frightfully keen to stay at Muttra for the hot weather, it is the very best time for pigsticking now. Doubtful whether we go to South Africa, or stay here for the Durbar; why don't you bring Casie out, and marry her to a Rajah with tiger-shooting enough for Tommy Ribblesdale and me? You can't think what a Paradise Muttra is to the un-soshal, it is an ideal place in every way, I shall be wretched to leave it. I saw on my evening ride yesterday 2 real live crocodiles, 18 pig, 3 blackbuck, 1 wild cat, 2 foxes, 6 jackal, and a bird of paradise. I've read Emerson and Job this week, they are rather good antidotes to each other. I do love your letters.

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March 8.

I do wish I could have gone to the Follies with you, I loved just the same things—and was touched in the same way by 'Baked Potatoes'; the sudden jerk to sadness and pathos. What real artists they are, and what exactness and edge of caricature. I am frightfully well again, and sent you a cable to-day because I thought you would fuss, getting six weeks' letters from me laid up. The first time I have ever been ill without you. It was beastly enough—but pretty good getting about again. We pigstick to-morrow. Don't let Moggie forget me, and give her my very very best love and to Ca and Bill, he will have returned for 'the hols' when this reaches you.

8 p.m. Just in, I slew my first pig to-day, at one blow, like little Jack the Giant Killer. He was a very big one, with good tusks. I was riding the Hawk, who went like a locomotive, and knows no fear.

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I've just had a glorious letter from Bill-boy. Casie's London life sounds happy and strenuous. She *has* been splendid. I love Imogen's Geometry, won't she knock sparks out of Euclid? How is your Waiting? you have given me no boudoir-secrets yet, which is most disappointing. I start to-morrow for the Kadir Cup, my two pig-stickers, Cæsar and the Hawk, are fit and well, and say Ha all day long.

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We are just returning from the Kadir Cup, which was glorious, four days in a very jolly camp in a spinney on a hill, overlooking miles and miles of low grass country along the Ganges; about 70 people, and the horses in another camp next door. We got up at 7 and were out till 7 every day. It is rather a good sight, the long line of beaters, with the heats who are going to ride in front, and a line of 40 elephants, with all the other people on them, behind. The actual pig-sticking is rather poor sport, as people just race for first spear, to prick the pig, not to kill him; and of course there is a tremendous lot of luck in it, as the pig probably jinks, and the man who is first up very seldom gets first spear. The man who won this year, fell in *two* of his heats, at the start; he got on again and came up behind, and the pig jinked right back to him. I made a very bad miss on 'Cæsar,' and got thrown out first round with both horses. I enjoyed the five days tremendously. Ten of the Regiment went, but nobody did any good, which was rather sad. Bromilow won on 'Battledore.' (Aren't they good names for man and horse?) Frightfully shaky train. How is *Bill*? I do hope he was well again for Honour Mods, what sickening bad luck for him; I do hope Lyne-Stevens will soon get him right, but it was rotten luck that it should just clash with the running, he had such a chance.

I do believe they will let me stay at Muttra all right, for the hot weather and the pig-sticking.

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Muttra : March 30, 1911.

Your telegram has just come and reminded me that it is my birthday, which I had entirely forgotten till this moment. All blessings to you too, most darling. I am just in from pig-sticking, and am gloriously well again now, and enjoy pig-sticking beyond all things anywhere. I've got a promotion Exam. for 1st Lieutenant in a week or two, and am working frightfully hard. Please thank Dad frightfully for paying me the £300, it's awfully good of him. It is getting very hot here, but not too hot. Thank you awfully for all the books, and the delicious soap, which has just this moment appeared. How's that ruffian Moggie? She would love my horses—Cæsar, the Hawk, Pompey, and John Kino, and I'm sending her a photograph of them and the ponies, and very fine they look.

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These were some of Billy's letters that Winter and Spring :

Balliol : November, 1910.

I will meet you on Saturday and go to the Concert at Summer Fields; mind you bring Mog. Tell Dad to bring his golf-clubs, we might play at Frilford on Sunday. January 3rd will be splendid for Panshanger shooting. I will ask Charles Lister and Alastair with their sisters, and Geordie Stafford comes—to ensure stalking for me and married happiness for Casie! I was tempted into going out with the Drag, by Jove, and did most gallantly until I lost my saddle in an unfortunate collision with another sportsman at a fence. On Saturday Pat gave a funeral feast before being immolated on the altar of All Souls. I've been working about 8 hours a day, with fair success and much interest.

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What fun Ivo's Exeat was. On Tuesday I fell from my horse with great violence; on Wednesday I entertained 15 Prize-fighters to a rousing supper in a public-house; and yesterday we had the Bullingdon dinner, at which most of our guests became bodies. Nothing other-

wise, except work and Rugby football, which last isn't such fun as it sounds.

Paris must be fun, I hope Monica's clothes are too lovely, and I do hope you'll get some lovely ones for yourself too. Remember your value as the family asset. I forgot to tell you it was such fun at Eton last week, and an excellent game of Football v. College. I never get over my sentiment and 'sehnsucht' whenever I go back to Eton, it is a special emotion that nothing else can touch, and it is shared by the most unlikely bruisers.

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Balliol: January, 1911.

What a wonderful success the Taplow Ball was. You got 10 out of 10 for tact, charm, and bunderbust. Our party is already the talk of Oxford, I bow to your genius and to your handsome fair-haired daughter. This term has begun cheerfully enough, and I am by degrees overcoming the first inevitable spasm of dislike for the yellow, intellectual, and loveless faces of my fellow-collegiates. Last night we had a subscription feast, and visited both the Skating-Rink and the Police-Court afterwards; happily with no loss of respect. I fear I shall have to work this term, as well as train. However, so be it. Did you get a lovely Dante Gabriel Rossetti, a small token which I ordered to be sent to you, for an un-birthday present? Send me *all* Julian's letters, I most faithfully promise to return each one.

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How exciting for you to be launching out upon the great world with Casie from Mansfield House. Oxford has been most tremendous fun so far, too much in fact. I go into training after a final tamasha on Saturday; with a view to the Half, the Mile, and Honour Mods. I am playing tennis hard every day, and running. Yesterday I went for a ride with Patrick through glorious Wytham Woods; he looks like Admiral Benbow in the saddle. Last night we all went and fixed our monocles on the

'Merry Widow' of all plays in the world; I did feel a Johnny.

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My darling, it is too sad about Grandmother, I suppose she could not have wished to live longer, but I am too sorry for Daddy—and for darling Casie.

I will come by the 9.10 on Tuesday.

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How sad it must be for you contemplating Mansfield House sans guests, and for poor little Casie, I do think she has been too marvellously good about it all; one thing is, she is so happy at home always that it does not matter so much. Oxford has been pleasant but uneventful; work, tennis, and running, and now my oak is permanently barred to keep out my social friends. I must say I rather love work on the few occasions that one falls to. On Saturday night Trousers and I stole out unbeknown and went to Wonderland, Whitechapel, returning by the cold meat train. A marvellously orderly crowd of tramps, murderers, and aliens; and desperate prize-fighting. A detective was told off to be our guard.

I paid £2. 10. 0 in advance for two cigarette cases which were intended for presents for my smoking friends, Miggs, and Diana Lister. When they came, I didn't like their squinny appearance, and wrote to Blank very civilly to ask him to change them. Here is the dog's answer, and with it the goods. Do go and dash his eyes, and get my sad gold out of him, if you have time, as I shan't be in London again till after Mods. I won the Half-Mile from scratch in Balliol Sports by 30 yards, in 2 min. 9 seconds, and the same distance yesterday in slightly better time in a relay-race, in which Balliol beat Lincoln; but this must be cut down at least 6 seconds in the next fortnight. I sent Moggins six animals yesterday.

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Enclosed was written to Blank, but unfortunately not posted, in a fit of passion earlier in the week. Do get what you can out of him, if only the savage currency of

heads and cowrie-shells. Evan is down here, in the most splendid form, having thrown all restraint to the winds. How I love him, he has an indescribable fascination for me. We all had dinner at Micklem last night. Your letter just this moment come, it was superb of you to walk over Blank, bring me their two best articles when you come—on Tuesday perhaps? that is our *Grind*, and Dr. Williams might let Ivo come too?? On Friday I went to hunt in Leicestershire with Nancy Astor, started before dawn, and turned up at the Quorn Lawn Meet looking like a superannuated Boy Scout. We had a good slow hunt, and I left one horse in a broad ditch, and lamed another, but it was most awfully amusing. I have just had such a good dinner with Cys and Violet Asquith and the Professor.* Violet was as charming as a siren, and looking much better.

(Written after he was forbidden to run.)

Please don't be sad about me; what does it signify, it would have been a 10 to 1 chance against a win this year, and next year I will train like that now discredited professional but once famous amateur —, and romp home in 1 minute 59 seconds. I feel very well, and am quite full of milk, which is slowly turning into Stilton cheese.

I think the Keeley treatment in milk is doing me well. I rarely move a muscle now, and am putting on flesh splendidly. However I have the greatest faith in Lyne-Stevens and his judgments. Mods are looming closer, but, clasping wood, I am prepared for them. Charles Lister is here, in glorious form. The Finals of the Varsity Sports are run to-morrow.

Billy got a First in Honour Mods.

* Sir Walter Raleigh.

Avon Tyrrell : April, 1911.

I was miserable to miss seeing you on Saturday, but I had only five minutes at Mansfield House for either the Poets or belated luncheon, and unhesitatingly chose the latter. But I was gladdened by the sight of Mr. Yeats's cloak and sombrero in the outer hall.

The tennis at Crabbet was glorious, and Judith Lytton so delightful, only I do wish they didn't live on boiled spinach. Give me gilt gingerbread palaces in Park Lane, and '74 champagne. I do love Neville, and we had huge fun. There has been a wonderful party here, and Con in the zenith of her form. The Bencks., who were glorious, Natalie and Jasper, Nancy Astor, Dick and Moyra, and —,* who ran up and down stairs all Sunday morning, as if he were on a treadmill, and thought he was doing solitary cells on Sunday afternoon. Otherwise he was full of blood-curdling stories of how Daddy had thrown full soda-water bottles at him in Balliol quad, a way of promoting College feeling (so valued by Dad) that I have never tried. We played tennis all Sunday morning, promoted a fine Forest fire in the afternoon, and played games in the evening. Nance and I did a charade in which I was Lady Ripon and she was Louis Mallet. To-day we had a top-hole pony-hunt. To-morrow I am going to play tennis with Lord Ashby de la Zouche at Wimborne, and so home. I got 2 good Avon salmon. Do beat up a few folk to give me twenty-firsters.

* An Inspector of Prisons.

CHAPTER XVII.

ON April 12th, 1911, Ivo came back from Summer Fields and they all went to Taplow, except their mother, who went to Windsor for a fortnight, in Waiting. Imogen said to Willie, 'Always remember that your little girl had five bananas for breakfast on Easter Sunday.' There was a very happy party at Taplow at the end of April, in lovely weather, with Mima Cecil, Dorothy Browne, Angie, John, and Francis Manners, Nellie Hozier, Bridget Colebrooke, Diana and Charles Lister, Diana Bulteel, Sidney and Michael, Alastair, Bear Warre, Edward Horner, Denny Anson, Trousers, and Duff Cooper. They did wonderful acting in the evenings.

The King and Queen and all their children came over to Taplow at the end of the holidays. The King's little boys went up to the gallery of the tennis court, with tennis balls, and threw them down upon him as hard as they possibly could.

On April 30th, the family went to Church in the old Taplow Church for the last time, as it was pulled down and rebuilt.

This letter was from Julian to Imogen.

Muttra : April 20, 1911.

Darling Mog, I love you. There is a man here called Mr. Mogg, but I don't love him. All the lions are large ones at this time of the year, but I will look out for a small one in a month or so; they get very small after the hot weather, as the natives are so thin then that they can

hardly get a decent meal once a fortnight, no, nor once a month. When the Monsoon begins, you can pick them up, and put them in your pocket. But just now you think twice before doing so; you tell Hawa that. I saw a crocodile in the river the other day. I shot at him with my biggest gun, but I missed him, he must have been an alligator. There are no wolves here, but lots of wild dogs, worse than any wolves, and their bark is even worse than their bite. When you want a camel to lie down you say Bito to him; if he does not lie down, you say Bit, and then he lies down quite immediately.

Good-bye, from
JULIAN.

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On May 4th Billy and his mother went together to see Max Beerbohm's caricatures—a Red-Letter-Day of laughter. Monica tried on her silver presentation-gown, for the people at Taplow to see. Imogen said, 'It is a pretty drain.' (train). Monica was presented on May 9th.

Ivo and Imogen were playing at being Willie and Williams the coachman. She, (as Williams), said that Mr. Feejee the vet. had told him that our chauffeur had gone to the Master of Coal-Black. Ivo, (as Willie), asked her how the ipecacuanha plants were doing there. Then they were their mother and Hawa. Imogen, (as their mother), said, 'Monica is going to a ball to-night, so she must rest for two hours, and then Mabel must have six hours to do her hair *thoroughly*.'

When Imogen heard that the Colonial Premiers were coming to Taplow, she said, 'Are they red or black?' She was eating some fish, and said, 'I've caught a bone.'

She had got a pet hedgehog, and said cheerfully, 'It is *full* of insect's.' When she left it with her mother she said, 'Don't roll it up.'

Ivo went back to Summer Fields on May 9th, and

Monica and her parents went to London for three months, to a very nice house which they had taken at the end of Mount Street, near the Park.

Monica went to the Court Ball for the Emperor and Empress of Germany on May 19th, her first Court Ball. She wore a white and green frock, and a green wreath. On May 23rd Billy came up from Oxford for the Fancy-Dress Ball given by Lord Winterton. The whole family dined first at Sunderland House; an enormous dinner, everyone in their fancy dresses. Billy went as Dionysos, with a real leopard's skin, and a wreath of real grapes round his head. Monica was a Greek shepherdess, in lovely shades of lilac chiffon, and a great garland wound round her of shaded hyacinths, and her hair loose, with a wreath of hyacinths, and a tall Greek shepherd's crook.

Millie Lowther said to her mother at the end, after everyone had danced pas-seuls, 'Mother, do you happen to know if anyone else is going to misbehave? Because, if so, I should like to stay.' She was dressed admirably, in a crinoline. Polly Carew went up to look at her, and said to Mrs. Lowther, 'That one's very good, but of course *he's* betrayed by his *feet*.'

Willie went to Buda-Pesth for a week, for the Meeting of the Olympic Council.

On June 7th Monica and her mother had a lovely day at Oxford with Billy and Ivo; they all had luncheon in the garden at Micklem Hall, with Sidney Herbert, Volly Heath, Philip, Guy Benson, and Lady Ripon; and spent all the hot afternoon in Worcester Gardens.

Billy got a Distinction in the Hertford Scholarship Examination.

Billy and Ivo came to London for Coronation-week. The great Shakespeare Fancy-Dress Ball at the Albert Hall was on the night of June 20th; a

most beautiful sight. Billy was Theseus, in the Duchess of Wellington's 'Midsummer Night's Dream' Quadrille. He wore a beautiful short purple embroidered tunic, and a gold fillet round his head. Monica was in Lady Sheffield's 'Winter's Tale' Quadrille, as Mopsa, the Greek shepherdess, in her hyacinth dress. Their mother was in the 'Amazon' Quadrille.

Thursday, June 22nd, 1911, was Coronation Day. Ivo and his parents started for Westminster Abbey at eight. They waited for a long time in the Annexe, where the Processions were formed, with Lord Milner, George Curzon, Lord Rosebery, and Lord Morley. When the Guard came clanking in, Lord Rosebery said to Lord Morley, 'Are these the men you are going to use to turn us out of the House of Lords next month?'

Ivo was a Page in the Prince of Wales's Procession; he wore a dark blue velvet coat, white satin breeches and waistcoat, and a sword; and looked so lovely. His mother was in the Queen's Procession—all her Ladies wore cloth-of-gold gowns, 'shot' with different colours, and her beautiful Badge of double M.'s in diamonds, on the red and black Würtemberg ribbon.

The Coronation was a most beautiful ceremony. It did not seem at all long, although they did not get home until three o'clock. Ivo's mother had filled her coronet with biscuits and chocolate for him, so he did not get very hungry.

Billy and Monica went to Devonshire House to see the Procession pass, and Imogen went to John Revelstoke's house in Carlton House Terrace. The whole family set out again in the late afternoon to see the Cavalry camps, in Hyde Park and Kensington Gardens; Imogen loved that most of all.

The Salisbury and Desborough families had a joint

dinner-party at Arlington Street of fifty-five people, and all walked about the streets all night to see the illuminations. They went to Clarence House to see the next day's Processions.

On Sunday, June 25th, 150 Colonial Premiers and their families came to Taplow for the day, and about 100 neighbours; in pouring rain. It never ceased raining, but they said they had always heard about English rain, and were glad to see it. There were several Balls in London that week for all the foreign Royalties, with everyone in uniform; the Balls at Grosvenor House and Derby House were very beautiful to see. And there was a lovely dinner-party and Garden-Fête at Gunnersbury, with all the gardens lit up.

Imogen swam beautifully at the Swimming Competition at the Bath Club, and won a medal. Willie was President of the Marylebone Cricket Club that year, and had the big box at Lord's; on July 7th, the day of the Eton-and-Harrow Match, John Manners and Billy, playing for Oxford, in the Inter-University Tennis Match, beat Cambridge (Archer Clive and Leatham) by three sets to love. Billy's family had been often to Lord's to see him practise, and Mr. Balfour went with them twice.

A telegram was sent off to Julian in India, with this glorious news!

There were very exciting Sports at Queen's Club on July 11th, Oxford and Cambridge *v.* Harvard and Yale. England won by one event—the last! Billy and Monica and their mother went that night to the dinner-party and Garden-Fête and dance given by Lord and Lady Ripon at Coombe. Lionel Tennyson (who was expected) telegraphed at 9 o'clock to say that he had just had a slight sun-stroke on the way from London down to dinner! Willie met him one day in the train, after he had been playing cricket.

Willie asked him if he had got any runs, he said 'Yes.' 'How many?' '258.' (He really had!)

He then said to Willie, 'Do you mind my undressing?' Willie said 'Not in the least, if you wish to,' and he proceeded to dress for dinner.

Nellie Hozier's pearl necklace dropped into the pool at Coombe the evening of the dance. Billy and Michael Herbert fished for it all night.

One of the most amusing, and certainly the hottest, of afternoons ever spent at Earl's Court was on July 18th, with Monica and Rosemary, George Monckton, John Bigge, and Maurice Baring. Millie Sutherland was not well that year, and Rosemary went out a great deal with Monica and her mother. It was a broiling Summer—from April until October. On one of the hottest days of all, Mr. Balfour and a party of twelve boys and girls had luncheon at Mount Street, and played lawn-tennis the whole afternoon at Queen's Club. The Portlands' Ball was that night; the last of the season; it went on till past six o'clock! Monica had been to thirty-eight Balls since Easter. The next day, July 21st, there was a tennis-party at Holland House; Mr. Balfour took Monica and her parents on from there in his motor to White Lodge for the night. The political crisis about the Parliament Bill was at its height; the King's consent to create Peers, if necessary, to pass the Bill, had been announced that day at the Lansdowne House Meeting.

On July 24th, Mr. Asquith announced the intention to create Peers, and the Royal consent, in the House of Commons. He was not allowed by the Opposition to proceed with his speech, and there was a scene like Pandemonium. The Speaker moved the Adjournment of the House. (Their mother was in the Gallery.)

On July 29th, they all left the very happy house in Mount Street, and went to Taplow for the last

Saturday-to-Monday party that Summer. There had been nine; and two 'Water-parties'; and Willie had had four parties on his Coach for Monica, for the four Coach-Meets. There was a great deal of bathing that year at Taplow. Imogen could swim beautifully, and took headers off the raft. She had taught her rabbit, Benjamin Bunny, to swim too, in the kitchen-garden tank. This was a great sight for all visitors. Imogen said proudly, 'He swims like a elephant.' She said 'There hasn't been no rain, only some little pieces of thunder.'

On August 1st, Ivo came back from Summer Fields for the Summer Holidays, with the Swimming Prize, and an excellent report. There was a delightful August day of tennis at Esher, with Lord Kitchener, Linky Cecil, and Desmond. And on August 4th, Monica's 18th birthday, the habitual family picnic to the beech-woods took place, with chicken, mutton-pies, and ices—the fixed ritual for Monica's birthday! Willie read them 'Tom Brown's School-days' there. Imogen didn't at all like the ants, which really were, as she said, 'as big as horses'; and there was an acute moment, happily survived, when she said it was 'extraordinary unpleasant.' She sat up for Monica's birthday dinner. The next day they went to Welbeck, where there was a party for the Agricultural Show, of Prince Arthur, Lord Kitchener, the whole Clary family and Elisalex, Lord Annaly and Lucia, the Willoughby de Brokes, Moyra Cavendish, Marjorie Manners, Norah Lindsay, Sybil Brodrick and Ronald Graham—very soon to be engaged!—Titchfield, Desmond, Linky, Geordie Stafford, Billy Gore, and Mr. Lazlo.

Willie went off to Canada on August 8th, with the Duke of Sutherland, for two months; and Billy went to Lapland, to fish.

August 9th was the hottest day of that hot year,

the thermometer 98.8, in the shade at Enfield. The excitement of the Parliament Bill was at its height. Monica was still at Welbeck, but her mother was in London, and had luncheon that day with Mr. Balfour, and heard the Debates in both Houses, and had tea on the Terrace with Linky Cecil. The Parliament Bill was passed in the House of Lords on August 10th by 17 votes. The excitement about politics through all those weeks was beyond description.

Katie Cowper had a party at Panshanger for Monica, on August 12th, in most glorious heat and sunshine. Monica asked all the people; they were Mima Cecil, Diana Lister, Norah Lindsay and little Peter, George Monckton, Jack Althorp, Desmond, Billy Gore, Hugh Godley, Evan, and Patrick. There was a great deal of bathing, and they went on the river after dinner until terribly late hours—and then had Athletic Sports on the terrace. There was a very good game of lawn-tennis, of three boys against four girls. Imogen took more part than anyone; and went off alone with Desmond in the motor to Hatfield station, without saying a word to anybody. She, a daughter of the Thames, was very dissatisfied with the Mimram bathing, and said ‘When I think I am swimming in this river, there is my chest on the mud.’

Monica and her mother went to luncheon at Jules’s, on the way through London to Taplow, with George Monckton, Linky, and Evan; in absolutely stifling heat. They had been trying on Scotch tweeds! before going abroad. Linky expressed great disapproval of modern manners, at some length; at the same time putting out a cherry-stone on to Monica’s mother’s plate. They got their tickets for Brittany, had iced drinks at Selfridge’s, and got to Taplow at six, and flew straight into the river; and had dinner in the garden. Imogen said ‘I have a back-ache and a front-ache and it is very painful.’ Ivo’s weight was

6 st. 7 lb. and his height 5 ft. 2 in.—two inches too tall for his age (not quite 13). Billy was exactly the same height when three months older.

On August 16th, Monica, Ivo, Imogen, their mother, and Hawa, all left Taplow, and crossed—on a most lovely night—from Southampton to St. Malo, in the 'Princess Ena.' It was the first time that Imogen had ever been abroad, and she was tremendously excited about it. Ivo and his mother slept on deck. Imogen was very angry because the lid of the washing-place on the steamer suddenly fell down upon her, she said it was a 'crocodile.'

These were letters from Julian that Summer.

The Royal Dragoons, Muttra Cantonment, U.P. :
Monday, March 6, 1911.

DEAR DAD,—I hope you are all well and flourishing at Tap. I was bad with my concussion for rather a long time here—never really bad, but it took a long time getting quite right again. However, now I am in full swing again, hard at work; and it is great fun to be out again and about, after a long lie-up in the bungalow with nothing to do. But I expect they were quite right to keep me quiet till I got quite well. It is getting gloriously hot now, but not too hot yet. The pig-sticking is just beginning to be at its best; and the Kadir Cup comes off on the 20th of this month. I've got two horses in for it, both very good ones, one of them a former winner; but I'm afraid my steeds will be a great deal better at the game than their 'owner up,' as I've only had two days so far, and never stuck a pig myself yet! But it will be great fun all the same. A lot of the regiment are going in for it. I've not played polo lately, as all the swell players are away competing in tournaments, and the game languishes in their absence. So I am frightfully backward at everything, owing to my bad luck in getting ill at first. But I simply love the life and the country; I don't think I shall ever get sick of horses, even living so 'wropped up' in them as we do here; and the work is very interesting; and everything is so new and queer in the way of man and beast

and bird. I've shot some buck, but I have not yet mastered the new 275 rifle which Katie gave me; I shoot much too high with it. I sally out on a pony, followed by an 'ekka,' which Sclater-Booth and I own jointly, with the rifle in it, and a most villainous-looking shikari; we scour the country and shoot whatever comes in the way. There are lots of black-buck—and natives—everywhere; the bullets go for miles and miles across the plain, and the buck run one way and the natives the other, leaving their dead behind. The buck are pretty confidential, and let you walk within 150 yds. of them; or nearer, if you push a pony in front of you, or black your face, or put on a turban, and pretend to be an inhabitant of the country. The Regiment goes to South Africa now for certain, probably in October, and probably to Pretoria, which will be very 'soshal' after Muttra, where we are alone, and monarchs of all we survey. I see there have been great doings about the Port of London Bill; I hope you'll be successful. I wonder if Billy boxed against Cambridge, or if he refrained—and gave up bashing for Literæ Humaniores? Please give my very best love to all the family, and tell Moggie that my bungalow is full of elephants and little bullocks for her. All all love,

JULIAN.

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TO HIS MOTHER.

Muttra: April 17, 1911.

Am not I unfortunate? said little Adolphus. For I have got jaundice. It's such a ridiculous disease to get in a country where you don't even notice anything under typhoid. I was never the least bit bad, and much better when I became bright yellow all over like 'God's good gift to loneliness' as I am at this minute. Thank you awfully for giving me so much news in your letter; poor Auntie Ka seems to have been wretched, in Italy? It's fairly hot here now, and of course we are on all the hot-weather arrangements, punkahs and early hours. It's only at pig-sticking that one goes on up to luncheon, and even then we don't start again till 4. I was out pig-stick-

ing when this foul disease broke upon me, one week to-day; the Major observed me being frightfully 'ick from the impatient back of 'The Hawk' when we were in ambush, and sent me home at once. After this I'm going to the Hills for a fortnight, to a place called Chakrata, near Missourie, but I want to come down here again as soon as I possibly can, for the pig-sticking, which I'm quite mad about. But it's rather fun going to quite new and cold country for a bit, and I long to see the Hills. There are a few of the Regiment up there, and some of the 60th. But it's a tiny station. We have just got such a very jolly new subaltern called Hewett, whose father was at Balliol with Dad. *How* I loved the Belloc poems, even in the clutch of jaundice; what real enthusiasm and madness they have got in them, and what a great poet he is. I like the 'South Country' best. Have you seen Charles Lister lately, and how is he, and how and where is Tommy Lascelles?

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Chakrata: May 3rd, 1911.

Your new soap is too delicious, and just one shade darker yellow than my skin which it cleanses. In use it turns mauve. Thank you too for the Rees book on India, I've just begun it. I am so glad Billa has been downing the Avon salmon; how I wish I could come to Taplow for one week with the holiday family! I got up here Thursday; it was wonderful seeing hills again, and breathing air again. Aren't they wonderfully beautiful, the Himalayas, it's like going into a new world—I drove up the 60 last miles in a tonga, which took all day. To-day we're going to ride up 3,000 feet higher. I'm longing in a way to get back to Muttra and my horses and the pig-sticking and the heat; but they won't let me go down into the furnace again until I'm fairly fit.

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Chakrata: May 10, 1911.

I'm so awfully glad you liked my present, what an age it took. I was fascinated by it when a Kashmir robber produced it at the bungalow, and thought it had such a light and sheen. How good about Bill's First, how

delighted I am, I've just had a letter from him, he does write the best, doesn't he. Thank you for copying 'Since there's no help.' I'm reading no literature now, only Military Law with both eyes; it is just the opposite to literature, and is expressed throughout in just the wrong words and just the wrong way, and you have to use cracker-ducks* to get at the meaning. Of course all the Sandhurst people had it thrust down their throats with a bayonet, and know it by heart. I sit outside in glorious sun, with the hills in front, and the snow in front of them. I'm not very yellow now, and think they'll let me go down in a week. The 60th are so awfully nice, only no one could be as nice as the Royals. To-day we play Polo, six miles off, on the verge of a precipice. The only thing I have read is the whole of Shakespeare in your little books; their delicious outsides and compactness make one re-love it all over again. Tell Bill the food is very good up here; at Muttra it is often affected by the heat! I worship the Bo'sun.†

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Muttra : June, 1911.

I hear you have had a tragic heat-wave in England, 85 in the shade; here it is 117, and there's some fun in that. I *love* it, punkahs, and a swimming-bath, and streaming all day, and getting up at 4, and sleeping all the middle of the day. Horses and work and everything are glorious, and I weigh under 11 st. (from 13 st. 4) in spite of eating and drinking everything I can lay hands on. I killed a pig single-handed to-day, it was like galloping on a grid-iron. Pig-sticking again to-morrow at 4.30 a.m. My new squadron-leader, Captain Hodgson, is a ripper, and we get on splendidly. Do pour out the fatted calves on all the Royals who are home, and do get to know the George Steeles. Your London with Casie sounds the greatest fun, and it is good to have got a house that even his lordship likes! I am working like blazes for my Promotion Exam, and I have shot a mugger. Tell Moggie. And I've been photographed, and I'm going to settle at

* Imogen's word for nut-crackers.

† Captain Chapman.

Muttra for life with a dusky bride when the Regiment leaves for Africa.

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Muttra: June 23, 1911.

I expect you'll be pretty tired to-day, after the Coronation, and I long for your letter about it. What glorious fun Casie is having, and you're well, and I'm well, so the Gods are with us pro tem. I expect Bill is with you now? How do you like my photographs? I've got such a good new charger called Dorando—because he goes till he drops, regardless of reins or bridle. Hodgson and Bunty Hewett are the best people you've ever seen. I do send you tremendous congratulations on winning the tennis-tournament, you are a good student-athlete. Tell me *all* about the Coronation, and whether Ivo looked like Adonis? Your Oxford day does sound divine, and the *weather*, which I do resent, coming in my only Summer abroad yet! Here is a photograph of me on 'Bridegroom'; there are no real photographers in this jungly place, or I really would have been done for you in a tin hat, exactly as you approve, long ago. I do most frightfully want to get a shoot before we leave India, also to see Delhi and the old native cities. But at present I am working with both hands, when not eating or sticking swine. It is still pleasantly warm, and no sign of the rains yet, which is good as it gives us more pig-sticking. I got 2 pig and 1 pig the last two days, and a beautiful soft fall. We have got 280 pig up to date this year, which is pretty good. Directly the rains come, the grass grows as fast as a horse galloping, and the pig rejoice secure in the cover. I am a perfect skellington, 10 st. 10 but awfully well.

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Muttra: July, 1911.

Thank you awfully for your Coronation letter, it must have been too gorgeous and magnificent. I am frightfully well, and as strong as two lions. The Regiment think I am quite mad, but 'good value.' I got 126 out of 150 in the promotion exam. for lieutenant, and was top of those

who went up. The pig-sticking is beyond dreams, I can't tell you what it means to me; it is coursing with human greyhounds. It is still 115 in the shade here, with no rain, but a glorious and inexhaustible supply of pig and buck and work. I'm sorry you didn't like the photographs, which I thought so particularly handsome. Are you in Brittany? or did you go to Lapland with Bill? You would (and will) adore some of the people here, Hodgson and Kid Charrington and Ginger Houston and Buntz Hewett. Fancy, I'm going for a month's leave in September to Simla and Kashmir, with the Hewetts, and to stay with the Hardinges for a day or two. I have never got over the gloriousness of Billa's Tennis achievements, or the regret of not being with you all that day at Lord's. Three sets to love! How wonderfully you have borne up through all these months, with bed, or Indian 'shut-eye,' at 4 every morning. The Colonel loved seeing you all, he is back. I do wish you could see Hodgson, my squadron leader, he is so very brave, and so very goodlooking, and a glorious sense of humour; you would worship each other. Everything here is perfect, and I really am playing Polo a little better, and fairly downing the pig. Just going out for a leopard. I passed out of riding-school yesterday, it's been hard work, two hours before breakfast every morning, and very hot.

WRITTEN BY JULIAN AT CHAKRATA.

May, 1911.

THE HILLS.

Mussoorie and Chakrata Hill
 The Jumna flows between;
 And from Chakrata's hills afar
 Mussoorie's vale is seen.
 The mountains sing together
 In cloud or sunny weather,
 The Jumna, through their tether,
 Foams white, or plunges green.

The mountains stand and laugh at Time;
 They pillar up the Earth,
They watch the ages pass, they bring
 New centuries to birth.
They feel the day-break shiver,
They see Time passing ever,
As flows the Jumna river,
 As breaks the white sea-surf.

They drink the sun in a golden cup,
 And in blue mist the rain;
With a sudden brightening they meet the lightning
 Or ere it strikes the plain.
They seize the sullen thunder,
And take it up for plunder,
And cast it down and under,
 And up and back again.

They are as changeless as the rock,
 As changeful as the sea;
They rest, but as a lover rests
 After love's ecstasy.
They watch, as a true lover
Watches the quick lights hover
About the lids that cover
 His eyes so wearily.

Heaven lies upon their breasts at night,
 Heaven kisses them at dawn;
Heaven clasps and kisses them at even
 With fire of the sun's death born.
They turn to his desire
Their bosom, flushing higher
With soft receptive fire,
 And blushing, passion-torn.

Here, in the hills of ages
 I met thee face to face,
O mother Earth, O lover Earth,
 Look down on me with grace.

Give me thy passion burning,
And thy strong patience, turning
All wrath to power, all yearning,
To truth, thy dwelling-place.

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TO THE MUSSOURIE RACE CLUB.

To win a race, you need a horse
With speed, and power to stay the course.
The horse that beats the other skins
And finishes the winner, wins—
Not so, Sir, at Mussourie.

I had the devil of a horse;
I won; but failed to scale, of course,
Because the judges, for my sins,
Had backed the second horse (which wins,
When backed by all Mussourie.)

A horse that swings athwart the course,
A horse that bumps another horse,
Is reprimanded for his sins;
And he that finished second, wins—
Not so, Sir, at Mussourie.

Again I ran my speedy horse;--
A native jockey comes across,
And knocks me clean from off my pins,
And smiles, and gallops on, and wins
The 'Mountain Plate' Mussourie.

We all objected—but, of course,
When judges back the winning horse
The horse that finished winner, wins.—
And that is when the fun begins
In racing at Mussourie.

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LETTERS FROM BILLY. SUMMER, 1911.

Balliol: April, 1911.

I did adore last Hols and all the family, more if possible than ever before. Barrett said to us with a sardonic smile as we left Taplow, 'I hope you have a pleasant journey'—a remark which was rather cryptic, until we reviewed the happy smile on the Chauffeur's weather-worn face. He had yielded to the same temptation that overcomes poets, orators, professors, and Society Mia's, under our gloriously hospitable roof, and had not left it sober.

I went to Sutton to-day, on a horse; a lovely sunny ride, and played tennis and golf with Norah and Bear Warre, etc. I am coming up at the cost of chloroforming the Rabbis of Balliol, for the Fancy Dress Ball.

May, 1911.

My distaste for putting pen to paper grows with growing years, which is a pity, as you used to think I wrote letters as good as Madame Roland's. Julian's letter was delicious, I shed tears of excitement over it. Your triumphal progress through the London Salons with Miss Monica Grenfell is well noted in the 'Daily Mail.' Oxford has been fun lately, I've played loads of tennis, dined pretty well, and read a deal of Greek history. Sidney and Trousers are dilettante candidates for Greats. — has been arraigned to-day before the Proctors on a charge of entertaining the ladies of the 'March Hare' company to supper, and reaching home by the scullery-window at 3 a.m. How can you ask me about July plans, it would be wicked and presumptuous to prophesy so far ahead.

May, 1911.

Stucco and pseudo-Gothic walls do not a prison make for such a blithe spirit as your second son, so I shall be with you, darling, for Winterton's Ball. Hawa is singing the Song of the Shirt over a purple tunic for me to wear as Bacchus, and I have a real leopard skin of Philip's, and please make me a very thick heavy wreath of small *real* grapes and leaves. Shall I really have a dash and go

to Lapland this summer ??? Lapland is to me as blank of significance as it is to Mr. Murray, judging from his school-atlas. But it is I believe crawling with musk-ox, bears, salmon, mosquitos, ice-bergs, roaring borealis, and miniature Ritzs, picturesquely known as rest-houses. It is full of fleas, Lapps, dogs, and unending sunlight; and our chaplain, a man in holy orders, saw a man who saw a monster trout there, and a tame reindeer. Doesn't it sound the very place for Trousers and me?

I am going to make my room here lovely, can I have lots of flowers and an enormous flowering-shrub, 6 ft. by 8 ft. ? as well as Mr. Lodge's cabinet.

Just back from Sutton, on horseback, 12.30 at night, with shouting nightingales and shining stars, such a wonderful ride.

A divine party there, Miggs, Diana, Pat, and Edward. We all did all our stunts, and enjoyed tennis and golf and boating and bathing. The place looked too beautiful, and it was altogether supreme. I go into training, or rather semi-training, for Royal Tennis from this day onwards. We stake our boots on beating the Tabs this year. I am getting on with my history, but philosophy seems to be unearthly rot, and mortal tedious.

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May, 1911.

That Ball was fun, wasn't it? Casie looked *lovely*; they all said so. Reggie Herbert was almost the best of all the men? Did you like my leopard skin? You were still asleep when I came away, and I had no heart to wake you, though longing to talk, and went in twice. When are you coming here? I do want to talk to you about Lapland, perhaps Sidney is coming too. I saw Ivo to-day at Summer Fields, looking on at a match; it was odd to remember the days when one's universe simply depended on those matches. He was too delicious, and seemed very happy.

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June, 1911.

I am coming up to-morrow for a Quadrille Rehearsal, and will come on to Tap. till Sunday night, if you've room.

Please accept dinners and Coronation places for me after all. Somebody is baying the moon in Balliol quadrangle, shall I go and interfere in the interests of the Senior Common Room?

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TELEGRAM, JUNE 16, 1911.

Have just won Silver Racket and shall play Tennis for Oxford at Lord's.

BILLY.

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Monica, Ivo, Imogen, and their mother, and Hawa, spent most happy and lovely weeks in Brittany, in cloudless sunshine and heat. They found a delicious little house on a little point of land at the very end of the village of Paramé; the sea came up on both sides of it at high tide, it had a big stone terrace, and steps down on each side to two wide shining bays, so that they could bathe straight from the house. It was a very clean new house, never lived in before, all windows and balconies to the transcendently lovely views—over miles of sea and tiny islands and distant headlands. They had one charming Bretonne servant, called Pauline, who did everything, and cooked the most delicious food; and her husband drove the little 'sapin,' or rather was driven by Imogen. Though it was so very hot there was always a breeze from the sea, and they spent the hot middle-day hours in the woods and orchards inland (some of the woods went quite down to the sea), taking books and luncheon and cushions in the little carriage; and they walked for miles in the cool evenings, over the beautiful sea-downs, often bathing again late—once in hot brilliant moonlight. They went a great many expeditions—the longest was right across Brittany to Josselin, on one of the most lovely days of all, in a little open motor

which punctured four times and took $12\frac{1}{2}$ hours! They arrived looking exactly like the Tramp-Family, and covered with blackberry juice, but were received with marvellous kindness and politeness by the Duc and Duchesse de Rohan (who they had never seen before). They also went to Mont St. Michel, and to Dinan—on a little steamer up the beautiful Rance river. ‘The Siege of Chitral,’ ‘The Ebb-Tide,’ ‘Tom Brown’s Schooldays,’ and ‘The Real Charlotte’ were read aloud that Summer, and ‘Froggy’s Little Brother’ over and over again to Imogen. She simply loved being in Brittany, and the bathing, and used to dive off their shoulders, and was as brave as a lion-baby among the breakers—but on shore she would never leave their sides, as she said France was such a bad place for being nap-kidded!

One day they were telling her about the little baby at the lighthouse; she did not quite hear, and said ‘When will you take me to see the little baby blighter?’ She learnt to bicycle, in about one day, on the sands, and used to fly along for miles with Ivo—‘Look at the un-natured scratches my bicycle-ette has done to my legs.’ She had a little cold in her eye, and said it was ‘as bad as wood, as bad as Froggy’s Little Brother.’ One day she was up-braided for being late, and said that she had ‘a very cruel very punctual mother, and a sister who was always in a hurry.’ They went to a wonderful travelling Circus, on a very hot afternoon; Imogen had a grievance because she said that when she wanted to clap her hands they stuck together! Her mother wanted her to ask some dear little French babies to play with her, but she said ‘*Must* I have those cursed little children to tea?’

She and Ivo had a French Mademoiselle to teach them, early every morning, before bathing. The family were very scattered, Willie in Canada, Julian

in India, Billy in Lapland—Imogen could hardly find them all on the map!

They returned to England at the end of September, and Ivo went back to Summer Fields, and Monica and her mother went to Scotland, for Monica's first 'Scotch visits.' They went to Millie Sutherland's party for the Inverness Games and Balls, and to Tulchan, Archerfield (which the Asquiths had got), Whittingehame, Gosford, and Holker. They motored from there all round the Lakes—Grasmere, Rydal, and Windermere—with Moyra Cavendish and the Midletons, on a most lovely hot mid-October day, and had luncheon in a pine-wood. Imogen wrote to them from Taplow, 'It is a hard life, I do hate everybody.'

They got back to Taplow in weather that was still quite beautiful and very hot, and went to Oxford, to Billy and Ivo, for a glorious day of blazing red and gold; the first time they had seen Billy since Lapland, which he enjoyed quite enormously. Billy and Sidney and Trousers had then moved into lodgings, in Beaumont Street, and Billy had made his sitting-room lovely. These were some of his letters from his Lapland journey.

Stockholm : August, 1911.

DARLING,—Just a word to say that I have arrived here *with* my luggage, after a humorous journey, passing through four countries without knowing one word of the native tongue of any. The trains were hot, and peopled by all the Mia's in Germany, whose looks are enough to make one become a monk. The Germans ate incessantly, and smoked cigars compounded of brimstone and weed-killer, after firmly closing all apertures. The officials were most helpful; my lack of linguistic ability must have made me appear like a mentally-deficient though well-intentioned savage. Maurice could not come after all. Hilary Belloc was full of good practical counsel. I am going by 6.20 to-night to Abisho, where there is an inn, and guide. My

bottled prawns burst en route, and smelt lovely. Am just off with an emergency-temporary-guide to purchase a few necessities. Spring-Rice was out, and his underlings thought me a crétin.

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Gillivare: August, 1911.

I am writing this in the foul station-inn at Gillivare, a district composed entirely of iron, which is skilfully extracted by the minions of Sir Windsor Cassel. Tomorrow I go by railway to Porjus, but the railway is still in the making, and as far as I can see we drop the rails we travel on as we progress. At Porjus, I stay in an engineer's camp, thence one day's foot-slog and row to Jaurekaska. There I stay with a pioneer of the name of Nybyggan Modin, who has a house and a boat, and they all say it is *splendid* fishing.

Sweden is a curious country; rounded hills and splendid rivers, full of floating timber, and miles and miles of pinewoods. Lapland is the same, but the hills are higher and covered with snow, and the pines and larch-trees are lower because they have only three months in the year to grow, and the northerly gales make them grow along the ground like ivy. Abisho is two days' train from Stockholm, there is an hotel there like the Ritz only much larger, quite full of bug-hunters from every nation under the sun. Abisho Park is a Government preserve, like Yellowstone Park; one may not harm God's creatures, nor His fishes, nor even His plants; the more timorous bugs appreciate this, especially the mosquitos. I got to Abisho on Monday, crossed Lake Tornetraska, and stayed two days in a Lapp encampment there, but it was too early for the best of the fishing, and I wearied of the low continuous mirthful laughter of the circle of Lapps who flocked around me, so returned to Abisho palace and paradise, and concocted this plan with a wonderful Bron-like Swedish naturalist, who has fished 'at Jaurekaska. The Lapps are most awfully amusing, they live in *clean* smoky huts, and live on coffee and tobacco and old leather, which is really best reindeer steak. They laughed at me till I feared they

would contract apoplexy. All the animals depicted here for Moggie were at liberty to enter the tent, and frequently did. The children were as many as rabbits, and beaten twice daily. Cooking all done in the hut. The sun never quite sets, and is hotter than on the Equator. Tell Mog I have not observed a roaring Borealis yet, nor have I received a letter from you. I have walked a hundred miles through the mountains since Tuesday, and am twice as well as ever before and $1\frac{1}{2}$ times as happy. Address c/o Nybyggan Modin, Jaurekaska, via Gillivare and Porjus, and send me my Kodak and heaps of refills, the text of Herodotus, and my Grilse-rod well packed.

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Modin's Stable, Jaurekaska : Aug. 20, 1911.

I do apologise for pen-paralysis, and most of all for not having posted a huge letter from Gillivare a week ago. Four magnificent letters from you came yesterday, via Spring-Rice and Abisho—one from Panshanger, and all very pleasant. Your Yseulte-of-Brittany castle sounds like El Dorado, but it is not one quarter as good as my Stable, at which an uneasy evicted quadruped is even now stamping for admittance. I get up at times varying from 3 a.m. till 3 p.m. I cook whenever I am hungry, I sleep whenever I am tired, and I never never think or read. The stable is quite clean and reasonably water-tight, it has a raised stone fire-place where one can make a roaring fire in 10 minutes, a sort of clothes-horse for my clothes, a floor for my sleeping-bag, and a manger for my provender. I cook coffee, bacon, fish, chocolate; I eat besides sardines, biscuits, tinned lobster, tinned peas, and real potatoes. There is no milk, no eggs, but excellent butter and moderate bread. Mrs. Modin, a toothless old hag, sweeps, washes up, and cooks duck for me. Besides there is Modin, with whom I converse in monosyllables, and a foul baby whom, thank God, I rarely see. Modin is a dour old Presbyterian with a sense of humour. He thinks me raving.

There is wonderful fishing here, and a quantity of duck. Trout and grayling up to 3 lbs. one can catch like

cuddies at Loch Inver. There are supposed to be trout of 15 lbs., but I haven't seen one yet. I have got a kind of gun, and have cabled to Barrett for another. This life is ideal, one forgets one has a brain, and becomes part of the peaceful mountains and pine-woods and strong rivers. One just longs to be alone with them, and alone with one's bright fire at night. The Porjus boys who are building the railway came over to see me yesterday, with quantities of spirits distilled and otherwise, they were so amusing. I have not written to a soul in England, in fact I have no very clear remembrance of their names. Go on writing here.

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Aug. 28th, 1911.

Darling, your letter dated Aug. 15th has just arrived, how divine your Brittany will be; I am well, and ideally happy. Last week was very wet, the stable full of creeping and crawling refugees, and *no* steamer from Porjus, and hence no food! However, weather has abated and steamer come, and I am now full of unwholesome and rich delicacies. Steamer off again.

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Lulea: Sept. 1911.

I got two superfine letters from you and Casie, describing life in your Breton Fort, which sounds divinely lovely. I left Jaurekaska on Saturday, after a stay of twenty perfect days, stayed a couple of days with the jolly engineer boys at Porjus, and came here to negotiate for an elk-forest and salmon fishing.

Jaurekaska was the greatest of all fun, glorious fishing, and educative discomfort; for instance, I am as good now at lighting fires as Auntie Ka, and a better cook than the Bacchanalian —.

Jaurekaska is half-way up Lulea Water, where the big Lake narrows into rapids; it is a strangely fascinating country for all its intense bareness, grouse-coloured hills merging sharply into snow, and endless woods of great pines with carpets of red moss and grey lichen. There is not a living soul to be seen, and sadly few of our feathered

friends. Pioneer Modin, my host, lives a hard life, and he is a hard man, reaping with much labour what he has sown with infinite pains. He lives on fish, and once offered me a potato with as much ceremony as if it had been an ortolan. I tried to live on fish too, but my gosh! have you ever tried to live on fish? After two days one feels like Henry I., Beauclerc, who died of a surfeit of lampreys. One simply cannot look a grayling in the face. For a carnivore like me life is simply impossible under the circumstances, and I soon had men sweeping Lapland for pork. The difficulty of this was immense, and a special steamer had to come 50 miles whenever I wanted to communicate with the outside world. However I am now a Napoleon of organization. The independence of pioneers is distressing; though by some curious mistake I passed as a Baron, they would not row for love or money except when so inclined. How I longed for servile Finns and Russian knouts.

I bought a gun in Gillivare; one would risk one's life for a duck, and I rowed to the brink of the frightful steep of Montmorency for one, and swam in ice-cold water for another. Modin was a sour-faced old granite-chip, but I loved him; and there was another delicious creature, Matsom, who looked like a cross between Stevenson and Shelley, and had the utmost contempt for danger; we used to row for hours, and sing *La Petite Tonquinoise* and *Yankee Doodle* and *Yon Peel*, he using the Swedish and I the Franco-English libretto. •

There was a strike on in Porjus, but the workmen are not allowed spirits, and so were calm and orderly. The Engineer boys gave a concert for me, whereat they all played the sackbut, psaltery, and concertina, with inimitable skill, and I danced a hornpipe and a twosome reel, which they thought exquisite. On Monday I came here, eight hours to Gillivare, then six hours on, in pelting rain. To-day I have been at your favourite game of making plans; to-morrow I go fourteen hours by train and steamer up Luly River to Edelfors, where I have engaged a fine salmon river, and an elk-forest, wherein there are two elk. I hope you are having heavenly fun, it sounds too delicious.

Let me know what the boys did in Schools—Guy, Philip, Volly, and Duff? I forgot to say that I have become a student of insect-life; when it rained I felt like Noah in the Ark there were so many animales.

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Bortrashfors : Sept. 1911.

I have been fishing at a place called Edelfors, higher up Lulea Water, where there is a gorgeous Waterfall. I got a splendid salmon, and two big sea-trout, and some grayling. I am here for one night, in a millionaire farmer's house, under the ægis of my new friend Consul Palymren. It is most amusing, a fine combination of rustic simplicity and oriental luxury. One's ideas of a Swedish home being all derived from Ibsen, one is always expecting pistol shots in the next room, or the sudden severance of man and wife, especially as two villains have appeared dressed in gummy boots, and with black beards projecting at acute angles from their faces, and wagging when they speak, owing to hidden wires. But the Swedes are really a most happy and domestic nation, and enjoy their four meals per diem with the best of us. To-morrow we start on the long trail after elk, a week in the forest with Lapp hunters. It is too exciting.

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(Billy's other letters on this journey are unluckily missing.)

Panshanger : October, 1911.

Auntie Ka has just got your letter, and I read with admiration the proposed list of guns for November; only do remember that six guns is the proper number for the pheasants, so if one or more of these fine fellows fail, it will be better so. Promise me that you will not ask —; after hunting elk in Lapland with retired poachers and cashiered photographers, I can stand anyone else, but I would rather sup with a pink stoat than with that young man.

Panshanger is looking as lovely as Fairyland in this bright-gold autumn weather; so delicious being with

darling Auntie Ka again, who is most flourishing, and shoots with me all day. I spent Thursday night at Taplow with Mogs and her performing cats, and got a delirious account from her of Brittany. Write me every word about the Scotch visits, and tell Ca to; and that I forbid her to marry — or —; and come to Oxford the instant you return. I go back there to-morrow, and will go and see Ivo on Sunday.

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Oxford: Oct. 1911.

I *did* adore seeing you, it was startlingly delicious after all these weeks, and wasn't it the best of days? I am emerging into calm water after a series of passionate interviews with the police, the Proctors, and the Cabmen's Union. Both the curtains and the sofa-covers you chose are perfect. I will have cushions of a darker blue. I wish I was not so passionately addicted to pleasure, I find myself plotting for it every moment of the day, especially when I ought to be thinking of that solemn humbug Aristotle. Nancy came down on Saturday and was so amusing, also darling Con, and we had luncheon in John's room. On Sunday I went to Sutton; Norah was rather ill, but rose up, looking lovely in a purple dressing-gown, and talked *brilliantly* and wittily and deliciously, as always, for five hours to Patsy and me.

Trousers and Sidney are wonderful, and I 'do love living in complete freedom and with jolly people, after the Black and Yellow Peril of Balliol. I am reading Herodotus, quite as amusing as the Old Testament, more unhistorical, and about equally unrefined. Send the motor for me after Football at Eton next Saturday, whenever it has done tootling the other guests from the station.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THESE were letters from Julian that Autumn.

Muttra : Aug. 10, 1911.

How you tax my geography, you in Brittany, Dad in Canada, Billa in Lapland; are you all having glorious fun? There are still no rains here, and we still stick pig most gloriously. My horses and I are like posts-and-rails, but full of running still. The last two nights I have been lying out on the hillside in a great ravine, in the moon, armed to the teeth (two rifles and a hog-spear) waiting for four panther, but they declined combat, and I am very sleepy. We sail November 10 for Pretoria. I do love the people in the Regiment, more than I can tell you, and find really much more in common with them even than with the Oxford people; and I thought it would be just the reverse.

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Camp in Lalpur Jungle : Aug. 17, 1911.

I do hope you're having fun with Yseulte of Brittany? you'll make a heavenly life there. Meanwhile what is going to happen to the British Constitution???

We camped here last night for a pig-sticking meet this morning, and two of us stayed out to-day to shoot buck, and are just going to canter back to Muttra under the moon, 12 o'clock; 10 miles to go, and Parade at 6 to-morrow. It is really a wonderful life, and I am so miserable at thinking of the move to South Africa. We never wear any clothes, and run absolutely wild, and live in the open.

The Colonel has been wonderful, and I've had the

greatest fun with him. He told me that I ought to be Adjutant later on, and mug up for the Staff College.

I wish Bill could have come out here, of course it was out of the question, but I thought my cable might catch him in a wild moment. By the way, did he ever get the cable?

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Muttra: Aug. 24, 1911.

Do give my love to the Likkie Man and tell him how excited I am about his swimming prize. I wish I could swim; we had a match to-day and I lost my entire patrimony. I tried to give a man two lengths of the swimming-bath here, in 27 lengths; and I had my hands on the gold, when I swallowed most of the bath, and sank; three times I sank, and then suddenly recovered, only to be beaten finally by $\frac{1}{4}$ length. You will gather that the other man was not amphibious. We swim here practically all day now, as the rains have broken—two months late—I hate the clammy heat, the real heat was far better.

I go to Simla on Sept. 15th, and then on to Cashmir, with the Hewett family. You cannot think how turbulent one becomes after six months in the hot wilderness. We go from here for good on Nov. 6, and sail from Bombay Nov. 10. I do love 'More Peers,' isn't 'Picture the Viscount's great surprise' glorious, especially the drawing? Thank you so awfully for the other two Belloc books, and the Arnold Bennetts.

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The Royal Dragoons, Muttra Cantonment, U.P.:
August 24, 1911.

DEAR DAD,—Thank you for your letter, which was written just as you were starting off for Canada. I hope you'll have a splendid trip; it will be great fun seeing the country. Shall you visit the future home of the family on the Lake Huron island?

The political crisis is very exciting; I don't know whether I am a Lansdowner or a last-ditcher. The whole thing seems in a pretty fair mess, doesn't it? Muttra however goes on peacefully. The rains have broken,

two months late. The Colonel is back and *delightful*. We have had the record year for pig, 386 boar up to date. I have never enjoyed anything so much as the pigsticking, and my three horses have stood it out wonderfully. I have put them up for sale; and I am now a perfect Croesus. Thank you awfully for the £200. You have been most awfully good to me, and I feel very grateful, and I will try and spend my riches in a fitting way!

We embark for Pretoria from Bombay on Nov. 10. I am awfully sorry; I would have loved another two years in this country; but I love the regiment so much that it more than makes up. Before we start I am going to Simla for ten days, to the Hardinges', and the Hewetts' (Sir John H., whose son is in the regiment, and a ripper); and then to shoot in Kashmir with the Hewetts for 3 weeks.

I wonder when you'll get this letter?

All love from
JULIAN.

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Muttra: Sept. 8th, 1911.

I have got a wonderful letter from you about the crossing to Brittany, how good sea sunrises and sunsets are, from a boat; it seems to make them quite different, as if you were inside of them and part of them, when you are on the waters. I remember the dawn coming over Findhorn Bay, that summer at Langcot, with the rush of the flowing tide rocking the punt, and the widgeon whistling all round as they woke up.

The King of the Castle-Hoël did you in the eye proper; but the Fort with woods at the back and the Sea everywhere else sounds awfully good, you *will* all have fun. No news here—the same animal life at a collected gallop, but my brain is getting rather heavy from idleness, and I'm going to begin working. The rains have come, but not real continuous rains; we go out on odd days to stick pig, in country blind with new bright green grass, so that you gallop down a hidden well without any warning and without much surprise. I'm afraid all other sports will fall flat after this. The Polo has been great fun though

lately. Bunty Hewett and I go to Simla next Wednesday, then to Cashmir. Give my love to that preposterous baby Mog. Have you read the Irish Plays by Synge, they are *extraordinarily* good? It is much colder here now than in the summer, and I know now that I can never be hot enough (in this transitory life). I do hate feeling in the *least* cold, don't you? and I like 120° much better than 80°.

I do wish you knew Kid Charrington; he is the hero of India, and the most loved person there has ever been here, and absolutely unproud. Do you like this? I wrote it last week and sent it to the 'Pioneer,' I was rather surprised that the theology was not too advanced for them.

HYMN TO THE FIGHTING BOAR.

God gave the horse for man to ride,
 And steel wherewith to fight,
 And wine to swell his soul with pride,
 And women for delight:
 But a better gift than all these four
 Was when He made the fighting boar.

The horse is filled with spirit rare,
 His heart is bold and free;
 The bright steel flashes in the air,
 And glitters hungrily.
 But these were little use before
 The Lord He made the fighting boar.

The ruby wine doth banish care,
 But it confounds the head;
 The fickle fair is light as air,
 And makes the heart bleed red;
 But wine nor love can tempt us more
 When we may hunt the fighting boar.

When Noah's big monsoon was laid,
 The land began to ride again,
 And then the first hog-spear was made
 By the hands of Tubal Cain;
 The sons of Shem and many more
 Came out to ride the fighting boar.

Those ancient Jew boys went like stinks,
 They knew not reck or fear,
 Old Noah knocked the first two jinks,
 And Nimrod got the spear.
 And ever since those times of yore
 True men do ride the fighting boar.
 Drink then to women and to wine
 Though heart and head they steal—
 But here's to steed and spear and swine
 A brimming glass, no heel!
 And humble thanks to God Who saw
 His way to make the fighting boar.

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Simla : Sept. 14, 1911.

I have just arrived here, this morning, and it seems so strange to see names like Jakko on the sign-boards, which one seems to know perfectly well already from Kip. The Hewetts have got a very good house; I love Sir John, he has the best sense of humour. Miss Hewett is beautiful, and there's a very nice man called Lindsay Gordon, and the dear Kid* is up here staying with General Creagh, so I shall see a lot of him. Buntly Hewett was kept at Muttra, for a court-martial in which he's a witness, so I entered this house to-day alone, unknown, and terribly afraid. We stay here ten days, and then we go to Kashmir for shooting and sight-seeing, and then back to Muttra; one could do nothing there now as the rains have set in proper. Simla is not as big or grand as I had expected. I've just been playing our Taplow tennis, only it is ruined by playing with brand-new bouncing balls, and a net as high as they can get it. I've put you down as a subscriber to 'The Eagle,' the Regimental paper, which I'm doing now. Is that right? Love to the Likkie-Likkies, how I long often to see you all.

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Vice-Regal Lodge, Simla : Sept. 28.

I do agree with you about the 'Ebb-Tide,' and the absolute surrender of oneself to it. I lent it to a man in

* Captain Charrington.

the Regiment, and he said that it was all right, but that all the people in it were exactly the same!! This is a very gay place, and I have been living your London life for a week, never to bed before 4.30. I loved it for six days, but on the seventh I began to think of the jungles of Radhakund and Kushmoka, and to feel them the place for me. The Hewetts are too charming and amusing and refreshing, Sir John is one of the nicest and cleverest men I've ever seen. We went shooting right up into the mountains one day; we rode out twenty miles to a place where we thought the camp was within three miles; a large meal, and off again at 4.30 p.m.; we walked two miles, and two more, and two more, 3,000 ft. down into a great gorge, and the dark came down. Our guide did not know the way, and Sir John was beat out. Then we met a native, who said the camp was seven miles on, and brought us a torch out of a real Robinson Crusoe cave. Eventually we walked five more miles in the dark, 3,000 ft. up again, over terrible ground—little paths with a sheer drop to the river below—and got to camp at ten o'clock. The food had arrived, but no bedding; we rolled up in the tent-flaps, and slept in three minutes. Shot next day, and came back the day after. The people of Simla are most amusing; they are immoral in tradition only, and live irreproachable lives. They are all acting the 'Quaker Girl,' and we live in the green-room; there are dances every other night, and wild supper parties, which are the best part of the show. The Hardinges have been most awfully kind. Dear John Astor is here, and we play tennis a lot. Scatters Wilson is a treasure, and I've had the maddest fun with him; he says things to dowagers which turn their grey hairs pink, but they all love him. He said he would get me a job on the Chief's Staff for the Durbar, but I would not let him, as I haven't done enough with the Regiment yet; though it would have been a heavy temptation if you'd been coming out. I have stuck the beloved 'Hawk' into John Astor, for a large sum of gold, and now am wretched at having sold him. Do thank darling Ca for all her letters, I'm writing to her next Mail. Do you know a beautiful prose

thing by Shelley on Love? I got hold of it in a shop here.

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Dutrehigaan Nullah, near Srinagar, Kashmir :
Oct. 9, 1911.

This is a glorious place, you would love it—a camp at the bottom of a great gorge, which it takes four hours for the sun to get to after sunrise; and whacking great hills all round for miles and miles. We left Simla one morning, got to Amballa that night, and Rawal Pindi the next afternoon by train; then by tonga on to Murree that night (12 midnight), slept there; on to Kohala in the Jhelum Gorge by the next night, next night Gurhi, next night Srinagar, all by tonga. We stayed two nights in a houseboat at Srinagar, and then rode eighteen miles out here, shooting hill-partridges by the way. It was a very good journey, and the Hewetts are *perfectly* delightful. Simla was great great fun, and I'd only just begun to long for open country again. I never went to bed before five. You can't walk up the hills here, you have to go up on your hands and feet, and come down in the sitting position, in which Mog used to progress downstairs; I took a little tent and went up to the tops the first night—bitter cold, even under nine blankets and my great coat. The first beast I saw was the monarch of the glen, and I got him in the heart with a long galloping shot, wasn't it absurd luck! They are 'barra singh,' great big red deer, just like a Scotch stag, only twice the size, and very shy and difficult. He was a royal, with a marvellous head, 43 in. from the end of the horn to the base—2 in. short of the record for anywhere I believe, and the first I had ever seen. I got another in a drive yesterday, the only two killed by us so far. The place is full of bear, but so far they have been very churlish; I expect they'll come and join in the sport later on. It's great fun poking about in the bushes for them, not knowing where you're going to take it next. I can't begin to tell you the beauty of this place, and the Vale of Kashmir, and the Dhal Lake, it takes one's breath away. We've only got a week more here, worse luck. I had some handsome

portraits taken for you in Simla, the Heavy Dragoon after a heavy night.

House-boat, Jhelum River, near Srinagar : Oct. 16, 1911.

I do hope you and Casie are tossing the caber successfully. I adored every word about Brittany. I killed two bears on Friday, and another stag, so I've been in luck, and left the nullah without missing. We had the most delightful ten days there, in gorgeous country, and are now going to see Islamabad, and then the Woolar Lake, and then back to Delhi. . . .

The beautiful dark-eyed maidens of Kashmir are a myth; they are all exactly like — * only neither so tall nor so aristocratic. We get back to Muttra on the 26th, and sail on Nov. 11th, worse luck to it. Give my best love to the scattered family as they re-unite.

Rawal Pindi : Oct. 25, 1911.

Our great bust is over now, we start from here by train this afternoon, and arrive at Muttra the day after to-morrow, in time to put on uniform and go on parade. We have about twelve hours at Delhi, which is good, as I've never seen the sights there yet. When it is a question of getting a day's leave and going to sight-see in a dusty train, or going out for a night in the jungle to shoot, how is one ever to see sights?

It has been the most perfect trip; after the shooting we had six days in the house-boat, going up the river, and then down to the Woolar Lake, which was gloriously beautiful. I did a lot of post-impressionist works of art. The contrast is so extraordinary, the peaceful sleepy sunny misty valley, surrounded by the great grim angry blue hills, like love in the middle of war. We did the 180 odd miles down the hill, by tonga, in two days, starting at 5 each day and snatching our food by the wayside; driving over sheer rock with two little galloping ponies, and the river roaring sheer underneath us the whole time. And now for a new country and hard soldiering; I'm going to turn profes-

* A dwarf.

sional. Longing for a bunch of mails at Muttra, so I've no queries to answer. I expect you are back at Taplow. Do send me some more books, if you haven't. I read your two solids, 'British Dominion in India,' and the Price Collier 'England and the English'; I don't think the latter is so very good? and very fluffy.

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The weather in England remained quite beautiful until late in November, and it was an Autumn of wonderful colours. Monica and Imogen and their Mother went very often to Burnham Beeches. Imogen went out for her first real day's hunting on November 3rd.

Lady Elcho and Ivo Charteris came over from Eton to spend the day at Taplow, and brought Imogen a new little Chow puppy, of 3 months old, called Koko. They all (including the puppy!) went to Oxford on November 11th for Ivo's Exeat and the Play at Summer Fields, which Imogen loved; when the curtain came down after the first act, she said 'I do wish they'd buck up and pull up the blind.' They all went for a long wild walk in Wytham Woods on Sunday, in tearing wind and rain; and Billy read them 'The Magic Shop,' by Wells, in the evening.

On November 14th Willie came back from Canada, where he had been with Strath for three months. They had several Saturday-to-Monday parties at Taplow, and Katie Cowper had a shooting-party for Monica and Billy at Panshanger—of Kitty Leigh, Dorothy Browne, Kitty Drummond, Mr. Balfour, Lord Curzon, Lord St. Germans, Sir Richard Sutton, Niall Campbell, Evan, Ivan Hay, Patrick, Guy Charteris, and George Brodrick.

Sir Alfred Cripps had a Fancy-Dress Ball at Parmoor in December, for which George Monckton and Ivan Hay came to stay at Taplow. The motor broke down on the way there, and they had to walk the

last two miles, in indescribable mud—the men dressed as Cavaliers; this caused considerable panic at a farmhouse, where they had to knock up the people to ask the way. Ivan Hay's beautiful curled wig reached nearly to his knees by the time they arrived at the Ball. George Monckton was seen sitting in the cloak-room with his long red velvet boots in a large basin of water. He said that he could not possibly be wetter and he might as well at least be clean. Four people can seldom have laughed more in one evening.

On December 14th the glorious news came that Billy had won the Craven Scholarship at Oxford. He came to Taplow in the evening, very tired after the six days of Examination. He and Monica went off to a shooting-party at Avon.

A Pantomime, written by their mother, and called 'The Dragon of Dropmore,' was performed at Taplow that Christmas; with lovely scenery, painted by a Frenchman they discovered in Maidenhead—the scene was a cherry-orchard by the Thames. Billy was the Dragon, and Imogen was the White Knight and had to kill him. She was terrified of him, and said, 'Couldn't *dear Dad* be the Dragon of Dropmore?'—Billy was always bound over to be very good, but never could resist giving a little snort and wriggle when he was supposed to be dead and Imogen was standing on him, and at every Rehearsal she *shot* off the stage, screaming with terror! and it took hours to coax her on again.

Two sets of letters came from Julian, from Pretoria, on Christmas morning. Imogen dined down; she put a cracker-ring on her wedding-finger. Monica told her that it was unlucky. She said very miserably, 'Oh *shall* I be unluckied?' There was a big New-Year party at Taplow, of all the Oxford boys. Sidney and Michael Herbert, Trousers, Edward Horner, Patrick, Mark Tennant, Duff

Cooper, Denny Anson, George Dawson-Damer, George Brodrick, Linky Cecil, Rex Benson, John Manners, Diana Lister, Bridget Colebrooke, Venetia Stanley, Betty Manners, Nellie Hozier, Dinah Tennant, Dorothy Browne, and Horatia Seymour were there; and there was a great deal of dancing and acting and singing and tennis and hockey. They did a wonderful 'Grand Guignol' entertainment one night; Duff and Michael and Rex had marvellous gifts for acting. There was a small shooting-party, made up from much the same people, early in January at Panshanger; and a big party at Taplow for their Fancy-Dress Ball on January 8th—of Vera Cavendish-Bentinck, Delia Spencer, Betty and Angie Manners, Mima Cecil, Rosemary, Aileen Brodrick, Rose Aylmer, Desmond, Titchfield, Bobbetty, Jack Althorp, Charlie Mills, George Brodrick, Niall Campbell, Ralph Beckett, Ivan Hay, Montie Bertie, Patrick, George Monckton, and Lord Leven.

About 120 people came to the Ball. Nancy Astor, the Lincolnshires, and Lady Arran brought big parties—it went on till $\frac{1}{4}$ to 5! and there was a photographer in the house, who did quantities of photographs of the people by electric light. The dresses were most lovely, of both men and women. The ghosts of Monica and her mother and many of the party travelled on to Knowsley the next day, for a shooting-party, and then to Hatfield, for their Ball, and to Gisburne for the Ball there. Billy and Ivo went back to Panshanger, to shoot with their beloved aunt; they got into a little trouble with her, and telegraphed to their mother, who was at Hatfield, 'Come over into Macedonia and help us,'—but by the time she arrived the little storm was quite composed! They all went back to Taplow for the end of the holidays. There was a good deal of frost and skating early in February.



BILLY GRENFELL AS ROMAN CENTURION AT FANCY-DRESS
BALL AT TAPLOW, 1912.

These were Julian's letters that Winter, 1911-1912.

The Royal Dragoons, Roberts' Heights, Transvaal :
Nov. 27, 1911.

We have just arrived here and it is a filthy place; great grass downs studded with rocks, and no trees, and tin huts everywhere. It is all bleak and bare and comfortless, and the quarters are small, and horribly clean after India. But it is simply wonderful air, and makes one feel like a lion, even after the journey; we started from Bombay Nov. 10, stopped a day at Mauritius, and got here this morning. A very good voyage and great fun; cricket and fencing and boxing and physical drill and lots of work; the only way to get through a sea journey. Of course we've had no letters for weeks and I'm starving for yours, and shall get them directly we get into our own mess, but the Mail is just off. I shall hate this country.

Just heard there's another hour before Mail goes, but we haven't got our letters yet. The mess is made of tin, and the quarters are of tin, and the stables, and the food; and everything else is grass and sky. We have one little room to live in, and a sort of box joining it where we sleep, and everything is numbered Fo6^A and R.2.21. Altogether it is all very military. Pretoria is 4½ miles away, and we are a good bit above it, in the most wonderful air you ever breathed in your dreams. It is all rolling ground, no big hills very near here. I loved the country on the way up from Durban, rather like Salisbury Plain on a gigantic scale, magnified to the power of 20, with no trees. Skyline after skyline, each almost exactly like the last, and clear clear air which halves the distance to the eye. The mornings are quite cold, but hot sun in the middle of the day. The whole thing seems cold and clean and ordinary and ticketed after India. We left Muttra on a hazy hot morning, and took two days to Bombay, in two troop-trains; and worked like coolies, stowing the heavy luggage. It was deadly hot, with the killing sea-heat. We went out at night, at 12 p.m. The hockey on board ship was such fun, very dangerous. I read 'Kim' again, and loved it more than ever; and lots of poetry over again and a book of M. Corelli's called 'The Life Everlasting'; if it is like

that, I am not going to enter. And I wrote the new number of 'The Eagle,' and am sending you all the numbers since I've been Editor. I do wish I could get at your letters, darlingest Mother, I feel very much in the cold about all your beings and doings, give my love by the ton to each and all of the family; are you at Tap. now or at one of the other statelies? Is it horribly cold in England, I suppose so? What does Daddy think of England and the English after his long spell in Canada?

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Roberts' Heights : Dec. 4, 1911.

I've got such a glorious budget from you. . . .

I've also got 'Ethan Frome,' and shall begin it to-night. You must have been torn by A. J. B.'s resignation. I am over the moon that Bron-Boy has got his Agriculture,* is he well and happy? I am dying to see the new Chow-dog, I don't envy its life under the dictatorship of Mog. I've seen Lord Methuen, and loved him; what a good face? Mrs. Steele is staying with them.

This is a God-forsaken country, except for the veldt, which one never gets into; and the stars of the night, which are wonderful against a *clear* blue. I really can hardly tell you how blasted it is. Semi-detached tin bungalows, and *calling*. I am going to desert, and join the Irregular Sind Horse, as a vet. All all love.

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Roberts' Heights : Dec. 9, 1911.

How I loved 'Ethan Frome,' isn't it a really wonderful book. Even the drive at the beginning, when he says nothing and you know nothing about him, fills you with interest, and almost with horror at the hint of what is coming; and the end, when he lives alone with the two women, makes you shudder, it is so real. The only other good thing I read this week is the Fairy Tale by A. A. M.—brilliant; don't you love it?

You seem to have begun the Christmas festivities very

* Bron Lucas had been made Under-Secretary to the Board of Agriculture.

early this year, how did Billa get back by the 23rd of November? or did he only come temporarily, to kill the Panshanger pheasants? Please give Dad oceans of love, I will write to him directly I get one moment; at present I am editing 'The Eagle,' running the regimental Athletic Club, writing a play and lyrics for the Dramatic Club, and doing the wines for the Mess. I am going to strike shortly, as I want to learn French and mule-driving and signalling and short-hand and Hegel. It is a *filthy* place, half a hill and half a hole, in a country that ought to be inhabited only by quagga and rhinoceros, instead of Jew-boys looking for diamonds. The ugliness of the habitations of man is quite indescribable, and the sordid regularity and cleanliness of everything. I hate it worse every day. As for the climate being good, it is the grossest lie; it is unspeakable, with Drury Lane thunderstorms in perpetual succession. A man went mad here the other day from sheer boredom, he ran along all the kops and dorps and spruits and poorts, simply playing with two infantry regiments and one cavalry regiment, who were sent out to bring him in. They did not find him for two days, and eventually came upon him asleep on the high road to Johannesburg. He got up, and said Good morning to them, and asked them what they wanted? And since then he has been perfectly sane.

I have just been run away with on my hitherto mouse-like charger, and this morning I took part in a motor-accident, painted three scenes, and wrote two topical poems.

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Carlton Hotel, Johannesburg : Christmas Eve, 1911.

. . . It is funny Christmas weather here, boiling hot, and I think one feels the heat more here than in India, but I love it with all my heart and soul. We have all been grinding to the bone at a Gala-week—Sports, and a Variety Entertainment, and a Play, and a Ball. It was all a huge success, the Bo'sun and I wrote the Play and the songs, and I painted the scenes, and gigantic rag advertisements, 6 ft. by 10 ft. in red, blue and green paint.

Now four of us are here for a Beano. It is a wild place,

with Jews and Boers and Africanders drinking themselves silly in bars all day long, and a lot of soldiers, and ladies with very large hats. Everybody comes here for a fling, and it's fun for a day or two, and a good change, but a week would leave you dead. The Colonel is in terrific form, I do love him, he is such tremendous fun too. Do you know the Methuens? I like them, and they have been awfully kind.

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Train from Johannesburg to Pretoria: Dec. 31, 1911.

Thank you awfully for your Christmas letter and all the glorious presents, the waistcoat buttons are just exactly what I needed to complete my disguise as a gent. What a happy new year I wish you; are you really and truly well again? You cannot think how miserable it makes me to think of you anything but *radiantly* well—'There was a star danced, and under that you were born.'—All luck to darling Billa in his many athletic enterprises. I have been in Johannesburg buying some ponies at the tournament, I've got three absolute smashers, and now I'm going to settle down at those disgusting barracks, and lead the simple life, and work at Polo like a nigger, and learn some soldiering. Jo'burg is a sinful and wicked town, with the most unpleasant population on earth, devoted entirely to filthy lucre and strong drink. I saw the Wolvertons there, what an angel she is, isn't she? Paul Methuen is coming back in a few days, from hunting bugs in Zanzibar. I saw Dennis Bingham, he looks nice, and is a first-rate horseman, the best out here. The regiment are in grand form, but four of the great stars are at home and in India, but Bunty and Bo'sun are here. Is there going to be a war with Germany in the spring? if there is, I shall never be able to sell my ponies—nor to play them, as I must devote myself to learning the Art of War. Have you read anything good, I've just finished 'Zuleika Dobson,' and loved all the beginning. And a *very* good poem by Masefield, that you sent. All love and God bless you. Tell Mog that her drawing of Koko is magnificent, and now I know just what he's like. Tell me more about George

Monckton; and Bridget Colebrooke; both new to me, they do sound toppers from all you all say.

Roberts' Heights: Jan. 7, 1912.

What glorious glorious news about Billa's Craven; the only thing that pleased me as much in my life was when that same great man knocked out the Cambridge heavy-weight. Are you really going to Cairo this spring? I think we shall too, en route for Berlin? Tell me every thread of the chances of war? Noël Mason is here, and so very nice. I will be an awful dear little boy to the ——. I do wish I had heard Dad's speech on the Naval Prize Bill. I read 'The Everlasting Mercy' again and again, there *are* good things in it? Thanks too for 'Tante,' and 'The Hampdenshire Wonder,' I rather liked the latter. Head swimming after eight hours solid work on a Special Number of 'The Eagle,' it was great fun, I love journalism. My three ponies are beyond expectation, and I am wropped up in them; we play three days a week on a horrible hard gravel ground. What a country!

Roberts' Heights: Jan. 14, 1912.

Enthusiastic accounts from all quarters of the Taplow Pantomime, do send the complete MS., how I should have loved to see it, how I hunger and thirst to see you all, I'll get home this autumn or die for it. Stanway sounded perfect. Do your relations with — progress? I should simply love to see you with him. Do you know, I believe he will wear you down in the end yet! I do dislike him, but I admire the way he has stood up to your fierce distaste, don't you? I had such a good letter from Tommy Lascelles. Have you seen Edward Horner lately, what is he like at twenty-two? wholly young, like me, or wholly old, like Bill? Paul Methuen has become a really keen scientist, and collects dead beasts' bones in Madagascar. He looks a little older, but still beautiful, and more æsthetic than ever. He came up to see me the other day, and the Bo'sun mistook him for the electric-light man. He for his

part mistook the Bo'sun for the Mess Orderly. Their interview sounded most splendid, from the accounts of both sides. Billy Rawle is in Pretoria, with his Regiment; he is more amusing than ever.

We live a hard training life here, Polo three days a week, and a lot of soldiering, and water-drinking. I do hate this filthy country, worse and worse. Everything is stereotyped and devitalised and flat, and red dust blows down one's throat all day. I am heart-sick for India, and I am going to have my room whitewashed, to reflect the emptiness of my mind and soul. I cannot draw or write or read or think or breathe, and I am going to buy a cat and a canary and learn to knit. My ponies are fizzers, though.

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Roberts' Heights: Jan. 20, 1912.

Here are my photographs at last; you will notice the proud mien of the soldier, combined with the slightly bowed legs of the Cavalry-soldier, who cannot discard the attitude of the pigskin even when in rest; the feet elongated by the continual pressure of the stirrup-iron; the alert pose, with fingers resting lightly on the covered menace of the sword; the graceful inclination of the figure, similar to the Tower of Pisa, but due in this case to the photographic artist having cut out the portrait crooked; I feel sure that you will like it.

Paul is an angel, and it's fun having Billy Rawle here, at Pretoria. I am frightfully pleased with the three new ponies. Life goes on as usual here, and the Jews and the Dutch do each other in all day. We start Musketry on Monday, and live in continual noise for two or three weeks, getting all the squadron through. You stand at the firing-point, to see that they don't shoot each other, or you sit in the butts, to see that the markers don't cheat. We have to be on the range at 5.30 a.m. which means getting up before 4. 'The Dop Doctor' is rather good, but I hate material books, centred on whether people are successful. I like books about artists and philosophers and dreamers and anybody who is a little off his dot. All love to the

Happy Family. About Moggie's nice nature I feel deeply sceptical; she is a poisoner at heart, and only a fairly successful hypocrite. What are you going to do with her? Don't you love the Bain Indian books? O God, I wish I was in India now—but our polo team has got into the final, in the scratch tournament (the Colonel, Leighton, Pitt Rivers and me) we play to-morrow, and have got quite a chance of winning. My ponies are things of beauty and joys for ever. The storms are really terrific here, almost unbelievable, the thunder lifts you clean out of your chair. About two flashes a minute are going on now, all within about 200 yards.

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Roberts' Heights : Feb. 18.

I adored your letter from Gisburne, and it made me long to be there with you and all the Sports. I think I love that country best of all; I remember it far more vividly than any other, it is so grim and wild, and I've had more fun there than anywhere else. I'm glad you met and liked Peter. I don't remember —, but I remember his three horses exactly. The Hunt Ball must have been fun there. I love the photographs of the Likkies; Moggie does look 'a little bit of orlright,' doesn't she?

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Roberts' Heights : Feb. 25, 1912.

Do you know I never got Chesterton's 'White Horse,' isn't it a shame; send me another copy and I'll pay for it, like you used to pay for the luncheons I gave you in Balliol. I am sure there is usurer's blood in me, ever since I came to this do-or-die country I have been enticing my friends into wild bets, to the great advantage of my pocket and diminution of my popularity. But please send it; you don't know how I love book presents now, I feel a sort of terrible emptiness and dryness inside my head from reading so few good things. I didn't like the Masfield 'Widow' poem very much, not on the same plane as 'The Everlasting Mercy.' I really did *wonder* at bits of that—and then bits of it, how bad. All the tract-y wadding at the end, after the really magnificent

beginning. But the 'Widow' poem rather shows up his desire to shock and offend at all costs; and shows one why even the other jarred a little—from pose, and slight false-ness. But what truth too, and the strength which cannot go without truth. Isn't he good at getting pages into one short line—the six lines from 'I lived in disbelief of Heaven'; it's so terribly convincing, you cannot doubt that he did.

About —; I don't know. But I look back with growing animosity on his memory. I hated him so in the mornings. I didn't like him much when he was drunk. I liked him very much sometimes when he was a long way off, and I liked being told the things he said. But I didn't like the way he walked, even when he was walking away. I didn't like his hands, or his feet, or his dislike of dogs. Animals always edged away from him.

I am working hearts-out to get home this autumn. It would be glorious if you came out, but you'd hate this country like I do; let's go to India and Cochin-China, and Paris on the way home. I am so frightfully sorry that your Waiting has stoppered the family expedition to Egypt, to stay with Lord K.

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CHAPTER XIX.

MONICA and her parents went to London for two fortnights in February and March 1912 for her Mother's 'Waiting.' They took the Hindlips' flat in Berkeley Street, and went to a great many Play-parties and Dinners and Balls, and Monica had enormous fun. Billy was going in for the Boxing and the Half-Mile at Oxford that term; he was not very well when term began and got leave to go to the sea, and the Waldorf Astors lent him their little house at Sandwich, where he went with his trainer, Pat O'Keefe; he got on splendidly, but very unluckily got a very bad cold at Oxford just before the Boxing-match, and was beaten, after a tremendous fight. His mother and sister went down there afterwards on March 2nd, the day of the Half-Mile; Billy was looking very ill, but absolutely insisted upon running—but he could hardly walk, very much less run. It was a sad disappointment, as he had taken such great trouble and worked so hard. He was soon well again.

February 17th, 1912, was their parents' Silver Wedding-day.

There was a Beagle-Meet at Taplow one day in February. Imogen got a pad, and Mr. Howard-Vyse* asked her what she would do with it, she said sharply 'Pad it.' Her hat would not come off, and she got very angry, and said to Ivan Hay '*Hang* this great gelastic.' She said she did teaze Ben the Rabbit a good deal, but it didn't matter, as he hadn't 'got a really nice nature.'

* The Master.

Monica and her mother went to stay at Holdenby, for some hunting for her, and the Pytchley Races, where George Monckton won the big race. On April 1st they all gathered at Taplow for the Easter holidays.

These were some of Billy's letters that Winter and Spring, 1911-1912.

Balliol: Dec. 1911.

We have done six papers out of ten (the Craven Examination) and I am still alive and have done reasonably well. Lyne Stevens gave me a tonic, composed of strychnine, quinine, and monkeys'-brains, in equal quantities, which makes me feel like Socrates. I dined with darling Pat last night, and played Golf to-day, Sunday, with Mark Tennant and Polos at Huntercombe; great fun. The Exam. ends Tuesday, and I shall come straight home. Please have my guns, 500 cartridges, riding-breeches, and other necessities, for Casie's and my visit to Avon, all ready. It is sad that the delightful pattern has failed us. I have chosen one I like almost as well, and send it herewith. It is too angelic of you to have taken so much trouble about it.

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Avon Tyrrell: Dec. 1911.

We have had delicious fun here, Norah, Hugh Godley, Diana, Eileen Wellesley, Seymour Fortescue, and the Willoughby d'Eresbys; I do think the latter so delightful. Seymour Fortescue I also love. We played drawing-games and clumps and being-two-people and Bridge, and everyone was wonderfully witty. Diana Lister went to-day, to stay with Laura and her baby. Yesterday we rode over some jumps, and Bet's horse rolled on her and drove one of her hair-pins a good 6 inches into her head, but she remounted and at once started jumping again; and Hoppy only said that he must tell Wirt to make the fences stiffer. We pony-hunt to-morrow; and Taplow Friday—I *am* so pleased that you are glad about the Craven. Good-bye, my darling, thank you so much for everything.

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London : January, 1912.

I tried on a lovely Assyrian dress at Simmons, for our Ball, but now find a Roman Centurion at Nathan's, which is an idyllic idealised dream. Price somewhat excessive, but what of that, in the flush of my new-found wealth. Do get the Assyrian dress for Linky, as I have half-engaged it, and it really is gorgeous—with a fine black beard. Will meet you at Simmons 2.45.

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Sandwich : January, 1912.

Gisburne is always unique, and always fun. Was the speaking-maggie made into bouillon, or Ribblesdale's filly spiked on barbed wire, during your stay? Those are two of my liveliest recollections. This is such a delicious house, built by Paul Phipps, every window is nailed open, and the air is such that — would be in a state of permanent auto-intoxication. Pat O'Keefe is cultured and charming; he has fought in 4 continents, and has a fine pair of hands and a pretty wit. I am rising early, and smoking one cigarette per diem; also reading History. I am very well, and very very happy.

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Sandwich : January, 1912.

I *am* so sorry about your Egypt being off, what a bore. It is so delicious down here, yesterday was wonderful, with lilac sea and pale blue sky. I started off for a brisk walk with Pat O'Keefe, about 10 a.m., and soon afterwards sighted two striking-looking females missing their balls on the 1st tee, and who should they be but Katherine Asquith and Cyncie, who were staying at an hotel with Bongie, Beau-Beb, Raymond, and Ego. Cyncie and K. came to luncheon with me, and were too delicious. They said that the least sinister rumour pervading London about me was that I had gone off my burner, and was staying down here with my keeper. O'Keefe is an angel, and a brilliant conversationalist. The odd-man is very ceremonious, and waits for hours while I toy with my dinner. The baths in this house have hot *sea-water*, and

five different kinds of showers. I get up about 8 every morning, do Sandow, and then read for about an hour, and play one round of golf, and walk one mile to the Links and one back, at a brisk pace; at 1.30 luncheon, at 3.30 I work full-split for an hour at ball-punching, skipping, and boxing, then have a wonderful bath and massage, and appear automatically for 'le 5 o'clock.' The evening is my own, and I work at the books like blazes. It is a wonderful life, but for tobacco-famine.

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Sandwich : Feb. 1912.

Rest Harrow is to all intents and purposes a snow-drift now, and golf is a thing of the past. I go for Marathon races with Pat O'Keefe instead, and discuss the Solar Plexus Blow between the pants; he is so amusing. I think I shall keep him always. I read Greek History all the evening. Few could beat me at Greek History now. I feel horribly spry and well and self-denying, and there are moments when I prefer my former life of unlimited cigarettes, unrestrained pleasure, and threatened dropsy. But on the other hand feeling like essence of Health-and-Strength-Cocoa is hard to beat.

There is such a blizzard raging outside; I am in constant terror of being called upon to man the Deal life-boat, and rescue the crew of a Scandinavian bark ashore on the Goodwin Sands.—Scandinavian barks are always being wrecked here, I suppose it is their Viking blood that makes them so reckless. I am just off for another Marathon Race.

Evensong-P.S. As the snow is now waist-deep on the roads, I think I shall bring O'Keefe to Taplow for a few days, and exercise him in the Tennis-court and Gymnasium. Please prepare Mr. Balfour's room for my studies, and have a beefsteak, stewed prunes, and an omelette partially cooked for my dinner. The Boxing at Oxford is Feb. 24th, and the Sports March 2nd and 4th. I have been reading a volume of Nietzsche, which is just a pirated reprint of the book on Philosophy written by Juju when he was ill. Thank you for your most darling

letter, though I don't agree with all that is said. Still we can have a Referendum about it, can't we, when we meet. I am so glad you like the little Silveradoes, they are only a tiny remembrance of a great love. I must go back to Oxford next Thursday.

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Taplow : March 20th, 1912.

It is *such* fun having Trousers here, he is such a delicious, comfortable, philosophic, and domestic comrade, and almost as mad about games as I am. We play tennis and golf about 10 hours daily. I am a little lower than Braid at Golf now. I have asked him to stay till Monday, and Edward comes on Friday night. The Arboretum (the Beerbohm Trees') was really immense fun, so strange and haphazard, and so comfortable and amusing. Mrs. Tree and Diana Manners are the wittiest of women; and we had glorious smoking-room fun, with Pat and Edward; the latter describing his adventures in the beau monde with impartial hand, as only he can. It is this complete lack of self-consciousness, and surrender of the veil of conceit, that endears him so enormously to his band of friends.

I went on Monday night to a Cotillon presided over by Lady Cunard. The London Assembly Rooms attract me as the candle draws the tiger-moth; every time I think to have a mad success and meet my charming fate, and it is only after hours of standing up against a pillar, with feet visibly swelling, that I realize my sad mistake. This as a matter of fact was fun, and I was driven in a tandem with Geordie's intended; what a glorious woman, and what luck for them to marry each other, whatever the disappointed Mamas may say. I shall come to London on Monday for 2 or perhaps 3 nights, is there any fun on then? Arrange some? Barrett has taken your words of warning about the coal-strike to heart, and the fires here are no bigger than Halley's Comet, and not near so warm.

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This poem was written by Julian that Spring, and printed in 'The Eagle,' the Royal Dragoons'

magazine, of which he was editor; with a very good drawing by Julian of Toby, his black greyhound.

TO A BLACK GREYHOUND.

Shining black in the shining light,
 Inky black in the golden sun,
 Graceful as the swallow's flight,
 Light as swallow, wingèd one,
 Swift as driven hurricane—
 Double-sinewed stretch and spring,
 Muffled thud of flying feet,
 See the black dog galloping,
 Hear his wild foot-beat.

See him lie when the day is dead,
 Black curves curled on the boarded floor.
 Sleepy eyes, my sleepy-head—
 Eyes that were aflame before.
 Gentle now, they burn no more;
 Gentle now and softly warm,
 With the fire that made them bright
 Hidden—as when after storm
 Softly falls the night.

God of Speed, who makes the fire—
 God of Peace, who lulls the same—
 God who gives the fierce desire,
 Lust for blood as fierce as flame—
 God who stands in Pity's name—
 Many may ye be or less,
 Ye who rule the earth and sun :
 Gods of strength and gentleness,
 Ye are ever one.

Re-reading this poem recalls Titchfield's words in a letter after Julian's death—'He was the gallantest man I have ever known, and the gentlest.'

It was a most lovely hot Easter at Taplow. Imogen and her bicycle fell in a sudden jingling heap in the road. She said, 'My bicycle skad.' She crept up behind her father, and suddenly let a very large spring-cobra out of a trick Easter-Egg on to his head—she said, rather aggrieved, 'I only just let my new surprise-snake very genteley on to Dad's hair.'

Billy and his mother walked over to Eton one very beautiful afternoon, and had happy visits to Mr. Luxmoore in his garden, and to the Cornishs. They went to London for Geordie Stafford's marriage to Eileen Butler, on April 11th, and to Avon for four most happy days in the Spring 'Forest'—with Desmond, Ivor Windsor, Evan, Eddy Grant, Adèle Essex, Nellie Hozier, Sidney Peel, and Mr. Luxmoore—and Bron at Picket. On April 17th, when they were back at Taplow, there was an almost total eclipse of the sun, at 12 o'clock on a very sunny day, lasting about an hour. They watched it through smoked glasses, with fearfully aching eyes.

There was a party at Taplow, in very hot weather, for the Guards' Races at Hawthorn Hill and the Windsor Ball—of Rosemary and Alastair, Aileen and George Brodrick, Rose Aylmer, Charlie Mills, Desmond, George Monckton, Ivor Windsor and Phyllis, Bridget Colebrooke, Philip and Sybil Sassoon, Vita Sackville-West, Diana Lister, Patrick, Peter Combe, and Michael Herbert. Poor Alastair had a very bad fall, racing at Hawthorn Hill, and was laid up for a long time with concussion, at the little farmhouse on the race-course. George Monckton was riding 'Chantrey' in the big Team race, but fell and broke a stirrup, but he still finished 6th, and the 1st Life Guards won.

There were lovely picnics in the Penn woods, and in Burnham Beeches and Dropmore. Billy and Ivo

went back to Balliol and Summer Fields at the end of April. After that lovely hot Spring, there were four months of rain and cold!

On May-Day Willie went first through the new Lock at Boulter's, at which he had been working hard all the winter. They went to London that evening, for Charlie Mills's Ball—to a house in Bruton Street which they took for three months.

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These were some of Julian's letters that Spring.

Roberts' Heights: March 17, 1912.

You must have had fun skating. Don't you love the pictures in the papers of the people who win the Fen Championships, held for the first time for 3 years? During which 3 years, they have been cleaning their skates, and whistling for a frost, and mending the holes in their black tights. It must be such a good profession. Thank you awfully for your letter, a very good one. How exciting about the Silver Wedding, but your pictures and Dad's in the 'Tatler' look like John Vere-de-Vere coming-of-age and his prospective bride from the Gaiety Theatre; and I am sure that you signed the Attestation Papers wrong, and that I am really about 12, and a fraudulent enlistee; whereas Bill-boy is like Ginger Stott's metaphysical son, with a body developed in proportion to his mind. Has he won the Boxing again? I am simply batting to hear? Give him my love of loves. And do send me your articles, I shall never forgive you if you don't? I wish I could have heard Chesterton dragging in Dickens, and Edmund Gosse on the military coves, but that will all come in the 'Autumn; won't we have a gigantic bust! Send me Evan's 'Fontenoy'; and Stonewall Jackson. I agree with what you say about success, but I like the people best who take it as it comes, or doesn't come, and are busy about unpractical and ideal things in their heart of hearts all the time. The two things really go together, I suppose, but I like the interest to be in the unsuccessful and unsuccessful. Success has such gross bearings. We start Squadron

Training to-morrow—8.30 to 1 p.m. and 2 to 3. I school my ponies 6.30 to 8 in the mornings, and play Polo 3.30 to 5. I'm going to start Boxing in the evenings, for the Army Championship in May. My ponies are like Greek Sculpture, only with a neater style of galloping; just think how tired it would make you to play 8 chukkers on horses which always had four legs in the air at once.

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Roberts' Heights: March 24, 1912.

It is terribly sad about Billa's boxing, and rotten bad luck. I am miserable about it, aren't you? they had all written to me that he was boxing magnificently before. Thank you awfully for the Edinburgh Review, and the Sir Alfred Lyall poems, and the photographs of Bill and Dad. I think Bill's* is really fine. I had cut it out of a paper before because I thought it so beautiful. It must have been a wonderful dress. His face is entirely Roman, I think, not Greek; too singleminded and tenacious for a Greek. I liked the Lyall poems, but not nearly so much as you do: they are so jingly, with cheap rhythm instead of music, and I hate 'easy-chair,' and I rather hate 'Just for the pride of the old countree,' rhyming with 'me,' and recalling 'Duke's son, cook's son,' etc. etc. Have you finished the Newman Life, and shall I like it? The Territorial Nursing must have been an awful labour for you to start, but you'll get it on wheels soon. Philip Hardwick has come out here, back to the Regiment; he is a great man; like a breath of fresh air in the suburbs, out here. Such a good new Subaltern too, from Oxford, called Leckie. I'm glad Lady Wolverton thought I was nice and young and fresh, because I feel so particularly nasty and old and stale just at present. The poor English ponies out here are just getting their summer coats, and the South African winter is just beginning, so that life is a perpetual disillusionment to them; their state of body is exactly parallel to my state of mind—no, I'm frightfully well, only in a vile temper at this minute. All dearest love to you all.

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* In his Roman Centurion's dress.

Roberts' Heights : March 30, 1912.

Thank you awfully for your birthday presents, I simply adore the hectic picture of you and Moggie at the burning of Rome, and I love the Marlowe poems—tremendously—and the lovely binding. I've just read the one when her feet look gracious, as she goes away from him. The 'Amores' are so much less disgusting than the same sort of modern things, because Ovid never tried to make out what a fearful dog he was, like the modern erotics; he just states his fun quite naturally and without surprise. I *am* so glad Billa is better, give him tons and tons of my love, and thank the wicked Moggie for her letter, and say I am glad that her complexion is so lovely. We are in the throes of Squadron training, and at it all day. I fight in the Amateur Boxing in 10 days, and I'm as hard as nails, and in full training. The Polo has been glorious fun lately. My squadron-leader, Hardwick, let me ride all the bad horses in the squadron to-day, over the jumps, for a birthday-treat, and I'm black and blue at every corner. How I wish I was in England, now that April's nearly there. How I wish I was 22, not 24; or 28, or 18, or 37—no, I think 24 is a very good age, but I wish I could see you now. This takes you tons of blessing, and I do love getting your letters, and any little trifles in the way of books that come to hand.

Roberts' Heights : April 7, 1912.

I loved your letter, and Mr. Barnes' insidious flattery of my personal appearance. What fun you and Casie must have had in the Pytchley country, write me long accounts of each race, à la 'How we beat the Favourite.' I loved the story of Bron, how I long to see him again, give him oceans of affection from me. The great excitement here is the Johannesburg Boxing, 3 days this week. I'm taking over a dozen of the regimental pugilists, and fighting in the Officers' Heavy-weights myself, I do hope I get an opponent, because I'm very fit and full of fight. I do love the Marlowe, what a lot of stuff there is in him; what gloriously beautiful lines in 'Faustus'!

Roberts' Heights : April 21, 1912.

I do love the 'Ballad of the White Horse,' not quite to me the wild spontaneity of the best of the Belloc poems, but what lovely things there are in it—I love the men, when they are fighting for their lives, breaking out in long philosophical discourses about Christianity and Nihilism and Paradox, between the rounds. I suppose they had a system of Half-Time. Don't you love

' Her face was like the spoken word
When brave men speak and choose,
The very colour of her coat
Was better than good news.'

We have finished Squadron Training, and passed all the tests with éclat. The Colonel said he was very pleased with me. I went to Johannesburg on the 11th with our boxing men, trained up to the eyes, and when I got there found that I was the only Heavy-weight Officer entered! So I got the promoters to give a cup for a four-round contest, and a man who was in training for the Amateur Championship said he would come and fight me. He was a fire-man, called Tye; he used to be a sailor, and he looked as hard as a hammer. I quaked in my shoes when I saw him, and quaked more when I heard he was 2-1 on favourite for the Championship, and quaked most when my trainer went to see him, and returned with word that he had knocked out two men in $\frac{1}{4}$ of an hour. We went into the Ring on the night, and he came straight for me like a tiger, and hit left and right; I stopped the left, but it knocked my guard aside, and he crashed his right clean on to the point of my jaw. I was clean knocked out; but by the fluke of Heaven I recovered and came to and got on to my feet again by the time they had counted 6. I could hardly stand, and I could only see a white blur in front of me; but I just had sense to keep my guard up, and hit hard at the blur whenever it came within range. He knocked me down twice more, but my head was clearing every moment, and I felt a strange sort of confidence that I was master of him. I put him down in the 2nd round, with a right counter, which shook him; he

took a count of 8. In the 3rd round I went in to him, and beat his guard down—then crossed again with the right, and felt it go right home, with all my arm and body behind it. I knew it was the end, when I hit; and he never moved for 20 seconds. They said it was the best fight they had seen for years in Johannesburg, and my boxing men went clean off their heads, and carried me twice round the hall. I was 11 st. 4., and he was 11 st. 3., and I think it was the best fight I shall ever have.

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The Trout Bungalow, Natal :
April 26, 1912.

No letter from you this week, as I've come down here for a week's holiday, to fish, and haven't got my Mail yet. This place is a tin hut in the wilds of Natal, near the Basutoland border. Great bare hills, and a little rocky river, like a Scotch river. I came down here yesterday—1½ days in the train, and a 20 mile drive from the station, with 4 mules and a Cape-cart, over a real Buckinghamshire 'dotted-line' road. It is a wild country, and a wild place, but oh, how I hate all this blasted South Africa. There is no warmth in it, or colour, or character, it is bare and lonely and unlovely and empty and prosaic. I can't feel comfortable or alive in it, only an outcast. Directly I got here, it began to thunder and rain; it would; and the river became pea-green with purple patches; it would; and the trout retired to their dashed holes. Then three drunken farmers came in and wanted me to drink with them, and I told them that I took the pledge in New York in '98. The Basutos are going to make war, and I don't blame them—living in a country like this. If you burnt the whole district, it would look just the same in a fortnight, houses and all, if you imported a dozen Scotch settlers. There are no trees—think of it, no trees!

The best thing in South Africa is William Rawle, of the South Wales Borderers. He has become a cynic, with an immensely powerful brain. He is the man who said to Patrick, 'Oh yes, I know all about you Balliol men and Aristotle.' . . .

I am longing to get your letter, I wish I was with you

now. 'From you have I been absent in the Spring.' Tell Williams to look me out a Steeple-chase horse for when I come home, and tell Likky-Man and Mog that I love them awfully.

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Pretoria : May 6, 1912.

Two glorious budgets from you; April at Taplow sounds too delicious, and the holidays, and Likkie-Man playing cricket with Gibbon, and the Garth Point-to-Point, which made me simply ache to be riding a race again. I want someone to get me two *nailing* steeple-chase hunters for next winter, ask all the horsey men you know for a horse that can hunt and jump, and fast enough to win races. I will write to Ribblesdale; and tell Williams to keep his eyes wide open and straight to the front, and enlist Tricky B. Thank you for Rupert Brooke, and all Eddy Marsh's Poets. How I love 'Hero and Leander,' and some of 'Dido.' I had such a good week's idling and eating and fishing in Natal, and feel like a tiger again now. It was great fun, and the fishing good, averaging 20 trout a day, small, but very amusing.

Tell me all about Avon? I loved Billy's wedding-garment for Geordie's nuptials, you ought to have been glad he didn't go in his jersey. Did you have a good clothes argument? I am buying some new open-work sweaters for London wear next winter, and some splendid dirt-coloured shirts, so you will have great fun walking about with your two sons.

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Roberts' Heights : May 12, 1912.

I do love some of the Rupert Brooke poems, who is Rupert Brooke?? Also the Maurice Hewlett. Your Avon must have been the greatest fun, it is a good place for fun and happy-go-luckiness, and what divine country; how one remembers it! Moggy seems to be in transcendent form; do you think she will be a sort of Messalina, or a saint with a halo? She has got all the elements of extreme wickedness in her, and—you say—of extreme goodness.

I saw some pictures in Jo'burg yesterday—John, Orpen, Sargent; and it suddenly carried one away into a land with things in it, and warmth in it, and burning interest; out of this big ugly empty box. Did you ever see a picture by Orpen called 'The Fairy Ring'? I did so like it. We go down to Potchefstroom next week, for the Inter-Regimental and Subalterns' Polo. I have been having such fun lately with the Makins family. She is such a great dear, and so amusing, and they are very good together too, which is rare. Billy Miles has just come back, from India. I want to ask for such a lot of things.

Faith.

Hope.

Charity.

Someone to buy my ponies.

A grande-passion.

A new face.

A beautiful soul.

More love of my fellow-men.

Death of —.

Death of —.

£250.

Small feet and hands.

Gentleness.

Quick repartee.

Less appetite.

Polished manners of the true gentleman.

Truth, sudden discovery of the.

Boots, Polo, new.

Life, theory of, new.

Books, old.

Books, new.

Death of —.

CHAPTER XX.

MR. SARGENT did a very good drawing of their father that May (1912), which he gave to their mother as a Silver-Wedding present. Ninety friends gave them beautiful wrought-iron garden-gates for Taplow, and a stone fountain, and a sun-dial, with this inscription :

Gulielmo atque Ethel Desborough
Quinque lustris connubii
Feliciter peractis
Tria horti hujusce ornamenta
Portas ferreas fontem marmoreum solarium aeneum
D.D.
Amici plusquam octoginta gratulantes
MCMXII

Monica went to Hatfield for Whitsuntide by herself, (her parents were at Hackwood), with all the Airlie family, the Leo Maxses (who were great friends of Julian's), Desmond, Linky, George Brodrick, Jamie Balfour, and Alison and Oswald Balfour; and she also went to a Sunday-party at Esher by herself, when her parents and Imogen went to Billy and Ivo at Oxford, for Ivo's *last* Summer Fields Exeat. They saw Ivo play cricket in his beautiful 'First Eleven' colours, and spent all Sunday in the Wytham Woods.

There was a garden-party at Taplow for the 600 Delegates to the Conference of the 'Chambers of Commerce,' luckily on one of the very few fine days of that very wet Summer.

'At the very end of that Summer Term, there was

a great bear-fight one evening in the Balliol Quad, and all the furniture in one man's rooms was thrown out of the window. There had been a good deal of the same kind of thing going on for some time, and the College authorities were determined to stop it, and had given warning that strong measures would be taken; and Billy and some others who were implicated were sent down.

Billy was allowed to stay on for a few days for Tennis-practice, as he was again playing for Oxford. Willie went to Stockholm on July 8th, to stay with the Crown Prince and Princess of Sweden, for the 'Olympic Games' there. On July 12th Ivo came up to London, after his Eton Examination, for his first Eton-and-Harrow match at Lord's. The Universities' Tennis-match was played at Lord's on that Friday, July 12th, and triumphantly won for Oxford by John Manners and Billy by 3 sets to 2, after a fearful struggle. Cambridge got to 4 games to 1 in the final set, when they were 2 sets all. John and Billy's families sat together, and very nearly died of it, and of the final joy.

They all went to the Eton-and-Harrow dance that night at Devonshire House; and the next day to Taplow, all alone and all together, for the one hot lovely Sunday of all that summer; with dinner in the garden, and much bathing. Billy and Ivo went back to Oxford on the Monday. Billy was working at Philosophy there with Sandy Lindsay, one of the Balliol Dons.

Willie got back from Sweden on July 20th, and they had the last Saturday-to-Monday party of that Summer at Taplow—of Mr. Balfour, Lord Curzon, Lord Milner, the Crewes, Londonderrys, Derbys and Victoria, Harry Lindsays, Edgar and Helen, Mollie Sneyd, Violet Cecil, John Revelstoke, Linky, Desmond, Evan, and George Monckton. They had



MONICA GRENFELL, AGED 19.

had eight Saturday-to-Monday parties and two huge water-parties—one in a deluge of rain, which the children liked best of all!—and Monica had been to fifty Balls, and played a great deal of tennis, at Ken Wood, St. Dunstan's, Gunnersbury, Queen's Club, and Devonshire House. On their last evening in London, John Revelstoke had a dinner and party for Earl's Court—with Alice Salisbury and Mima, Mr. Balfour, Evan, Titchfield, Desmond, Charlie Mills, Patrick, Ivan, and Valentine Castlerosse.

On August 1st they all went back to Taplow, and Ivo came home for the Holidays—having left Summer Fields for good. They all went to Panshanger for a few days in August—with Norah Lindsay, Bridget Colebrooke, Aileen Brodrick, Hugh Godley, Evan, Patrick, Titchfield, Sidney Herbert, Ivan Hay, and Rupert Keppel, in quite unspeakable weather, well triumphed over. Ivo went later on from Taplow to join the Boy-Scouts' Camp at Medmenham Abbey: his parents took him over, and left him there, in a large swamp, under a deluge of rain, but transcendently happy!—and he emerged after three days, with nothing worse than a very bad cold.

Monica, Ivo, Imogen, and their mother, and Hawa, went to Varengeville-sur-mer, in Normandy, for five weeks. The country was lovely, with miles of pinewoods and heather and sea-views, but the rain fell in buckets almost the whole time, it was very cold and windy, and the country was saturated. They could hardly bear to think of all the heat and radiance of Brittany the year before—remembering which, they had secured a little house well shaded and surrounded by trees! They went for some good motor expeditions, on the comparatively finer days—to Beauvais, Rouen, Eu Tréport, Arques-la-Bataille, and to St. Pierre-en-Port, where they had spent the summer of 1897; and found their little 'Chalet des

Muguets' much altered, and re-christened 'Mon Désir'!

They bathed, in rattling storms, and went for very long walks, and the children showed the greatest philosophy, and never fussed about the weather, except one day when Imogen said the rain had taken to going *up* her nose! She ate enormously, and fussed very much about what she called her 'details,' salt, pepper, etc. They read a great deal aloud—Southey's 'Life of Nelson,' Trevelyan's 'Cawnpore,' 'The War of the Worlds,' 'On the Face of the Waters,' 'Dan Russel the Fox,' and 'The Red Hand of Ulster.' Ivo and Imogen did French every morning with a little Mademoiselle, who was not much older than Ivo and not nearly so big.

On September 19th Ivo's parents took him to Eton for the first time; he looked lovely in his Eton clothes and little 'topper.' They hung up all his pictures and things, and his father gave him a beautiful clock, a table-cover, and a fountain-pen. He went to Mr. Goodhart's, Billy's old house.

These were some of Billy's letters that Summer.

Balliol: May, 1912.

I am coming up to London to-morrow for the delirious Ball. Please give me a little dinner and half a bed at Bruton Street, I shall have to leave shortly before the dawn on Friday. Sid and Trousers and John Manners fill life with completeness here.

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Balliol: May, 1912.

Tennis is absorbing, but terribly in the balance; I do pine to beat our Cambridge rivals; if John and I play, we'll do it or die for it. Sutton was delicious last Sunday—with Diana, Bet and Ange, Patrick, Edward, and Charles Hope, who was delightful, and lots of others.

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Balliol: June, 1912.

I have been thinking over the question of Panshanger, but think I'd better stay here, as the time is so short, especially as I went to Mells last Sunday; where I had a philosophical conversation with Lord Haldane, and emerged covered with shame. Raymond and K., and Edward, and Venetia, were there, and we had royal fun.

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Balliol: July, 1912.

Sandy has been quite charming. Philosophy is the greatest nonsense, as all sensible people must know by now, but it makes the brain revolve, and Plato's Republic is about the best book in the world. I am a fatalist myself, and don't cry more than I can help over spilt milk, but that don't go down in the Schools, apparently, and I'm not sure it's much good for life.

This cloistral life is the greatest delight and peace, no interruptions and no idle chat. I work 8 hours a day, play a lot of tennis with an amiable mulatto called Cheops, and dine in the Hall with the oddest collection you ever saw, a Bergson Philosopher, a Musical Scholar, Cheops, and a Moldavian Jew; they do make me laugh.

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Balliol: July, 1912.

I had dinner with — last night; he was first a stock-rider and steeple-chase jockey in Australia, then for years an officer in a Sikh cavalry regiment; then he got a call, became a parson, and settled down here in a semi-detached villa, to teach the way of God to all the little knock-kneed clever atheists up here. It makes one weep to see him so incongruously placed, and so hopelessly bent on his duties. He is a MAN, and has risked his life a hundred times in three continents. He is so simple and brave and true, I have always loved him, and besides he has a real worship for Julian, and so I have loved him the more for that.

He gave it me pretty straight from the shoulder, but said at the end, 'You have brains and pluck, and if you

have God's help He will pull you through. And the only way to find God is to pray to Him in wide lonely places.' It is extraordinary how the loyal and simple can help one, when all the dreary intellectual platitudes are so inefficacious.

— talked to me for hours the other day, of all the eminent aristocrats who had clashed with Authority in their youth, and of the principles of people living in Colleges and Cloisters from St. Augustine onward. His anecdotes want polishing as badly as does the mahogany crown of his head. Sandy has been delightful in every way, he is an angel of goodness, and the greatest help. I have done about 8 hours philosophy a day, and read a good many other books, but have not much headache yet.

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Balliol, August, 1912.

I am so delighted to hear that you have gained new strength from your 'back to the land' movement in Normandy. I am sure you were terribly in need of a rest-cure, and am glad that it has proved the shortest and most efficacious on record. You *must* be *gloriously* well for Julian's return, and I pray you not to hurry back. I do hope the sun shines on your sea and among the pine-woods, here it pours all day long and every day, what a Summer!—The Pilgrim Father reads the Classics to me for 3½ hours every morning, and in the afternoon I generally play Tennis, and get in another 3 or 4 hours at the books.

They had such an amusing party at Cliveden on Sunday, madder than the March Hare's Soirée, and no method of telling the guests from the members of the band, and none of identifying the bodies who perished from exposure on board the steam-launch. Nance was so amusing, and Pauline Spender-Clay and Lady Kerry the greatest angels; Pauline is much the most fascinating creature alive, with those sad enormous brown eyes. Winston described his escape from Pretoria thrillingly.

Patrick came down here last night, and was charming, but infinitely depressed, poor old Shylock, at the idea of banking during the dog-days and through the autumn

equinox and to the end of all time. However, I was a good Job's comforter, and heartened him with the prospect of being a merchant-prince, which is surely as good or better than most things in this untidy world. My own wants are simple; so long as I have the use of my body and moderate brain, the lave may go by me. Conduct does not interest me very much, and other people's comments on it not at all. Patrick is more complicated, and wants friends and society and other luxuries. He is going to spend his one fortnight's holiday at the Inverness Gathering; under a northern pseudonym I guess, and in a kilt.

I am off to Sandwich to-morrow to tramp the Sealinks, then to Panshanger for a night to see Auntie Ka, then Studley, and the far north, where I shall stay as long as Barkis Stafford is willing. I shall learn to know every creature on the moors and every word in the Greek lexicon. Let me know the moment you hear the exact instant of Juju's arrival on our shores?

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Sandwich: August, 1912.

Here I am by the silver sea, which is silver when not lashed by blinding rain. This is the most delicious house, strewn with memories of Pat O'Keefe—blood on the nursery drugget, and black marks from rubber-shoes round the punch-ball. How I loved being here with that man.

— is soliciting me to go there, but I don't think I shall; the fishing and shooting there 'don't amount to a hill of beans' as Nancy says, and as for Love, it is bad for one's backhand at tennis and considerably worse for one's Latin Prose. I shall go straight from Studley to Loch Choire, till Julian comes. We *must* do a Wiggle woggle together, with Bron; it would be such fun to have a reunion on that scene of our ancient loves and chasses. I went to Auntie Ka last Monday, on the way here, who had heard from you and of the deplorable weather. I do hope the villa is fairly water-tight; very very dearest love to you and the Likkas. This is glorious fun, no one at all here except an occasional Empire-builder; and lots of golf and tennis.

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Dunrobin Castle, Sutherland : Sept. 1912.

MY DEAR DAD,—Very many thanks for your letter. My guns shoot splendidly, and are beautifully finished. I *am* so pleased with them.

We are a family party here, Geordie and Eileen, Lady Lanesborough, Lord Newtown-Butler, and, newly arrived, and bearing the scars of many wars, le Général Stuart Wortley.

They are all charming, especially Eileen, who is very beautiful I think. She seems very fond of Geordie; he is taking his candidature for Sutherland seriously, and is constantly hurrying off to judge at pig-shows or sheep-dog trials, to the general chagrin and fury of the competitors.

It has been the greatest fun here, and I have simply loved it. I arrived on Wednesday afternoon, and tried without success for a salmon, on Thursday Geordie and I shot 70 rabbits, yesterday I got 2 stags with the pessimistic Johnny Mackay, and today I got about 18 brace of grouse and a few quadrupeds. The mist was so bad when I was stalking that we had to lie and wait for half an hour within 100 yards of the deer, before it was light enough to shoot.

Very best love, and renewed thanks for the guns, from
BILLY.

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These were some of Julian's letters that Summer.

Potchefstroom : May 20, 1912.

You will be by now well settled down in London with Miss Monica Grenfell, thank her for a darling letter. What a wonderful Spring you must have had at Taplow, I wish I had been there; I've got a mud-coloured sweater that would knock sparks out of Billa-boy's, and many improved arguments on the subject of dress. We are here for a fortnight, for the Inter-Regimental Polo. Our Sub-alterns' Team is not too bad, but I don't think we shall win. This place is 4,000 ft. up, 2,000 ft. lower than Roberts' Heights, and it is much nicer. It is really quite *green*, and there are two or three trees to the square mile, and a river, almost as big but not so artistic as Berry Hill brook. We shall have a very cheerful fortnight.

About coming home—the difficulty is to know whether I can possibly get 8 months instead of 6. You're only supposed to get 6 months away from this country, but I expect my clever Mama could do in the W.O. all right. If I only get 6, I'll come in December, so as to get in the races, and Spring fun. If 8, I'll come in October.

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Potchefstroom: May 26, 1912.

Thank you for an awfully amusing letter; I do hate thinking of having missed a wonderful English Spring, in this pestilential continent where Spring makes no difference, and comes in the autumn.

30, Bruton St., sounds almost barbaric in splendour. I quite agree with you about Charlie Mills—he is wonderful in every way, and so irresistibly amusing. This is not a bad place, and a nice lazy life. I'm sure soldiering is the only perfect rest-cure, because it makes you take enough exercise to digest food, and makes no call whatsoever on the brain. A lot of that nasty indigestion comes from thinking, which drives the blood in an ugly rush to the brain. Instead of that, the soldier sits in a large chair in the Mess-room, and enjoys a state which is half-sleeping, a quarter reading the paper, and a quarter laughing when he hears someone else laughing, or saying 'By Jove' when somebody else makes a remark. The Regiment got well beaten at Polo (all the real nuts are away) by the 15th Hussars; we are living in their Mess here. I occupied the glorious and vital position of 5th man. We (the Sub-alterns) play on Tuesday. When we are not playing Polo or practising Polo, we are playing Billiards or practising Billiards, or playing Squash or practising Squash, in the intervals between eating and sleeping. Do you like the Eden Phillpotts books? I'm reading one now—rather good? Good about air and trees and breezy tree-like characters. How good the 'Three Grotesques' are in the St. John Lucas book; and the rest nowhere? Give my love to the family, I am sorry about Bill and Casie being so stony of heart. I feel that I shall fall an easy prey to the first female I meet in England. This is a picture of

the Champion Boxer of the 15th Hussars. He has got indomitable courage and no neck.

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Roberts' Heights: June 3, 1912.

I'm glad you liked the account of my fight in the 'Transvaal Leader.' They made an awful fuss about it, and nudge each other now when I walk in the streets of Johannesburg and mutter 'e's——'ot' which is apparently the highest form of compliment out here. We all got back from Potchefstroom at 1 A.M. last night, after 13 hours in the train. It should have been 8, but the engine-driver had a spite against the station-master at Pilgrim's Drift, and tried to break up the engine; so they replaced him by an amateur Hottentot, who said he had never driven an engine, but that he could ride a motor-bicycle. The Polo-fortnight was the greatest fun, though we got shockingly hammered both in the Regimental (1st tie), and the Subalterns (after 1 win). It is a far superior place to this, and they are such good people, the 15th Hussars and 12th Lancers. We had two very good hunts with the Otterhounds, and one with long dogs (bag 1 buck, 1 hare, and 1 meer-cat). I sold my 3 ponies, 'Rajah,' 'Lurcher,' and 'Cigarette,' for £340, a net gain of £70 in 5 months, wasn't that '——'ot'? So I have had my Polo out here for nothing, and some money for hunters this winter. William Rawle stood the other side at the auction, and bid away like blazes till I gave him the nod to stop. 'Cigarette,' with his gummy legs, got to £85, and I had told William to stop at £80, but I knew the other man wanted him, so I waited, and William went £90, then there was a sickening pause, and I thought we had done it in. The auctioneer said 'Going—Going' and at the last second the other man went £95, and got him. 'Rajah' fetched £145, which is a tremendous price out here. It's very exciting about Guy and Frances Tennant, is she nice? I don't know her. I *love* Guy. So glad that Maurice's Play went well, give him stacks of love and congratulations. The ferocious —— at the Taplow party sounds too

splendid ! Or is she rather boring with it ? ? anyhow she is very beautiful. I am looking and longing for home.

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Roberts' Heights : June 9, 1912.

It's bitterly biting cold here, freezing hard, and no fireplaces, and only a sheet of corrugated iron between us and the great ugly empty dashed forsaken wilderness. Fancy fighting for a country where it thunders all the winter and freezes all the summer, and where the hares are the size of rabbits, and can't run as fast as mice. Do remember to tell me whether Ribblesdale's leg is well enough for him to ride ? Give my love to Mogsie-Mog, and tell her to read her Aristotle. The Colonel says I can't go to the Cavalry School this winter, but that perhaps he'll let me go next, when I've done 3 years with the Regiment. I knew you'd agree there's no fun in a 'job'—I'd rather be a lieutenant even in Africa than odd-man to a General in Heaven—I think.

I'm horse-coping hard, buying young or badly-broken ponies to train for these three months, and then sell. Regimental Training in full swing, 8.30 a.m. till 2 p.m. every day. Then Polo in the afternoon, with a mouthful of luncheon in between. We go out on trek for a week at the end of this month, sleeping on the naked ground at night, like Adam without Eve, and bitterly cold.

I wish I hadn't sold my ponies, 'Rajah' used to come out for walks with me, loose, and rub my cap off with his nose when he wanted sugar. He walked up the steps into the verandah one day, when it was raining and he got tired of waiting outside. And once, when the saddle slipped round at Polo, he came back to pick me up. I've got two troop-horses that play now, and a 20 pounder, and a pony I'm breaking for another man, but they're all fools, and one of them has got a very nasty nature, like Ben the Rabbit.

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Roberts' Heights : June 16, 1912.

Just off to the great open beautiful veldt, where they have just burnt all the grass, and let the clear breezes of

Heaven take their way unimpeded. They whistle tunes like 'Hark! the herald angels sing' through the aperture between one's neck and one's shirt, which is so nice for people who are musical. I want awfully to see Casie and all her young men; I'm very glad that I've never yet fallen under the thrall of one of these new strong-minded women.

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Roberts' Heights : June 23, 1912.

About horses—I meant only to 'look out' for some. I would sooner marry than let anyone else buy me a horse. But it's always better to spy out the country beforehand, especially if there isn't time to go scenting round oneself. *Must* be fast enough to win a good race. We're just this moment (9.45 p.m.) off for the beginning of our Regimental trek, which lasts a week. Bitter cold and freezing hard, but no wind. It's rather good weather in the middle of the day now, dry, and not cold, and blazing sun; but the nights and mornings and evenings bitter. We sleep on the ground, in a tiny 'bivvy' tent, with just room inside for self and blankets (8) and kaross (1) and British warm (1). Hark! I hear the trumpets sounding.

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Roberts' Heights : June 30.

Please get the Sargent drawing of Dad photographed at once, and send me one. How are you? I have an instinct that you are doing a great deal too much? We're just back from the week's trek, which started last Sunday with a night march. We climbed up Zillkaats Nek, where we stopped till 8.30 a.m., lying behind the rocks in the pass, in a bitter wind, and watching the sun come up, painfully slowly. It is cold getting up before dawn, and creeping out of the bivvy to break the water in a bucket with a stick, before washing. One day was spent swimming horses in Pienaars River, a quite naked and almost Greek scene; warm sun, and rather fun, only the men are exactly the same colour when in khaki and when in puris naturalibus. Thursday and Friday we went over the Diamond Hill battle.

It was really the greatest fun, cold and all, I simply loved it. Being in the open all day and all night, and sitting down to eat in the bare desert, and long drinks down a throat absolutely caked with dust, and the good heat in the middle of the day, and the sudden cold at sunset, and the gradual return of warmth about one hour after sunrise, and the great empty veldt. It is no country for houses: it is the houses and the people and the dirty dregs of civilisation that cry for hell-fire. I do really understand now people getting fond of the veldt, after trekking about a lot in it.

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Bivouac near Krugersdorp: July 13, 1912.

I cabled last Mail to say I really do arrive home Sept. 21st; it was only settled the day I cabled. I do hope Dad is loving his Stockholm Games. You had just been for our Likkie's last Summer Fields Exeat, give him tons and tons and tons of love from me; I suppose the Likkies will look quite different, after nearly two years? It is deadly cold here, I am writing this by a candle, outside my bivvy, and I have to put my hands under the kaross every now and then to get my fingers warm enough to write. We are doing 20-25 miles a day, easy stages, ending up at Hatherley for Manœuvres in a week's time. I love it. It is the only life for this country. I am getting fond of it in a way, almost against my better self. The veldt grows on one when one is out in it, in spite of (or because of) its terrific greatness and grimness and dullness and bleakness. It is a good climate too now, in the winter, gin-clear and bracing, hot sun by day, bitter cold nights, and wonderful clear icy sunrises and sunsets. The men love the trekking. It is fun getting butter and eggs and chickens and cooking them, when the march is done. I'm so cold and sleepy I must stop. Goodnight, darling.

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Camp: July 29, 1912.

I am so unhappy about your eyes being bad, what a terrible nuisance, I trust and hope it's only from being

over-tired, as Lister says? You have been doing a tremendous lot just lately, without me to bully you; I knew from your letters that you were dead. Do take care, most precious one, and promise me that you will take a real and true rest? It is wanton to trample so on your glorious health. Do not write even to me. The glorious news about Bill will have made you happy, how *splendid* he has been. We are just back in Camp, from 3 days' manœuvres in the open. They were such great fun, and the cold has slightly abated. Another week here, and then back to the Heights, and a week in the Natal battle-fields, and then home!!!

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Roberts' Heights: August 4, 1912.

I hated getting another typewritten letter from you, you cannot think *how* I fuss about your eyes, your 'golden eyes.' Thank goodness, that blasted London will be over now, and you will soon be going to the Normandy sea. I was delighted to hear about Billa's Tennis and Tab-slogging, what a game to watch, you must nearly have died? Give him oceans of love. We marched back here from Manœuvres yesterday, and last night was my first night between 4 walls for weeks. I loved it—and the air for 24 hours a day, but the actual manœuvres were very poor. Next Wednesday we set off for 8 days in Natal, going round the battle-fields with the Colonel; it will be very interesting. There is a most beautiful young lady just come to Roberts' Heights called Miss ——. She has got chestnut hair, and she plays the piano divinely, Beethoven and all sorts. Her father is a Colonel and her mother is Irish. She has got the Celtic temperament, and thick black eyebrows like Mr. Theodore Smith, and her advent has set the whole garrison on fire. I had such a good letter from Dad, from Stockholm.

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Ladysmith: Aug. 11, 1912.

I wonder if you are at Panshanger now, and oh I do wonder if your eyes are better? Swear to me to rest, and

to blot out all reading and writing? The Normandy six weeks will surely put you right, and what fun you and the Likkies will have. I'm fearfully excited at the thought of sailing for Home in three weeks now, it seems almost too good to be true. We are staying here, 18 of us, including the Colonel and General Murray, and we go over a battlefield a day. It is intensely interesting; and my word, what terrific fighting they had here! We have done Talana Hill, Wagon Hill, Nicholson's Nek, Colenso, Hart's Hill, Railway Hill, Pieter's Hill—all the advance when they finally got into Ladysmith. To-morrow and Tuesday we do Spion Kop and Vaal Krantz, then Elandslaagte, and then back to Roberts' Heights.

How anyone can call Natal beautiful beats me entirely, in spite of your remarks about Revolt against Environment! Hideous grey plains and hideous grey bumps, and the abomination of desolation over it all.

Wagon Hill was almost the best fight, when they were at each other's throats all night and all day, neither of them being able to move from the death-lock. At Hart's Hill too they got locked to a standstill, and if the Boers had made a counter-attack they would have had us beat. It is extraordinary country, those great hills standing hand-in-hand; looking north from Colenso, one wonders how anyone could ever have got through. Our men must have fought like Tigers. The kopjes are so steep that you can hardly walk up them, in broad daylight, and with no fire. How unspeakably happy to think of seeing you all again so soon.

Roberts' Heights: Aug. 18, 1912.

'Last letter,' as we used to write at Summer Fields! I got yours at Ladysmith. Our battlefield tour was so tremendously interesting—and depressing. One could almost see the fights going on, and the unbelievable muddle and tragedy of Colenso and Vaal Krantz and Spion Kop. Spion Kop itself is a fine hill, sheer and threatening, and full of menace and death and disaster—even if one did not know that there *had* been disaster there.

How gloriously the men and subalterns must have fought; and then twice taken off the positions which they had *won*, with those losses. The Boers had left Spion Kop, and some of them went up in the night to spy how many of us were on the top, and found nothing!

We had a long day at Vaal Krantz, getting in just at dark to the farm where the food and blankets had been sent; then, just as we were climbing off our horses, very tired and hungry and thirsty, up came a cheerful man who told us that the wagon had broken down, and that it was 7 miles off, the other side of the great Spion Kop ridge. But it was all the better when we did get there; and we slept like logs, in a little wattle spinney, afterwards.

We got back here on Thursday, all the work is over for a bit now, a rest after Manceuvres. Then the year begins again with musketry in October. I sail by the 'Kinfauns Castle' due at Southampton Sept. 21st—almost too good to think of!

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CHAPTER XXI.

ON September 20th, 1912, a wireless telegram came from Julian from the Channel, and on September 21st he arrived; the whole family went to meet him, he looked exactly the same, and so wonderfully well. It was all just as if he had only been away two days. That first day at Taplow was very like the old days when they came back from School—every corner of the gardens and woods, and every animal, was visited, and they played tennis, and went on the river, and Ben the Rabbit gave a special exhibition of his swimming prowess. Imogen could not be detached from Julian for a single instant; he brought her a bear which he had shot, made into a beautiful rug, the pride of her life; she always had her 'rest' upon it, and the head made a pillow. He brought most beautiful immensely long white ostrich feathers for his Mother and Monica.

They all went the next day (Sunday) to Eton, to Chapel, and to the first Eton tea in Ivo's room. He was absolutely enchanted to see Julian; the two little ones had a sort of worship for him; and he was so delighted with them.

That was a most happy Autumn and Winter. The sole disappointment was that Billy did not win the Ireland Scholarship at Oxford, for which he went up in December; he got on the 'Distinguished List,' and one of the examiners told a man (who did not know Billy or his family) that some of his papers were exceptionally brilliant.

Julian and Billy went in October to shoot at their

beloved Sawley with Bron, and to see Katie Cowper. Julian went into training at Taplow, with Pat O'Keefe, for the Army Boxing at Aldershot on Oct. 31st. Billy went to Aldershot with him. He won the first tie of the Middle-Weights, against Richards, but was beaten by Huntingdon. Mr. E. B. Osborn, writing of this last fight long afterwards, in 1916, said, 'When I read your son's poem "Into Battle," it at once recalled to me that wonderful boxing bout between him and Lieutenant Huntingdon some years back at Aldershot. There was as much fine boxing in that 3-round battle as in any of the 20-round championship contests between professional boxers I have seen. I remember telling the referee it was the most "poetical" fight that ever happened; and he agreed, saying that he could hardly sit tight while it was going on. And that's just what I felt upon first reading your son's poem in the *Times*. It is the one really great poem the War has produced.'

Julian and Billy had their own party at Taplow the following Saturday, (Julian much battered!), which consisted of Bron, Diana Lister, Geordie and Eileen Stafford, Letty and Ego Charteris, Norah and Harry Lindsay, Nan Herbert, Dinah Tennant, Sir Walter Raleigh, Lord Basil Blackwood, Edward Horner, and Trousers. It was most glorious fun; everybody felt that no party had ever really been a party since Julian went away. There were magnificent acting-games, led by the Professor.

They all went to Panshanger for the pheasant-shooting—with Moira Osborne, Lucia White, Mr. Balfour, Tommy Lascelles, Bird St. Germans, Ivan Hay, and Lord Vernon. Monica was bridesmaid to Sylvia Grenfell; and Imogen to Daisy Benson—in a frock which delighted her, down to her toes, of pale yellow brocade with a Nattier-blue sash and shoes. Julian said to her 'How nice Tony Packe looks.' She said 'Yes, he has an attractive little face.' She

used to walk about the garden with a long whip, followed by her four white cats in single file: when she turned round and cracked her whip, they all sat up and begged. The boys asked if the mother-cat could do that too, but she said 'Oh no, *he* can only clore you and scratch you.'

Billy and Monica went alone to a shooting-party of Lord Vernon's, at Stanway, which they enjoyed tremendously. Julian soon had an enormous stud of hunters gathered round him. He hunted mostly from Taplow, with Monica, going a good deal to the other side of the country, with the Rothschilds. He was very fond of all the Leo Rothschilds, especially Evelyn, whose riding he admired enthusiastically. They were so ceaselessly kind to him.

They had a good many Sunday parties at Taplow; one that the boys liked very much was of Mr. Balfour, Consuelo Marlborough, Kitty and Sommie Somerset, Raymond and Katherine, Helen and Edgar Vincent, Mary Elcho, Venetia, John Revelstoke, Billy Lambton, Linky, Patrick, Evan, and George Monckton. Billy read aloud some of Max Beerbohm's brilliant 'Christmas Garland.'

Ivo came back from Eton for the Christmas holidays with a Double-Remove and four Prizes—First in Trials, Top of his Form, the Brinkman Divinity Prize, and a Special Prize from Mr. Goodhart.

On Dec. 22nd the whole family went to the new Taplow Church for the first time. For nearly two years, while it was being rebuilt, the services had been held in the very small Parish-room.

Monica and Imogen acted a very amusing play called 'Miss Honey's Treasure,' twice, at Taplow that Christmas. Imogen was the little maid-of-all-work, and looked such an angel—and knew every word of her very long part in no time. It was a most

happy Christmas, the whole family at home and together again. Imogen was heard saying to her puppy 'Now you can't *expect* to be comfortable on Christmas Day.' She was telling Willie pessimistic facts about the hunters, Julian said to her 'Oh you *are* a gloomy little Know-all.' She went to tea with Mrs. Buckie, and said 'She had such a good tea, and such a good tea-cosy, and China tea.' They all went to Panshanger for the shooting at the end of December, with Patrick and Evan and George Dawson-Damer and Nellie Hozier; and Monica and her mother went on to the Ball-party at Hatfield for Moucher's coming-out, at which Mima's engagement to Billy Ormsby-Gore was announced.

There were two big parties at Taplow in January, and a Cotillon at each—for which Adèle Essex brought most amusing and pretty presents from Paris; and there were lovely figures with very tall branches of flowers; and a flower hamper out of which Imogen jumped and did a pas-seul, in a ballet-dress. The first party was Alice Derby and Victoria and Edward Stanley, Adèle Essex and Iris, Vera and Titchfield, Mima and Bobbetty and Billy Gore, Aileen Brodrick, Nellie Grosvenor, Charles Lister, George Monckton, Desmond, Evan, Linky, Ivan Hay, Lord Vernon, and Sir Richard Sutton. About 150 people came to the Cotillon, led by Monica and Desmond, and they danced until 4.30—and Monica and her mother and several of the other guests journeyed off the next day to the party at Serlby, George Monckton's home, for two Balls there.

The second party was Zia Torby, Betty and Angie and John Manners, Bridget Colebrooke, Rose Aylmer, Nellie Hozier, Vi and Rudolph de Trafford, Violet Keppel, Alastair, Lord Charles Hope, Ivor Windsor, Valentine Castlerosse, George Damer, Patrick, Hugh Godley, Duff Cooper, and Eddy Grant. That

Cotillon was in Fancy Dress, and very pretty; led by Monica and George Damer.

Maurice Baring came to Taplow to see Julian; he had been very ill after helping for a long time in the Cholera-camp in Turkey. Charles Lister came to hunt with Julian and Monica, and Patrick came and went. Billy had begun to eat his 'Bar dinners.' These were some of the boys' letters that Winter.

LETTERS FROM JULIAN.

Taplow : Dec. 18, 1912.

It is miserable about Billa and the 'Ireland,' isn't it, however he won't mind it half as much as we do—fancy it being the very first set-back in his magical 'scholastic career'; and when we say set-back, how happy and proud most people would be to get on the 'Distinguished List' of the Ireland! I've just been given a front seat at a dress-rehearsal in the drawing-room with Mogs as Ballerina Prima Assoluta. Is Grimsthorpe fun? How are you, darling? I pounded the Whaddon Chase field at the big brook yesterday, but only by dint of a long swim in icy water. Dinner with Bron last night, in his very best form. I shall see you Friday night here.

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Sawley : January, 1913.

I hope you'll have fun at Hatfield, wasn't Panshanger good, and Auntie Ka an angel? Bron is in splendid form, and an ideal person to live with, as we like so much the same things. We had a great hunt to-day, meeting here; over the river about seventeen times, two big rings of country, and a most melodramatic kill under the big rock one mile up from here, in the water. What a lovely bit of country, isn't it? We're just going over to Gisburne to dine. Ribblesdale and Charles and Dinah-Do* are in supreme form—all three going like Hell-flame—Charles quite wildly, and quite often in the opposite direction to hounds; Dinah really well, and a lovely rider.

Rib and Charles came over for a mixed coursing and

* Diana Lister.

shooting day yesterday at Wiggle. Rib telling such awfully good Tiger-shooting stories.

LETTERS FROM BILLY.

Sawley: Oct. 1912.

It is so divine to be here again with Julian, he is looking very well, except for the series of gashes from his chin to his crown apparently inseparable from preparation for Army Boxing. Bron is in glorious form, and three people could not be happier together. We shall call upon Auntie Ka at Panshanger on the way down, and arrive at Taplow Monday. The Wiggle shooting very good, and very well managed, and this country at its best, with lovely colours in the wood.

Oxford: Dec. 1912.

The Ireland begins on Thursday and ends on Tuesday next, to the immense relief of all concerned. I will come to Taplow on Tuesday night and stay there straight on till the New Year, except for Avon. Nothing much to say since I saw you last, except that I have risked my pansy-face twice on horseback, and enjoyed both occasions immensely.

Avon Tyrrell: December, 1912.

Thank you so very much for your delicious letter, no one but you could have cheered me so much. There was all to win, and nothing to lose, by this examination; and as it has been decided this way, there is nothing to grouse about. I must just try to remodel my methods, and do a little better in the future, and I know that you will help me. I don't see that I could have done more in the time since I really started to work for this, but of course some of the others, the winner for instance, have been working as hard as that ever since they could read, and they must have more knowledge. And I believe these Examiners cared only for knowledge, not at all for style.

I did not feel a bit stale, and I think I did as well as I was able. However I have no details yet. Everyone here has been too kind and delightful, and there has been so much going on that one has really no time for repining, which is a deadly sin. I am just back from a short and surprising visit to Lady Normanton, whither I was taken by Desmond to fill a sudden vacancy in the firing line. It was good shooting, and very amusing. I had not seen any of the guests, nor my hostess, before, but Lor bless you, nobody minded that. I shall be home on Monday. Goodbye, my darling, thank you so much for everything, with my fondest love.

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Julian's great absorption that Winter, besides hunting, was in pictures and art; he had a very great love for them, and a really very remarkable talent for drawing. He one day announced quite gravely a project of giving up the Army, and going to work at painting in Paris—but this idea was received with such irrepressible laughter by Billy and Bron that it was not mentioned much more. Julian was to have gone back to South Africa at the end of January, 1913, but at the last moment he was given extra leave until April 12th. His parents and Monica had arranged to go abroad for six weeks at the beginning of February, to stay with Lord Kitchener in Egypt. They had been obliged to throw him over the year before, and it was not possible to do so again, so they started on Feb. 5th, until March 18th. Poor Monica developed a very sharp attack of measles on the steamer, just after they left Brindisi—with a temperature of 104, and was very ill for three days. A wireless telegram was sent to Lord Kitchener, who made the most perfect arrangements, and an army of doctors and nurses (and dear Major FitzGerald) met the ship at Alexandria, where Monica was carried straight to the Hospital, in an ambulance. Her mother was

allowed to stay with her; and after only six days there, they were baked and boiled in disinfectants, and allowed to go on to Cairo. Monica's mother asked the doctor if this was really quite safe as regarded infection. He said in a convincing voice 'You do not suppose that I would dare to risk giving measles to *Lord Kitchener*!' Lord K. was so wonderfully kind. He was seen walking furtively upstairs carrying little strawberry-tarts and plovers'-eggs to Monica's room. In one fortnight from the day they left England she was riding at the Horse Show at Cairo, where she rode 'Usk,' an Arab pony belonging to Major FitzGerald, and won the First Prize, given by the Khedive. It was a lovely diamond and enamel watch.

They spent a radiantly happy month at Cairo. Alice Salisbury and Mima and Moucher, and Billy Gore, were also staying with Lord Kitchener for some of the time. After they left, Monica and her mother and Major FitzGerald went up to Luxor for three days. Monica had a great deal of riding, in the Desert, and camel-riding! and lawn-tennis in the Agency garden; and there were a great many balls and dinner-parties, and Lord Kitchener gave a Ball for Monica and Moucher. Willie went on a shooting-expedition to the White Nile—and was most successful; getting 30 head of big game, including a 'Mrs. Grey' antelope (very rare), hippopotamus, giraffe, buffalo, and the record water-buck head for the Soudan.

These were some of the boys' letters while their parents were away in Egypt.

FROM JULIAN.

32 Old Queen St. : Feb. 18th, 1913.

I am *miserable* about Casie getting measles, how I hope and trust that she wasn't very bad, and that she is better

by now? What horrible discomfort she must have had, and what an awful upset of all your already cut-short plans. Billa returned last night from the Jack Marshalls'. I'm trying to cook up the wrecks of my horses for the Point-to-Points, and Aylesbury Chases. I won my fight in the Semi-Final of the Boxing Club Heavy-Weights last Thursday, and have to fight a fearful bruiser next Thursday in the Final. Picket on Sunday, and we had a great Colt-hunt. Bron was in the very best form. How are you? Taplow is very dull and miserable without you, and I do long for you to come back, which will be a month from to-day. Moggie is as brisk and as completely mistress of the situation as ever.

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Taplow : Feb. 26, 1913.

Thank you awfully for your letter from the Alexandria Hospital, smelling of disinfectants—I can't endure to think of all you went through, and poor darling Casie—but Bill-boy has just got your first letter from Cairo, and I've got one from Casie, and it all sounds radiantly happy, and superlative fun. I can *get* the sun and colour, from your letter, and the Arabian Nights' streets. What fun to see you again on March 17th, for nearly a month together, before I sail. I've had such shocking bad luck with my horses that it's almost a case of the rifle for all of them! The judgments on Job were light compared to the fortunes of my stud. I suppose it is the accumulated effect of hard hunting all through the worst season there's been for horses, in the memory of man. 'The Other Girl' got better here, after being fired, and I started training her for Aylesbury. Yesterday she broke away from my man at the top of the park, galloped down full split, and jumped the little iron gate by the hayrick sideways, landing in the little iron fence that runs up at right angles, and cutting herself to pieces. I don't think any permanent harm, but no more good for this year—just after she had got round and was doing well! 'Sans Peur' (George's horse) dead lame, with a very bad leg. 'Schoolgirl' ditto. 'Glory Hallelujah' with a bad leg, but just able to pull out; I'm

running him in the Old Members' Race in the 'Varsity Grind at Oxford on Friday, and that will probably be the end of him!

I've been boxing, and won the Boxing Club Heavy Weight Competition against a good man, much heavier than me, after a rare fight. Bill-boy is working hard here, and very happy. I found him and Moggie and Hawa acting a charade (Adam and Eve and the Serpent) in the smoking-room last night—all dressed up! I've been down at Picket a lot, and had glorious pony-hunts with Bron.

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Picket: March 3, 1913.

I've just got a splendid letter, and I am so glad you are all having such fun, in the heat, and how glorious Casie getting First Prize at the Horse-Show. Ld. K. sounds too wonderful; and I adored all his jokes that you told me. There never has been anyone like him. Poor Bron has had rather a bad fall, going over some steeplechase jumps he has put up; ricked the muscles at the back of his neck pretty badly, but has no concussion, and nothing broken. How much the bravest man in the world he is, riding like that, when he knows he cannot grip properly, in cold blood over fences which very few able-bodied two-legged men would do. On Sunday morning too, which is the most cold-blooded time!

That course is really a death-trap: Flodden Field is a joke in comparison. Every Sunday we go down there in solemn procession, with Nan; and Nan stands there with a face growing ashier every minute, while Bron and I take fall after crashing fall. I don't know what is the matter with the place, because they are good horses, and the fences are not really so enormously big. But they just fall at them, and fall, and fall. Some curse must be upon it.

I've told you of the downfall of my stud. 'Glory Hallelujah' alone can hobble along. I took him down to Oxford on Friday, and had such fun there, staying with John Manners, and 'Glory' really ran extraordinarily well; as I'd never run him before I didn't know how good he

was. I lay second all the way, and he was pulling double and jumping big—till he hit a fence about three-quarters of the way round, and could not recover himself on landing. But I was tremendously pleased with him, especially as he came in sounder than he started.

Ivo comes to Taplow next Saturday for his Long Leave, and Bill and I will be there to welcome him. Hurrah for Monday the 17th, I am just longing to see you again—I will find out the train and meet you in London. All blessings.

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FROM BILLY.

Taplow: Feb. 17, 1913.

Hawa produces evidence of your having arrived at Trieste some months ago, so I suppose you are by now envisaging the Sphinx. I hope you are all having the greatest fun. I have just returned from a most successful visit to Hayling Island. The Jack Marshalls were, as always, most delightful, and perfect hosts in allowing the Go-as-you-please system. There were some excitements staying there, a London specialist, the Headmaster of University College, London, and Miss —, who was so rotten in that rotten play I went to with you and Phil, but original and arresting in real life. I often prefer new faces to old, and it is fun meeting people who have fought with their claws for their position instead of descending from Heaven into it, like many of our talented friends.

I played lots of glorious tennis, and did a goodish amount of dam-dash philosophy, and altogether enjoyed it enormously. I am now writing to Sandy Lindsay to persuade him to transfer his reading-party from Lloyd-George's castle to a charming house on Hayling Island which is available; I do hope he will concur.

I saw Nancy to-day, in great form, just setting sail for Biarritz for two months. This house looks like a Work-house superintended by an anti-microbe maniac. There are no carpets, and fewer curtains. However Mrs. Kilah managed to catch and cook a wild-duck for me, with excellent promptitude and gratifying results. Julian is away

with Bron, but returns shortly. The motor is being reconstructed, out of condemned Waterbury watches, and is not available.

Mr. Siggers,* set free from pedagogy by an outbreak of swine-fever among his charges, is coming every morning to read Aristotle with me. Moggie is in the best of spirits, but has a down on the donkeys and on her adored Edward Horner.

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Taplow: Feb. 23, 1913.

MY DEAREST,—It is too sad about darling Ca's illness. You must have been through an awful time of heart-burning and anxiety. However we are all rejoiced to hear of her rapid progress, and after all it might have been typhus morbus or Beri-Beri. Give her my fondest love, and tell her to make the pace in Cairo a cracker to recover lost time. We are excited here about Diana Lister's engagement to Percy Wyndham, which, as Mr. Little informs me in the *Daily Mail*, came as a surprise to the young people themselves. I love Percy, and we resign her with good grace. Sandy Lindsay has consented to go to Hayling Island, which is a triumph, and I shall become Punch Fairs and Emanuel Kant in one, in that delightful island, and issue haughty ultimatæ.

Julian is somewhat cast down by the rapid 'back to the hounds' movement in his Stud. However he won a notable fight at the Boxing-Club the other day, which pleased him. I, meanwhile, with tons of work, golf, and a passion for Tennis, am a contented if not heroic sort of cabbage: Mogs is in glorious form, though a good deal cowed by Julius Seeth Hawa; we play golf and tennis together, and shoot at tobacco tins with my latest rifle, and ill-treat all the inmates of her farm.

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Hayling Island: March, 1913.

Very many thanks for your delicious letters from the warmth of Thebes. Our reading-party so far has been a great success, but how I hate divine philosophy. It

* The village schoolmaster.

becomes more like a maze of asphalt-dust and broken bottles the nearer one approaches to the absolute. No wonder that Lord — has to console himself with Devonshire cream, woodcock pie, and chocolate cake, mixed; the contemplation of the ideal gives one a passionate appetite for the grosser forms of reality.

Cys Asquith has been too delightful, he is as amusing as Raymond, and even more concentrated and pithy. I love his impersonal devastating criticisms of my friends, particularly on the female side. Sandy has been charming, even beyond what one expected; he is irradiated with a shy elfin goodness not of this world, which makes him infinitely tolerant of other people's shortcomings, and infinitely optimistic about their moral natures. We see a good deal of the Marshalls, and play tennis there, and golf when we can keep an upright position against the gale. Have you heard anything at all about Cynthia Asquith? Someone told me she was ill, and at a sanatorium in Scotland? Glorious to see you again on 17th; I shall have to return here for a space afterwards.

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Monica and her mother returned to England on March 18th. Disquieting accounts came a day or two later of Katie Cowper's health, who was staying at Beaulieu for the Winter with her brother, Willie Northampton. Julian and his mother decided to go out, but on March 24th a telegram came to say that she had died there, very suddenly at the last, of heart-failure, on the previous day, Easter-Sunday. The loss to the children and to all who loved her was irreparable. Although she was sixty-six, her wonderful energy and activity made her seem a young woman to the end. But her health had failed very much in the later years, and after Uncle Francis's death in 1905, she had no personal desire to live. Julian and Billy, as has been told, had a very great and special devotion to her, and she to them. They used to think that

Robert Louis Stevenson's poem about his wife might have been a description of Katie.

Trusty, dusky, vivid, true,
With eyes of gold and bramble-dew,
Steel-true and blade-straight,
The great artificer
Made my mate.

Honour, anger, valour, fire;
A love that life could never tire,
Death quench or evil stir,
The mighty master
Gave to her.

Teacher, tender, comrade, wife,
A fellow-farer true through life,
Heart-whole and soul-free
The august father
Gave to me.

She was buried at Panshanger on April 3rd; a very beautiful day, and the woods full of wild-flowers as they passed through them. Only those who loved her best were there, a great gathering of the old friends; and a very great number of the poor people.

These were letters of the boys' at that time.

FROM BILLY.

Hayling Island: March 26, 1913.

It is always a tragedy when those one loves and admires die, and the fact of death is always dreadful. But I am sure that in this case it would be ungenerous to repine over-much.

She her mortal task has done,
Home has gone and ta'en her wages,

and one feels that no one ever did their task more fully and nobly and, in these last years, more patiently, than she did; and that now she, if anyone, has the reward of her

strong faith and her great love; nor would she have chosen otherwise.

Hayling Island : April 5th, 1913.

MY DARLING,—It was almost unbearably sad on Thursday, and I thought that we all looked like malevolent birds of prey in our black habits. But, funerals being as they are, I am sure that all was perfectly and absolutely as she would have wished—the real beauty and simplicity of the white pall, and the farm waggon and horses, and all the evanescent loveliness of the sunshine and shadow over the park, and the wild flowers in the wood, and the wreathed flowers on her coffin. I am so glad the world looked beautiful for her on her last journey, even as she had been beautiful in life.

Funerals are generally such hollow mockeries, but in her case there was no one in all that great crowd who had not really loved her, and whose heart was not filled with loss. The real grief of the village people was infinitely touching, one felt how much they had belonged to her; and the gathering of her friends of all the years was the proof of the great love she had inspired. The prayers in the Burial Service, expressing nothing but joy at the deliverance, which sometimes sound so false over the young and eager, had, one felt, a real meaning then, and expressed her own strong faith. What a glorious statement of Immortality in that Chapter of the Epistle. Her death has strengthened one's belief in it more than anything. She seemed too great and noble and vital to be put out like a candle.

How she loved you, how you upheld her through these years. I do hope you are really resting now, my darling? You looked an absolute shadow after all you had done, and done so well. Do *please* take the utmost care, and be an immovable post for a fortnight at least?

I am overwhelmed with work just now, but shall get to Taplow as soon as is possible.

All dearest love,
From BILLY.

JULIAN TO WILLIE.

Taplow : March 29, 1913.

MY DARLING DAD,—I suppose that you cannot hear of dear Auntie Ka's death till you get back to Cairo. One cannot look upon it as sad for her, but only as happy ; she had been waiting for it so eagerly, and for such a long time. But it is very sad for us, to think we shall never see her at Panshanger again. Mother looks very tired and broken by it all, there is so much to do and to settle. We do not know at present when the funeral will be, because Mother has not heard yet if Uncle Willie has started from Beaulieu with the coffin.

Bill is working hard with Sandy Lindsay at Hayling. Moggie has been in her best form, and has become a hunting maniac. She makes Williams go across country like a flash ! I hope that you have had a good shoot, and that your trip has been a success ? Mother and Casie are both full of Egypt, and say that they never had such fun in their lives. Casie seems to have made a wonderfully quick recovery from her measles. I sail for Africa April 12th, so shall see you before I start, and hear about your shoot. My poor horses have altogether given in, except 'Glory Hallelujah,' who is performing in Point-to-points, though without success at present. I ride him in Aylesbury steeple-chases tomorrow.*

All all love,

From JULIAN.

* Poor 'Glory Hallelujah' broke his leg at Aylesbury.

CHAPTER XXII.

WILLIE got back from Egypt on April 8th, 1913, and had four days with Julian; the whole family were together at Taplow, in lovely weather, and there was a happy day at the 'Farmers' Races.' On April 12th Julian sailed for South Africa, in the 'Saxon'; in a tangle of greyhounds and their leashes.

The others went for a few days to Avon Tyrrell, in the beautiful April 'Forest.' Imogen went too, for her first visit there; she rode the Boer pony, and 'Wild Tom,' who she said had 'never been ridden by a woman before'—but that it was all right because she could 'almost bottom each side of him.' She was puzzled by a boy who was staying there, and said to Angie 'Why doesn't he call you Sir? Isn't he the stableman?'

Darling Moggie was vexed at not being put into mourning too; she said it was 'dashed stinginess'!

The children went to Mima Cecil's wedding to Billy Gore, and to Diana Lister's to Percy Wyndham. Ivo had German Measles those holidays, but it was not discovered till afterwards! Imogen said that her cats had asthma in their legs; and that the workwoman who was making chintzes at Taplow had told her that the housekeeper would 'lay it on to her cranky' for not having finished them.

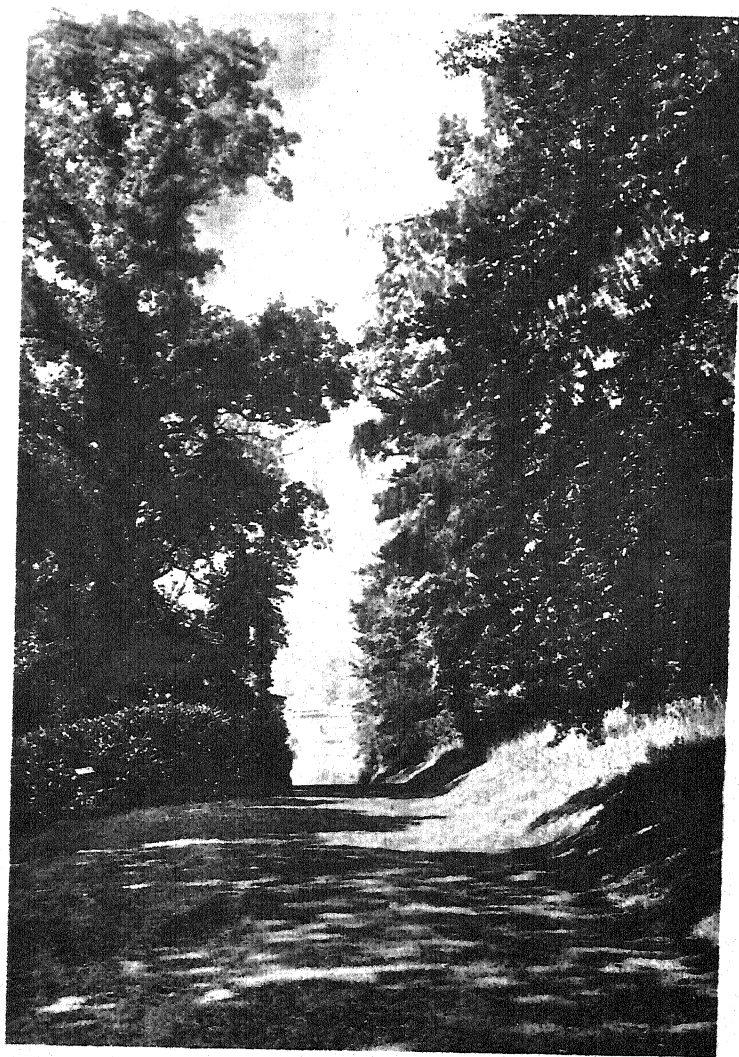
Imogen politely discarded all suggestions for a family afternoon, one by one, and finally said with firmness 'I am going for a good sound ride by myself.' She was unnaturally good while she had a cold, and

was heard saying 'Thank you, Hawa, for greasing my nose.' She was very jealous of Ivo when he was ill (although a very good nurse) and said 'Can't I have some Benjamin?' when she saw his Benger's Food. One day she was at the foot of the stairs when Billy came rushing through the hall—she pulled her mother back, and said 'Take care, you'll be run over.'

Panshanger had come to them, at Katie Cowper's death, and there was an immense amount of business to be done and arrangements to be made, all that Spring and Summer. They took a house in Upper Grosvenor Street for three months. On May 22nd they were all at Hendon; the occasion was the presentation of the Monoplane 'Britannia' (in which Hamel had made his great flight from Dover to Cologne) to the Government of New Zealand, by Willie, as President of the Imperial Airfleet Committee. Willie went up in the 'Britannia,' and the engine broke down, but Hamel landed with great skill. Monica had her first flight, with Grahame White. Hamel became a great friend of the family, and often came to Taplow. There was a lovely day with Ivo at Eton in May, ending with an Eton Concert, at which he sang. The little pony 'Kitty' was found dead in Bapsy Meadow, a great sadness, as they had all ridden her ever since Julian was a little boy; she was a very clever jumper and climber, and Julian had done all his first hunting on her.

Imogen was a little consoled by finding a tame canary in the woods, which she was certain was sent to her as a substitute!

The Fourth of June was Ivo's first at Eton, and a very happy day, with a big tea-party in Francis Manners' room. They all, including Imogen, went to Windsor for the Household Cavalry Review there on June 16th—a most beautiful sight—and to luncheon in Barracks; and to Eton for King George and Queen



TAPLOW WOODS. THE GREEN PATH TO THE RIVER.

Mary's first visit, in the afternoon, and the Procession of Boats. Someone said to Imogen how wonderful the Review had been; she said 'Pretty fair, I daresay.' There was an Ascot-Sunday party at Taplow—with Mr. Balfour and Mr. Bonar Law and Sir Walter Raleigh and Wilding; and Grahame White came down for the day on his aeroplane, and did beautiful exhibition flights.

Monica won the Second Prize at the big Gunnersbury Lawn-tennis Tournament—a very pretty Fabergé hat-pin, of jade and diamonds.

Three very great friends of the family died that Summer, George Wyndham, Strath, and Alfred Lyttelton.

Ivo went to Henley with his father in July; he had a very bad cold, and the next day, just before his first 'Lords' Leave, he developed Measles—which seemed to dog the family footsteps that year! It was sad to carry out the Lords plans without him, which had all been arranged for him. Imogen was told to kiss ——'s very dear little baby, who could only just walk. She said with horror 'I can't, it's a dwarf.'

Billy had been working very hard that Spring, for 'Greats' at Oxford, and went up to Balliol for the Examination in June. He took Second-Class Honours—after a long viva-voce, in which his chances of a First were said to hang long in the balance. His Classical papers were said to be the best that were done, but he was thought weak in History. He had not been at all well all the previous year; as with Julian, his great growth seemed to tell on his health *after* it was over; and his being unable to work that year at Oxford was undoubtedly a very great drawback. But his failure to get a First was a very great disappointment to him; and a surprise to all, after his previous 'record'—Eton Scholarship, Newcastle Scholarship, First Classical Exhibition at Balliol,

Balliol Scholarship, First in Mods, Craven Scholarship. He was bitterly disappointed at first, but took it with his unfailing courage; and was very soon absorbed in plans for trying to gain an All Souls' Fellowship in the following year—plans that were frustrated by the War.

These were some of his letters that Summer.

Hayling Island: April, 1913.

I suppose you are going back to Taplow to-day, whither I fear I cannot journey till latish Saturday. The Marshalls have got Lambert the pro. from Lord's to play a match with Wilson on Saturday, besides other fine exponents of the game, and it would be a pity to miss that. The Marshalls have been so charming to us all here; Jack Marshall, besides being a brilliant exponent of games, a scientist, and a humourist, is the kindest thing that ever happened. Mrs. Marshall bears a faint resemblance to —, but her conversation, being domestic and not political, is infinitely more amusing. We are working double tides here. Get me presents for Mima and Diana. 'I will Repay' (Baroness d'Orczy).

Your
BILLY.

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Diogenes' Tub, Hayling Island: May, 1913..

I am here solus, and very happy considering the following circumstances.

(a) I rise almost before 9, and work 9 hours a day.

(b) A gorgon-faced female, with the voice of a Siren, the wife of the local schoolmaster, reads Aristotle to me for 4 hours daily with incredible rapidity and every appearance of comprehension. I will never insult woman's intellect again.

(c) I have a gangrenous toe, which makes me appear in the Tennis-court like Rip van Winkle essaying the pastimes of his youth. But

(d) It is getting better.

(e) I am partially cheered by the thought that after May 29th I shall never open a work on philosophy again.

Con's on Sunday was the greatest fun—Hugh Godley and Blue-Tooth and Diana Manners and Pauline Spender-Clay. Diana was looking radiant, and was exquisitely witty and full of *joie de vivre*, I do love that woman; and the Twins were angelic. I went over to play tennis with Bron on Sunday; he was delightful, and bore a slight *divertissement*, in the shape of a large biscuit-box dropped from the gazebo by Diana and Angie, transparently disguised as Suffragettes, with dangerous calm. I do hope that you are well and happy, my darling, and enjoying our wintry Spring; also that you will give your marvellous vitality and joy of life a real chance after all this stress. After all, one has only got one brain and one pair of eyes, and they cannot work double tides all the time. . . .

I don't mind *which* it is, but I do feel it would be a bad compromise for us to try to live both at Taplow and Panshanger; it would be a constant adverse struggle, and a fatal addition to all you already have to do.

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Balliol: May, 1913.

Many thanks for your encouraging letters. I have a permanent headache from looking too long at printed books, but am finding Oxford none so bad after all. I have a little eyrie overlooking grey towers and quite peaceful; and it is almost a relief to feel that out of the teeming thousands here, not more than 10 know that I am still in the flesh, nor more than 4 regard it as cause for congratulation. Belvoir on Sunday was delicious, and did me a world of good. It makes one almost wish to be a Duke, even in these hard times, to look for miles and miles above green tree-tops from one's parapet. Viola and Alan were there, and Letty, and Edward Horner, who was delightful, and had just embarked his last £1,000 in a bogus mine. Diana is a wonderful creature; she has real intuition, which every woman claims and one in a thousand has, and such beauty and joy and wit. Cys has been dining with me, and seems replete with knowledge and

insomnia. Mike and John have been so jolly. Gosh, how I wish I could give my muscles a chance; I believe I could beat the boy at Tennis this year, but these blasted bogus books ruin all.

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Balliol: June 2nd, 1913.

A million thanks for your letters. I have had four days in Hades, and one of great refreshment at Sutton yesterday. I worked *all* last night and to-day, and feel like a dead dog. I have not done my best, I suppose one never does; but adequately I do believe.

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Clovelly: Late July, 1913.

I am here till the 5th, when I hope to join you at Panshanger. We have had really glorious cloudless days; bathing and tennis, and long 3-mile-an-hour drives in a Victoria, like one's Golden Wedding. Hartland was too delicious—it lies in the bosom of a long green valley, and everything is dead asleep—the servants and the horses and the fallow-deer and the collies and the peacocks, they have hardly the energy to moult. It really was wonderful peace, and relaxed all one's muscles. I don't know when Greats will be out.

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Clovelly: July, 1913.*

MY DARLING,—I expect we all have our little Hades to go through, and that generally we are the better men for it, but it is not a pleasant journey. 'Falling through storey after storey of our self-esteem, and at last seated pitifully among the ruins.' Of course it is all a palpable warning to make a new beginning, and I am more than ready to take it as such, and to start again with more concentration and more singleness and above all more unselfishness.

I am tons better to-day, and trust you are not worrying about my little tragedies. It is more than unfair to shift one's burdens on to those one loves best, and to let them be unhappy. You know what a real sin I think it to be

* After hearing about Greats.

unhappy without the most crushing of reasons, and I am not going to be now—only one looks back and wonders if one did too much and was stale, or did not do enough. It is the fault of having too much ego in one's cosmos; all the eggs in one basket, and then it drops with a thump. But the sun is up this morning, and the world full of loveliness, and I am *quite* happy and peaceful, with fullest confidence in the future, and especially, my darling, in your great and strong love.

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Clovelly: August 1, 1913.

A new start, as you say in your divine letter to-day. Only I wish I saw the future a little more clearly. You must do your best to find me something good and permanent to do from the autumn onwards. One must just try to learn one's lesson, and start again with fresh auguries. You must believe, my darling, that all your great love has not been wasted, though God knows you have got little enough tangible return for it; but it is there in the form of seed, and may flower some day, if you will continue to have faith in me and *will* me to be better. Not out of the wood yet, but seeing glimpses of light through the trees, and so more than ever in need of confident encouragement, (as well as the most outspoken condemnation, when needed). Bless you, you will know what I mean by these halting sentences.

I enclose a letter from — which tells all there is to know.

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This letter was from an Oxford Don, who was one of the Examiners in Greats.

Oxford: July, 1913.

MY DEAR BILLY.—I'm very very sorry that you haven't got your First. You made a very good fight for it. Your viva made a very good impression apparently, but after you had been held up for a long time, you finally went.

You did the best Scholarship in the Schools. Cys and John Bell were not a little behind. Opinions differed a

good deal about your logic. That question on (word illegible), when you quoted streaks of Burnet was against you, but two Examiners gave you B II. You got one B II in the Books. Your morals was your worst philosophy paper. It was about B. Why didn't you fire off some of that Political Philosophy?

If your history had come off of course that would have been all right, but it wasn't really so good as your philosophy. You did so little Greek history, e.g. two awfully good answers to (word illegible) questions, but too few facts. There was difference of opinion about your Roman History, between B II, and B. I wish they had tried you in History. You would probably have come off.

I wish I could have assisted in the deliberations of the Examiners, and told them what fools they were, but whenever your, or any other—man's case came up, I had to retire from the room, and be coldly told the result afterwards.

I am awfully sorry, because I do think you have made an extraordinarily good effort, and it is cruel to have it just knocked away like this. I wanted you to get a First more than I wanted anything in the Examination.

Will you let me have my Political Philosophy type-written notes. They are very precious. If you would send them to Balliol with 'To await arrival' that would be best as I am going away.

I am frightfully sorry, Billy. You might at least have had some luck.

Yours ever,

Clovelly: August, 1913.

I leave here Tuesday and come straight to Panshanger. There have been many charming and cheerful people here, and I have now reached stable equilibrium again, though keyed an octave or two lower than four years ago, when we were here last. 'The soonest mended nothing said'—and indeed there are no bones broken; of course I ought to have made good on History in Greats, and did not do so through not having practised papers *against time*;

and they gave me no benefit of the doubt, i.e. of knowing more than I put down. But life is not over at 23, and I am full of good hope—and the time has not been wasted if 'to travel hopefully is better than to arrive.' Shall I try for All Souls next year? ? ?

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These were notes on Julian and Billy at Eton and Oxford by Patrick Shaw Stewart, sent with the following letter.

Salonica : Army Headquarters : April 4, 1916.

. I seem never to have said what glorious beings they were, how curly and how big and strong and shining, and how shaded between the Greek demi-god and the young Roman emperor—Julian cracking his stock-whip in the quad, or punching a ball, or rowing; Billy running, (like a great steam-engine), or lying on the grass, or volleying at tennis, or reading very far back in an armchair: these are really the things I want to remember. Oh, and Julian at Sutton, in his green silk bathing-drawers, that is almost the best. All Sutton memories are good, it is the epitome of what summer there ever was at Oxford, and of the quintessence of Balliol.

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My first recollection of Julian at Eton is on about the third day after he and I went there. Alan Parsons, who had been with him at Summer Fields, introduced us, and we all three went together very shyly down town, crossed the bridge, and still more shyly entered a disreputable little confectioner's shop in Windsor and (it being a warm September) ate ices. Later, of course, we realized that we had been guilty of a social enormity in going so far out of the beaten track for refreshment between meals. For a long time, nearly all my time at Eton, I was a typical Tug, living entirely in College, and though I saw Julian nearly every day and was usually in the same division, I suppose we didn't speak to each other half a dozen times till we were together in Sixth Form in the winter of 1905-6. Julian was then Editor of the 'Chronicle' and in that capacity

I managed to get him to publish a small quasi-epigram in verse, while the other editor (Ronald Knox) was ill: I remember that he was rather unwilling to do so, and that I was convinced he didn't see the point. About the same time, taking heart from the familiarity of my fellow Tugs, Ronald Knox and Charles Lister, with apparently glorious and unapproachable Oppidans, and the temporary wave of intellectualism in high places, (traceable even in Pop), I made some timid approaches to Julian, whom I enormously admired; and (besides being beaten by him in the Singles) was his partner in the Double Racquets, in which we were, I remember, swiftly and sadly knocked out. This in Lent 1906: next half the tendency to fraternization, and my own audacity, greatly increased: I became an intimate, in School, in Second Upper Club (when I rose thither now and then from Middle Club), and at Boveney, with the Intelligentzys of Pop—a force stronger then, and more leavening the lump, I distinctly consider, than often of late years—and found myself in my absence made an Editor of the notorious 'Outsider.' No one was fuller of the rather misdirected but not wholly deplorable spirit of levity and mischief which animated that paper than Julian: he and Ronald Knox were peculiarly able to gauge and enjoy, with perhaps a little regret, its effects on the mind and attitude of an Authority that had always singled them out (as it never had me) for petting and intensive culture. Indeed, in their two cases, I think Authority never wholly despaired, but took advantage of the anonymity of the contributions to impute to the other editors all that struck its sensitive soul as outrageous. Occasionally during this half I used to walk, bathe, or play games with Julian: once we had the curious impulse to bathe at Boveney during early school when we were both Sixth Form Prepostors. In this purpose we attempted to purloin bicycles from his tutor's: only one was to be had, and I made the double journey over the lanes and grass on Julian's step—exhilarating but agonizing for me, and arduous for him. I spent almost his last afternoon at Eton with him (end of July 1906): he was miserable at leaving, but so excited at the prospect of a well-planned sporting autumn that he had hardly time

for the melancholy proper to the occasion. I think Julian was just then perhaps at his happiest: he was just at the transition between a period with slightly æsthetic and sentimental tinges and a period of intensest robustitude, and he was equally and enormously fired by Keats, a roebuck, a summer's day, and Ronald's genius.

So he left Eton, where at that time I meant to stay another year. I hardly saw him again for six months, but had a letter from him about October, soon after he had gone to Balliol. In it he said he did not enjoy it: he was suffering, he implied, from newness and discontinuity. Oxford, I think, always takes people like that if they have really properly enjoyed school. To this period, I think, must belong the tradition that he gave up playing Poker almost immediately, because a man of a physique vastly inferior to his own won £5 off him. I can well believe it, but as a matter of fact he was wise enough and fortunate enough to hate gambling. The letter just mentioned did not disclose any acute misery, and I was not surprised to find him completely reconciled, and more welcoming than anyone, when I suddenly went up in January 1907.

Meanwhile, in my last half at Eton, I had made the acquaintance of Billy, whom previously I had only vaguely realised as a preternaturally large and beautiful junior. He was not particularly engrossed with people just then, and I might have seen a lot of him if I had not been excessively sentimental about College and leaving, and also perhaps a trifle on my dignity on the score of age. He wrote a leader one week for the 'Chronicle,' from which I, as editor, very high-handedly removed (without consulting him) what appeared to me to be a superfluous negative. He was very properly outraged, and I had a deal of trouble to pacify him. At Christmas I left, and for the next year and a half I saw him a great deal in the holidays (corresponding with him at intervals) but very little in term time, except on my more and more occasional visits to Eton, when I used nearly always to desert College (to their great indignation) and have an extremely lavish tea at Goodhart's, in Billy's mess. It was a tragedy to me that

we were not more exactly contemporaries: and to him I think it was the unlucky side of his having inevitably made friends with Julian's friends, that he found himself a little stranded in the long interval while they had gone to Oxford and he remained at school, and a little (at first) exposed to the unreasonable jealousy of those who failed to understand why it was entirely natural for him to have a great many friends two and three years his seniors.

When I went up to Balliol I found Julian completely established (of course on Stair XIV.); briskly rowing and dining out, and riding with that slight admixture of defiance and apology which was expected in Balliol at that epoch, before the brisk revolution which in two years' time had almost amalgamated the Annandale and the Bullingdon, and habituated the Garden Quad to every variety of riding-breech and hunting-noise. It seems extraordinary now, but in my first year at Balliol the College contained only one member of the Bullingdon: and that member's riding-breeches were hung up one Saturday night on a tree in the Quad. Julian, however, without incurring any old-fashioned odium, undeniably rode: he also (here I am perhaps anticipating) boxed, drove a tandem, and coursed. In his riding I at that time participated only to the extent of putting a sovran on him at the Balliol Grind, and occasionally accompanying him on a mild hack to Sutton or through Wytham Woods: of the boxing I was a spectator alone: the tandem was decreed by Julian to be one of the eight ways in which I have in my time gone to Sutton: of the coursing, which was a great feature of our first year, I remember two or three incidents, though not all Oxford history. One was an apparently hideous but astonishingly easily-repaired accident to 'Tongs' at Poyntzfield (I think she was sewn up with *wool* at a croft): another was the mortification and gloom of the Nigg gamekeeper, coupled with unwilling admiration, when he had carefully arranged for an afternoon's rabbit-shooting for us, which Julian turned into coursing over a rather unpromisingly precipitous hillside, bristling with burnt heather: quaintest was one time when Julian had trespassed on Lord Abingdon's ground, and we dressed

him for his visit of apology, (I remember how firmly someone insisted on a white collar as likely to appease the outraged Earl), which I believe was a triumphant success. It was indeed necessary to dress for any kind of visit at that period, as we all habitually affected the traditional Oxford undress—ancient shooting-coat, prehistoric grey trousers, probably-blue shirt—which went the way of the anti-riding bias, and was replaced before the end of our time by comparatively smart Suitings. It is curious that the traditions and habits on which our year was launched, unpleasingly oligarchical as they appeared to Authority, were externally, by comparison, democratic: but I suppose our habit of life was not really so. Indeed to have been a member of the Annandale Club would have sapped the democratic instinct of Marat.

The question must be faced, why we allowed our position with regard to the rest of the College to become as unsatisfactory as it undoubtedly appeared to those better qualified than ourselves to judge. The simplest and most far-reaching explanation is that, about the time we went up, the proportion of entries from Eton to Balliol was phenomenally high, and happened to contain a ready-made close-society of those who were already friends at school. Now to a large proportion of the human race a close-society is always more attractive than an open, particularly if the closeness is enhanced by a suggestion of prestige: and prestige in the ordinary academic sense of distinction in the schools and in games was I honestly think an attribute of the Annandale in our time. Further, close though the society was, it was far from being entirely Etonian; indeed among its most popular members were a South African and an Australian Rhodes Scholar. Unfortunately there was a sufficient nucleus of Etonians to give the impression in the college at large that the Club was a camarilla of plutocrats, with occasional prudential sops thrown to athletic prominence: and this impression was undoubtedly reinforced by our lukewarmness in the pursuit of new friends, amply provided as we found ourselves with old ones; and by our rather obstreperous and high-handed bearing in the Quad on more than one Saturday night. Had we been

expansive beyond our natures we should have been more catholic: had we been wise beyond our years we should have been more conciliatory. In other spheres, our rather unsympathetic early relations with cliques and oligarchies in outside Colleges (except Trinity) and with the general University or 'Vincent's' atmosphere, less and less perceptible as time went on, were I think an outcome of the in-growing tendency produced by our intra-College relations: our brushes with Authority were largely the unfortunate destiny of a generation which inherited a certain tradition (perhaps legendary) of licence, and happened to live in the days of a determined tightening of College discipline. All these are small matters, but serve to indicate the kind of external setting in which Julian and Billy lived at Balliol, and lived not unwillingly, for both of them were of a disposition to prefer half-a-dozen friends to fifty acquaintances. It may be added that anyone who proposes to work at Oxford, unless he is prepared to adopt the hermit life, will be ill advised to fear the reproach of cliquiness.

To Taplow one Sunday in June 1907 Julian took Ronald Knox, Jack Leven, and me (and we were very nearly upset on the way back by our rather hilarious chauffeur, who had dined at Taplow): the mixture is emblematic of Julian's friends at the time. Very often that summer Julian, Charles Lister, Edward Horner, Ronald Knox, and I (or any combination) went in a punt on the Cherwell or the river, in spite of very inadequate summer weather. Julian instructed us all how to punt: 'My father is the world's champion punter' he announced as his title-deed, decidedly grasping the pole: his tuition did not save me on a famous occasion from being neatly brushed off into the river, pole and all, by an overhanging willow.

In the winter 1907-08 the same life continued. Some of our seniors had gone out of College for their fourth year: and I remember a curious and entirely transitory little secession, in which Julian, Edward Horner, and I, thinking that they treated themselves rather too generously to our quarters on No. XIV., betook ourselves for our meals to Edward's rooms across the Quad: and congratulated our-

selves for three or four days on the triumphant seclusion of youth. It must have been this term that Julian dragged Edward and me at his chariot wheels (a tandem chariot) to Sutton, where of course in mid-winter there was no one, and we consoled ourselves with beer and meditation at the Fish Inn. In January 1908 I suddenly realised that I had Mods. at the end of term and had done no work whatever for them: I proceeded at top speed to repair the omission and became extremely unsociable. As my rooms were then on the ground floor of XIV. and practically a club, I had to make the unsociableness rather marked, and became accordingly extremely crusty, snapping off the heads of visitors. On one such occasion I remember Julian rocking with laughter, and saying 'I do love your spleen.' In the summer, with Mods. behind me, I returned to lotus-eating and refused to think of Greats. Julian on the other hand, having ploughed his way through a queer mixture of Pass-Mods. and military examinations, was delighted with the spaciousness of Greats, and showed signs of becoming an enthusiastic philosopher. All that summer he was in high spirits: in the autumn, at the beginning of our third year in College, he became ill and out of sorts, and was not, I think, quite himself all the winter. When he was ill and depressed he liked to be sat with, but not talked to: Tommy Lascelles was an expert companion of this tacit kind, and Julian relied a lot, I think, on his sympathetic silence. Of course he was not ill or depressed all the time, and he was working a fair amount, mostly at logic, and in speculation at Pragmatistic literature, William James and Schiller (whose lectures he attended): the freshness and constructivity of Pragmatism had a great attraction for him, and influenced the tone of the slashing anti-conventional brochure in which he unburdened his mind about this time. By the summer (1909) he was perfectly well, and continued so till the autumn, when we all went out of College, and he, Edward Horner, Victor Barrington-Kennett ('B.K.'), Paul Methuen, and I went into digs. at 8, Long Wall. We had promised ourselves a dedicated but very happy year there: but we were dogged by illness. B.K. was very ill all the first part of the winter,

and hardly ever his old self : I had mumps most of the Lent term, and made myself a corresponding nuisance to the others : and Julian was intermittently ill and cruelly pulled down, so that for much of the winter he had to flee from the Oxford climate. He was forced to give up Greats, which was a great grief to him : all his work seemed wasted, and he disliked the change into the trivialities of preparation for 'Groups.' In the spring (1910), to our joy, he became completely and finally well, and in the summer term (when I could peer out for a moment from the agonies of imminent Greats to observe my fellow-creatures) it was a joy to see him. About this time he made friends with Viola Tree and with Alan Parsons, to whom she was on the point of becoming engaged : and he and Alan used to lie about, scantily clad (for once it was warm at Oxford in June), and bask in the long grass in Magdalen Park. That phase, seen through a haze of Greats, is my last memory of Julian at Oxford : for that summer we all went down from Balliol, and almost the day I went up to All Souls in November was the day he sailed for India. I never saw him again, except for two or three Sundays at Taplow in the winter of 1912-13 (for I was tied to London, and he was hardly ever there on that leave), till the last time of all, when, in uproarious spirits, he packed my 35 lbs. for me before I went to Dunkirk in the second month of the War.

Meanwhile Billy, who when he was up for the scholarship had seemed to view our Balliol life (produced, of course, at its most hilarious for the occasion) with mild and large-eyed astonishment, came up to Oxford at Michaelmas 1909. Naturally he spent half his time at 8, Long Wall, and naturally the phenomenon of his Eton life, the companionship of his seniors (the same ones!) rather more than of his immediate contemporaries, reproduced itself, a little perhaps to the prejudice of his complete enjoyment of life in College itself. He was not so lucky as we had been in having his 'year' ready-made for him, and of course, in the circumstances, he tended rather to gravitate towards our 'year' than to make great efforts to diffuse himself in his own. This tendency I think left

its mark when we had all gone down. But all that is not to be over-emphasized: and of course our sole and selfish object was to have him in Long Wall, from which we seldom allowed him to stay away a day. The force of our all going down in June 1910 was perhaps a little broken by my coming up again to All Souls in November, for my year of residence, during which I saw as much of him as I possibly could under the conditions of his work for Mods: and the Hertford. In Lent 1911 he knocked out the Cambridge heavy-weight in the 'Varsity boxing. There are few things I remember more vividly than his great frame, dressed all in white, towering over the Cambridge man as he sprawled over the ropes, his face wearing a seraphic smile in curious contrast to his menacing hands; curious especially to anyone who remembered the tension, the almost ferocity, of Julian's boxing expression. After that fight I assisted at a triumphal feast in Beaumont Street, of which the central figure was not at all, as might have been expected, Billy, but his trainer, Pat O'Keefe. That summer we played cricket together sometimes against rural teams for the Balliol Erratics; on one occasion, I think against Witney, I remember that I went in—presumably after luncheon—under contract to hit, and by some amazing fluke, aided by short boundaries, amassed 23 runs and got out in eight balls received, provoking Billy to a very transient but unbounded enthusiasm for me as an athlete, and Jessopesque batting as an art. Generally cricket was put severely in its place both by him and Julian.

At this period Billy was apparently a tyrant, really a hermit. The tyranny went no deeper than the aggressive broad black ribbon of his eyeglass and the natural terror of his six and a half feet: and yet the illusion produced itself not only among youthful and timid undergraduates but even among some of the mature cosmopolites with whom I sometimes took him to dine at All Souls. The hermithood on the other hand took hold of him increasingly, and in his third year (when my visits to All Souls had become only a sprinkling of Sundays) he was seldom outside Beaumont Street. In this third year he was working both for Greats and for the Ireland; more

perhaps for the Ireland. He was equal to the Ireland, and he was more than equal to a first in Greats; and he missed them both. Why?—I think he fell into an error natural to an enthusiastic scholar, against which he could only have guarded himself by being more of a professional examinee. That he never was. His reading was wide and deep, but in the end it was conditioned by his taste and not by purely prudential considerations. The same with the delicate question of the Ireland *versus* Greats. No man can serve two masters: to generations of scholars the difficulty of reading for the Ireland in a third year is proverbial: in a fourth year it is more than a difficulty, it is a mortal danger. This danger Billy ran blindly, to the extent of not only under-reading for Greats but over-reading for the Ireland. I certainly believe that he had to some extent 'read himself stale' on the Classics when he went up for the Ireland the last time; nor do I doubt that meanwhile the philosophers had had correspondingly short measure. Yet after the Ireland he set himself resolutely to repair the waste in Greats, and his failure (I say of course failure for him, well aware of the achievement that a second in Greats means to many candidates) was, as demonstrated by his long 'border-line' viva-voce, a matter of the narrowest margin. He took it with perfect sweetness, as he had taken the very undeserved (or accidentally deserved) academic censure which had overtaken him in the previous summer, and resolutely turned it into the foundation for his candidature at All Souls; only to be defeated by the outbreak of war.

CHAPTER XXIII.

LETTERS FROM JULIAN.

R.M.S. 'Saxon': April 15, 1913.

We did have a wonderful Southampton, didn't we? How are your eyes, and are you *resting*? I have only made one friend yet, a jolly Oxford man called Broughton-Adderley, Bullingdon push, a friend of Bill's. There are three lovely Swedes on board, also their mother. One is really lovely, Inez by name. Her sister, who is called Seagull, dances the Grizzly Bear all day. They are rather fun. We are all going to bathe at Madeira, where we arrive to-morrow. A wonderfully smooth passage through the Bay, even the greyhounds have not been 'ick.

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R.M.S. 'Saxon': April 28, 1913.

Have you become a first-class horse-coper, in addition to all your other vocations, and sold 'Schoolgirl' for me? I will offer you a 10% commission if you sell the race-horse. We arrive at dawn to-morrow, and I start straight off for Potchefstroom. It has been rather a good voyage, redeemed for me by Peter Broughton-Adderley. He is going to farm in Rhodesia, and I am going to join him at Christmas, when we think of growing cotton together. Our great excitement on the voyage has been the bevy of beautiful Scandinavian sisters, whom you spotted with such extraordinary quickness the moment that you came on the boat. Their chief idea in life is to have a 'bit of fun.' They generally manage to get it: and it's not a bad philosophy of life. Our chief rivals have been the Comedian King, Charles James Stewart, and two American Rag-Time dancers, who are going out to perform at

Johannesburg. I have become a tremendous dab at the Turkey Trot, impelled by envy of their happy lot. The other passengers consist, as always, of old gagas with one foot in the grave, attended by physicians urging on the other foot. I won a Prize at the Fancy-Dress Ball; and the Bucket-Quoit Tournament, defeating a Mr. Israel in the semi-final and a Mr. Solomon in the final (this is true). Everyone on the boat belongs to the Chosen people, including the American Rag-Time dancers.

We get to Potchefstroom Wednesday night—a day and a night and a day in the beastly train. I'm looking forward tremendously to the Regiment, and work again, and it will be fun having the Tenth there—for polo and games and everything. There's also a pack of otter-hounds, and the long dogs. When do you move to London? I suppose you've been frightfully busy with Panshanger, I do hope Daddy will outwit Lloyd-George. I've read the whole library you furnished me with, not a stumer among them, and I've finished the short history of the Royal Dragoons, for the Colonel—rather hard work, consisting of the copying of little wads out of the big Regimental History. Bless you all, and you for coming to Southampton.

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This poem was begun by Julian on board the 'Saxon,' and thrown away, but a lady on board kept it; and sent it—together with some very good drawings—to Julian's father, after his death.

Between the Visioned and the Seen,
Between the Will Be and Has Been,
There stays a little space, yet stays not,
When Time, delaying still, delays not;
And all things moving in God's groove
Seem not to move—or if they move
Move with a dim subconscious motion,
As on the moving tides of Ocean.

The ordered Past behind us lies,
 The Past with ordered argosies
 Of Memory's abiding treasure,
 Of pain and joy and driving pleasure.
 Passion, a fiery flaming sword,
 Swooping, the Angel of the Lord,
 Has cut a burning way about,
 Has struck the soul with fire and rout,
 Has struck and cleansed, and wandered out.

And Lust, the son of storm and thunder,
 Has seized the empty soul for plunder;
 Lust, that Red Mimic, jagged light,
 Which deadens sense, and sears the sight,
 The twisted lightning, viper-tongues,
 The thunder surging from the lungs
 Of Hell; the slaying hail down-shattering
 That cools the flame by blows and battering;
 And then false mockery of peace,
 Half dreaded, half desired release.

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LETTERS FROM JULIAN FROM POTCHEFSTROOM.

May 1, 1913.

DARLING MOTHER,—Great fun getting back here, and everyone in their best form. It's not at all a bad place, rapture after Roberts' Heights; and our mess is a kennel for long dogs on a large scale—greyhounds eating and sleeping and fighting and playing in every corner. The first item of the Regiment which I saw was a greyhound who attacked 'Misery' on the railway platform, and was rescued from a bloody death by James Leckie, his master, who had come to meet me. The Colonel was in great fettle, and Waterhouse is splendid. The officers' quarters are full up, so I have been promoted to the status of 'married man with family,' and am living in state in

a large bungalow next the Colonel's, with a large garden and the usual offices. There were no lights when I arrived, no water, no bed, and no furniture; and I am still camped on the floor in a corner, until the Royal Engineers with the rank and the pay of Sappers bring me a bed and lay the water on. We are doing no work at present, but start squadron-training in a week. I haven't seen any of the Tenth yet. The 'Saxon' was great fun, and full of adventures. I got straight into the train at Cape Town, with *all* my luggage, by the grace of heaven. I do wish I could have had a day to see Cape Town; it is really too beautiful, sailing in to it, in the early morning, with the sun on those extraordinary great grim mountain-walls. I'm longing to get your first letter.

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Potchefstroom : May 10, 1913.

Thank you so awfully for your heavenly letter, tell me every innermost detail of what you do and settle about Panshanger? . . . The Colonel has gone off on a shoot in Bechuanaland, for 3 weeks. We start Squadron-Training to-morrow, which will be a month's real strenuous. The Polo here is glorious fun, a much better ground than Roberts' Heights, and better Polo, with the Tenth to liven up things; it makes a huge difference to have them here. Helen Mitford is a cousin to be proud of. They are such a jolly Regiment, full of life and buck. Polo-ponies are very hard to come by, and impossible to sell, when once you get them, as when we go home (and the Tenth probably with us) their occupation will be gone, and the only call for them will be to pull Johnny Jews about Jo'burg, at about £15 a head. Besides, I am rather chary of investing once more in horse-flesh after last winter's experiences. But I've got one, and shall try and get two more. Long-dogs are at present under a ban, owing to a Papal Bull issued against them by the Transvaal Government; but General O'Brien is trying to get it reversed, for the encouragement of manly sports among the soldiery. There has been a boom of Show-jumping lately in the Regiment; they take horses all round the

country, winning competitions. We ought to have Miss Monica Grenfell out here. No Manœuvres this year, or rather, shoddy trumped-up ones, round the policies. It is rather good country round here, Heaven after Roberts' Heights!—but a colourless Heaven. How is darling Ivo, all right again? How is 'Schoolgirl,' is her leg come right? I do hope you will get me thousands for her.

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LETTER TO WILLIE.

Potchefstroom : Sunday, May 18, 1913.

MY DEAR DAD,—I expect you have been tremendously busy since I left, with all the Panshanger arrangements. I hope you got a good price out of — for the shooting. Mr. James is now once more a private individual, I suppose? How is 'Schoolgirl'? I expect that you will find it best to blister her off fore, and throw her up for the summer. I hope that 47, Upper Grosvenor Street is nice, and that you will like it better than some of our former London houses! You will be well settled in there by now. How is Likky-Man? I hope his German Measles left him no ill effects.

This country is as dusty as ever, but the climate is very good at this time of the year—cold nights and hot days—; and Potchefstroom is a much better place than Roberts' Heights. It is good fun having the Tenth here, and they are very nice; we get quite good polo with them. It's very hard to get any ponies now, as the 12th Lancers and 15th Hussars took all their best ponies back to England with them: and there is no traffic in ponies, as the market will be finished directly we and the Tenth go. They seem to think that we shall both come home the winter after next. I can't find out anything at present as to whether they are going to send me to the Cavalry School this next winter. Makins' time is up in January next; and he is going away about October, so George Steele will get command then.

I hope that all the family are fit and well. Please give my best love to them all. And I want to thank you *very very* much for all the financial assistance which you

gave me, and which I have never properly thanked you for! Goodbye. Best love from

JULIAN.

Potchefstroom: May 18, 1913.

Dinah's wedding must have been awfully amusing, but did Percy—the representative of our generation for Beauty—really look like his pictures in the papers?? I'm so so glad your eyes are better. Bill-boy will be going up for his Degree about the time you get this, I do hope he will grind the examiners to powder.

We're in the thick of Squadron Training and Polo. — has been down here, we had several guarded conversations, one of them at a circus, where it was easily possible to divert the talk, when it approached dangerous subjects, to the antic gestures of the clown or performing elephant. Colonel Makins is still away, so George Steele is in command. Makins goes for good in October, which makes me very sad, I think he is *the* nicest man in the whole world, don't you?

I am sorry Mr. Barnes will be temporarily a bond-servant to the House of Israel; he is so essentially an Anglo-Saxon. Is Casie having fun in London, and still spurning the coronets? She wrote me such a very good letter last mail.

I'm still reading 'Tom Jones,' and still worshipping it. Squire Western is my favourite character in fiction.

May 26, 1913.

I've fallen on my silly head again—Saturday morning, when we were jumping. And I've got *very* slight concussion. I shall only have to stay in bed for a day or two. How are you? Best of all love, I'll write a long letter next week.

Potchefstroom: June 2, 1913.

I hope you had a good Whitsuntide at George Nathaniel's. Did you give Billa a tremendous blowing-up for leaving Casie unprotected at the Ritz? Poor you,

in your nightgown, going off to fetch her—I did laugh, though you didn't mean me to, did you? I'm sorry you couldn't let Panshanger for this summer, it is most dilatory of the millionaires. Here all goes too splendidly, my head is quite right again now, and I have been 'returned to duty' after a week's lie-up, which was an awful bore. The Colonel has returned from Bechuana-land, pleased with life, and to-day we start Regimental Training. In a fortnight's time there is a Polo Week, with a Tournament and all sorts; so we are very full up just now.

It's most exciting to think of Bill just going up for Schools, telepath tremendous will-power to him from me, and best of best love. How I adored being with the boy again this winter. How is Casie? do tell me all the matrimonial nuances; you know who *I* want her to marry, but perhaps she doesn't see it the same way.*

Wasn't it rotten luck getting that smash just when I was settling down to the swing of things? However, it's only a week of good life lost, and I am perfectly right again now for another start. It happened when I was going round the (tiny!) squadron jumps, with my troop. My charger, who had been lepping too splendidly, suddenly and for no reason whatsoever, galloped straight into the bar jump, and fell like a stone; ditto me, on the bridge of my nose, which luckily broke some of the violence of the shock. If one had a hook-nose, I believe one would never get concussion: mine always does its little best, but it is too close to the inner line of defences to be of much avail. I am afraid your eyes don't sound too well?? Tell me the truth?

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Potchefstroom: June 8, 1913.

I *do* hope Bill-boy is well, and in his best brain-form; but I suppose the contest is decided by now? Everything goes gloriously well here; I've taken to Bridge and Golf,

* Julian always wanted Monica to marry the same person, a contemporary of his, and great friend. On one of the last days of his life he asked his mother if she thought it would ever come to be? The boy had been killed two days before, but Julian had not been told.

and I have become a Very Old Man. Regimental Training is in full swing; but on Wednesday next I'm going off to live in Camp with the R.E., and look on, as an intelligent observer, while they build a bridge over the Vaal River at Venterstroom. It only takes three days, and after it is over, I am supposed to know all about aeroplanes, demolitions, explosives, bridging, submarines, and military engineering generally. It's called a Pioneer Course, 18 of our men are going; also Brooke of the 10th, and some of their men. Every sort of rumour is floating about as to our coming back; the latest is that the 10th are going home now, and that we are returning to Roberts' Heights for a year or two—but I think this is the invention of some wit endeavouring to get a rise out of us. I asked whether they were going to send me to the Cavalry School next winter, but I had no luck and caught the Adjutant at one of his bad moments; he said that I had had so much Leave lately that it seemed to him improbable that I should ever be allowed to go away again.

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Potchefstroom : June 16, 1913.

I was thrilled by your account of your conversation with Mamma —, fixed by her piercing eye; I know how good you were, I can see your face of earnest innocence. I have behaved in the most cowardly manner about the business, and have never communicated since the catastrophe, in obedience to orders; but I think the storm is now long enough past for me to venture on a letter in disguised handwriting. Advice? *not* 'maternal.'

I hope the Beauties' and Nuts' party at Taplow went splendidly? I *rather* like the Sir William Eden water-colours, I love their dancing mistiness, but they don't quite come off, so I suppose the mistiness is a trick, which keeps him from getting the rest right. Do you think that art ought to go for truth, or that truth is art, in the sense of being quite different from things as we see them? We are having a tremendous week here, a Waterloo Festival Joy-week, with polo and concerts and balls and all sorts. I wrote a 'Bioscope Drama—Without Bioscope' for the

men to act. They do not talk, but act dumb-show, and at the critical moments, placards are exhibited conveying the sense. I shall probably lose my Commission over it, but the men laugh so much while they are doing it, that I think it will go all right.

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Potchefstroom : June 22, 1913.

No letter from you this week ! I am terrified that you have broken your resolve and have 'gone up' with Grahame White after all ! What fun aeroplanes must be to go up in, I've had ecstatic letters from Monica about it. Our short sharp season here is over, having lasted just one week. The Polo was quite good, won by a team of wild farmers from Harrismith, playing on wild, long-haired, long-legged, aboriginal ponies. They yelled weird war-cries all the time, and galloped and hit like sin.

To-morrow we start on a Regimental Trek to the Vaal River, sleeping out.

I am longing for news of Bill-boy. How is that Mog ?

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Potchefstroom : June 29, 1913.

A glorious scoop of letters from you, you sound happy and well ? I wish I'd been with you to the Bernard Shaw play, and to hear what Edmund Gosse said about the future of English Poetry. I'm glad you're getting good hot weather ; it's a wonderful climate here now, I suppose the best climate in the world. It was such good fun on the Trek, and sleeping out again. We did about 30 miles a day. It's good country just round the Vaal River, great grey hills. No water in the river at present, only deep puddles, with just a trickle between them. The river always seems to pick out the largest hill in the Country and to make straight for the middle of it. When in doubt as to its course, pick out the most unlikely place for it, and you're right.

Manœuvres next week : for three days we attack Potchefstroom, sleeping out, and the 10th defend it, sleeping in ; and for the next three days the 10th attack

Potchefstroom, sleeping out, and we defend it, sleeping in. Isn't it a nice simple plan? A lovely Hollander lady, of the bluest blood, has arrived here, and has a great time; the competition is extraordinary. Bless you; I wish we could talk, I've got such oceans to say, which I could not say. It's there, but it's not all there. Talking to you, it would come out, because you talk for me as well as for yourself, like the Child's Guide to Knowledge. It would come out absolutely and entirely different, of course, and often entirely opposite; but you would hypnotise me into thinking it and passing it as mine; which is just as satisfactory after all in the end!

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Potchefstroom: June 29, 1913.

MY DEAR DAD,—Thank you awfully for your two letters. I am glad that you are so fit and well, and it must be a great rest for you not to have to do the Olympic Games this year. The new Phaeton-car sounds a great success; I wonder what you have done with the Panshanger motor? I expect Mr. Barnes is delighted at having a lot of birds to rear again. Are you going to stock the river? It would be great fun to have the fishing again, and I suppose the sooner it is done the better? I hope 'School-girl' will prosper on her blistering. What fun you and Casie are having with your aeroplane flights; and how brave you are to go in the things at all! How did Lindsay Hogg's team, with the four-year-old, go?

It is glorious weather here now, and we're doing a lot of work. I had a nasty fall last month, and concussion; but now I'm much better, and back in the land of the living. We did a regimental 'trek' last week into the Free State—two nights out. We shall do some sort of manoeuvres next month; but on a very small scale, as the army here now seems to be out of date—nobody wants us here, and they allow us no money. I suppose we should be sent home, only there are no barracks for us.

Best love to the family,

Goodbye. Love from
JULIAN.

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Potchefstroom : Thursday, July 3rd, 1913.

Just off to Jo'burg, on 2 hours' notice, to quell the strikers. Nobody seems to know why they are striking, and they are all perfectly content with their conditions; but all the mines are 'out,' and the railways threatening. I suppose they will throw bottles at us; and if we retaliate, we shall be prosecuted for murder, and if we do not, we shall be prosecuted for cowardice.

Makins goes to England on leave at the end of this month, sailing at the beginning of August. I told him that he must go to see you when he gets back.

Tremendous hustle on here. We got orders at 7 p.m., and the first squadron got into the train by 10 p.m. We entrain at 1 p.m., and start at 2 p.m.

Goodbye. Bless you. I'll write again if I get a chance. Nobody knows a bit how long we stay, or why we were sent for in such a hurry. It looks as if they had started playing about. *All love.*

J.

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Johannesburg : Sunday, July 13, 1913.

Last time I wrote to you we were just starting off for the station at Potchefstroom, last Thursday week, July 3. We left barracks about 10 p.m., and we were to entrain by 12 and start at 1. As a matter of fact, we did not get off till 8.30. They sent the whole lot of us—the 10th and us; and they had not enough trucks or engines; besides which the horses got a panic for no known reason, and we had to carry most of them into the trucks bodily. It was a lovely night—bitter cold, with great flares lit at the sidings for us to box the horses by. Of course we did not know how bad things were then. We got to Jo'burg at about 2 o'clock on Friday, and got a feed—the men had had nothing since 7 the night before; and then we were hurried straight off into the Market Square, where we met our other two squadrons. There were tremendous crowds, and a good deal of shouting; the Government had stopped a big meeting which was to have been held. But the actual

miners seemed quite peaceable and good-natured, even when they were walking about in processions with banners. The people who looked like trouble were the real Jo'burg roughs, who are rougher and dirtier and less human than any other roughs in the world. We stayed on the Market Square till about 5 in the afternoon; and then galloped off to the big station, Park Station, which they said they were going to burn. We went through this and cleared all the people out of it, with loaded rifles and revolvers; but everyone went away at once, after a little chaff. One old lady in the Refreshment Room was perfectly terrified, and fell into my arms with about 20 brown paper parcels, imploring me to save her; which I did. She left the station, still in my arms, amid loud guffaws from the crowd.

Up to this, we had come in for no unpleasantness to speak of; the policemen in Market Square had been stoned with bricks and bottles from the tops of the houses early in the afternoon, and had charged across the Square once or twice to clear the people; and one of our squadrons had charged in a half-hearted sort of way, using the flat of their swords. That had been before we arrived; when we arrived all was much quieter again, with the troops and police (our regiment and about 200 police) standing quietly at ease at the street corners, and the crowds wandering about quietly in the middle. When we left the station, we got into the thick of the hooligans; everyone yelling, and bottles and stones flying, and roughs upsetting the horses with whips—led by a woman who was trying to pull the men off their horses. It looked very ugly; they were the dirtiest of the crowd—not the strikers themselves—and angry. However, we did not even draw swords, but just grinned and bore it. Then they barricaded the street in front of us by jamming two wagons across it; and we went 'sections about' and retreated ignominiously.

It's very hard to know what to do; especially when one's men are getting cut about with bottles, and one's temper getting worse every moment. As things turned out, I believe it would have been better if we *had* got off and fired. Eventually the shooting was the only thing

which stopped them; and I believe that if we had shot before, they would have stopped before.

After that we went to the Nourse Mine, about 5 miles out. The next thing we heard was that they had burnt the Station down; (they must have arrived there directly we left it); and also that they had burnt the 'Star' (Newspaper) offices. We got to our mine at nine o'clock, and they gave us a very good dinner there. All the striking miners were there, quite friendly and peaceable. That was the most extraordinary thing about the strike—the strikers themselves seemed to have no grievance whatsoever; and they had already *gained* the point which they struck for, i.e. the restoration of the 31 strikers on the New Kleinfontein Mine, which was the cause of all the trouble.

We got to the Nourse Mine at about 9 p.m. (Friday); and went to bed. At 12 we were called up again, as there was a rumour that the crowd were coming to blow up the mine. We 'stood to' till 2 a.m. (Sat.), and then we were summoned into the town again. We arrived too late to be of any use; there had been a good deal of street-fighting, people shooting, and throwing sticks of dynamite from the tops of houses, etc.; and three of our horses had been killed, from the other Squadrons, which had been kept in the town. We went to the main Police Station; and as we got there the police brought in 60 of the hooligans, whom they had rounded up in a pub. You never saw such brutes. They gave them scant mercy, too; banged their faces against the walls, and kicked them down two flights of stairs into the cells. There was one poor wretch lying there with a bullet through his stomach—and the ambulance were taking some others away. We stayed there about two hours, waiting in the street with the horses; then we went off (about 5.30) to the Volunteer School of Arms (where I fought Mr. Tye last year). Then we lay down in our boots for about an hour, and got some coffee. On Saturday morning all the regiment concentrated at the Police Barracks; there is a courtyard where there was just room to stand the horses, and they fed the men in their mess-room. We lived there in a state of siege till Tuesday,

when we moved out here, about a mile outside the town, under canvas. It was tremendously packed in the Police Barracks, as there were 200 police sleeping there as well as us.

On Saturday morning it was all pretty quiet; crowds began to collect about midday, and in the afternoon there was the shooting at the Rand Club, over which they made such a fuss. Our squadron was not in it, thank God. I had to take my troop to get the arms and ammunition out of a gun shop, just after the shooting had taken place. We were shot at on the way there, and on the way back, escorting the two wagons; but nobody was hit. While we were at the place they didn't dare to touch us, because I had men lying down across the street above and below with their rifles ready.

After the shooting on Saturday the whole thing quieted down, and nothing more happened. It was the only thing that stopped them. I believe that if they had been allowed to go on for a day longer they would have burnt the whole of the town to the ground. As it was, they did not fire until five or six of the men had been hit by bullets and slugs, and several of the horses—and the crowd were getting right on top of them.

We are stopping here now in case a general strike is declared, which they seem to think is quite on the cards. The men are under canvas; we are sleeping in some police barracks here, and living at the club, which is not at all bad.

I got your letter sent on here. You do seem to be having fun. What plans for the Autumn? Shall you go to Scotland? Or France?

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Johannesburg: Sunday, July 20, 1913.

We're still here, loaded to the muzzle and ready to sally forth at any moment. Nobody seems to know 'at all what is going to happen; some bet 10-1 on a general strike, and some 10-1 against anything. The railway and the miners have both presented their grievances to the Government; but they sound quite ridiculous, as they demand

a minimum wage of £1 a day, and a maximum time of 8 hours 'bank to bank' (which means about 7 hrs. actual work). The Government can't give them that, without busting all the smaller mines. If there is a strike, it will knock all the mines on the head, for at least a year. The first thing they will do, if a strike is declared, will be to march all the niggers on the mines off home. They have ordered the old burgher Commandos to be ready, to do that. If they once send them away, it will take at least twelve months to get enough of them back to start the mines again. That means having all the white miners loafing about here, and starving—starving quickly too, because, the railways being on strike, the town will get short of food at once. I think that the miners have realised this themselves; in fact, the odd thing about the whole strike is that a *vast* majority of the miners are strongly against striking, but they are in such terror of the militant strikers and strike-leaders, who proclaim them as 'scabs' and break up their houses, that they all come out against their will. But I think the strike-leaders will have a harder job of it this time; the shooting came just soon enough to put a wholesome fear into them. It was a pretty good thing it stopped when it did, as the 20,000 natives would have been out in another day, and there would have been fair hell to pay. It really is a shocking town to live in; Sodom and Gomorrah must have been comparatively innocent. There is tremendous feeling against the licentious soldiery in the town just now, among the rabble; but everybody seems to think that we did very well. The Tenth did not have any trouble—they were just outside. Both regiments are under canvas here now. It is very good for the officers having this club here, as you can get tennis and squash; we don't sleep here, but in the old police barracks next door, ten in a dormitory, like at Summer Fields. It's bad for the men, though; they have absolutely nothing to do; and we are here apparently quite indefinitely. The Government answer the strike demands on Thursday; but I don't see what is to prevent it going on like this practically for ever. All of us are longing to get it over; it's such a poor game—broken bottles if you don't shoot,

and execrations if you do—heads, they win; tails, we lose. Selfishly, I can't help hoping they *do* strike again, and get it over; it's quite exciting, anyhow, and better than sitting here doing nothing.

Of course the numbers killed were just about three times as many as in the papers; lots of them hit and killed by the roughs in the crowd shooting at us; and lots of them put away quietly by the police. One man, who had a shot at my troop with a pistol, hit his friend in the leg. And the police have had a high old time, because some of the real blacklegs, who have not dared to show their faces for years, came out into the streets during the strike and were immediately nobbled. The police also took the opportunity to raid some of the suburbs, which they had not dared to go near before; they just walked through them shooting people and leaving them where they fell. The strike has covered a multitude of sins.

To-morrow I'm going over a mine, which ought to be rather amusing. Have you ever been down one? We see a good many of the mine managers out here, at the club. They are all terribly depressed about the situation, and think that it will take the country years to get over this blow, even if nothing more happens now.

Are you going to stay at Panshanger now? I do love it so in the summer, don't you, when it is all soaked in green? Have no Jews come forward yet to hire it? I am *longing* to see you again, face to face; but I'm rather chary of asking for leave just at present; or even for pressing about the Cavalry School; and as for the regiment coming home, I suppose that this affair has put that out of the question for years and years. Why did we ever want to meddle with this disgusting country?

Please give Dad my best love. How did Bill do against John M. in the Tennis?

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Johannesburg: Sunday, July 27th, 1913.

Thank you for your awfully good letter, which I *did* love; it was as exciting to read as the Thaw case, and full of lurid details. Do tell me whether they are still fond

of each other? It would be a great triumph for love if it transcended £50,000! I just know the woman—only just: I always thought that she looked rather nice. The — case is exciting too; I'm sure Violet Keppel must have got some good new imitations from it. I've got the Mrs. Meynell poems, but I haven't read them yet. Thank you awfully for sending them. Did you ever read a book called 'One of Us,' by Gilbert Frankau; a 'Novel in Verse,' in the Don Juan metre? A lot of it is awful, but bits are very good; some good lines, and a really wonderful character-sketch of a Chorus Girl. I don't know Laurence Binyon's things?

Brooke, Basil, Sir, 10th Hussars, is one of the nicest fellows I've ever seen. You don't know *how* nice the Tenth are. We have had the greatest fun here together all this time, living in the little club here, two miles out of Jo'burg; and sleeping on the dormitory system in the police barracks next door; the men under canvas. The strike trouble is still dragging on, apparently quite indefinitely. The Government cannot possibly grant the men's demands; and the men cannot possibly declare a general strike, as they would starve. So things are at a deadlock, and nobody knows when we shall get back to Potchefstroom. Things look rather worse to-day; but I think that there will be no more trouble, for the present; say four months; as all the troops are here, and they have a wholesome fear of them now. I don't know what effect it will have on our coming home. All our people are in great form, but languishing at present from want of occupation. Clem Mitford in the Tenth is charming. Do you know him? Also, especially, Brocklehurst, lieutenant—a great hearty boxing man, tremendous hard rider, with a very good sense of humour. I am enjoying life tremendously just now; having bottles flung at my head cleared it wonderfully.

How I wish I could come to Panshanger in September, to shoot the partridges with the Likky-Man; please give him tons of love from me; and that Mog too.

I'm so awfully sorry about Strath dying.

Stop Press News.

The Federation of Trades Unions have just declared, after a meeting, that they will declare a general strike unless the Government accept all their demands.

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Potchefstroom : Sunday, Aug. 3, 1913.

We are just this moment (7 p.m.) back from Jo'burg, by train, starting at 9 a.m. this morning. The strike is finally bust up—for the present; although I believe it was the nearest thing in the world at the Trades Hall Meeting last Thursday, whether they would declare a general strike or not. If they had declared it, we should have had a pretty thin time, as they had all got dynamite, made up into bombs in bicycle pumps, which they were going to throw from the house-tops on to our devoted heads. It is just a month to-day since we got orders to entrain for Jo'burg.

I am awfully sorry that poor Likky has had measles; I hope he hasn't been bad, but it seems to have been going on for a long time? Please thank Dad very much for his cable, which I got to-day.

The only lasting impression left by the strike is the utter beastliness of both sides—the Jews at the Rand Club, who loaf about and drink all day; and the Dutch and Dagos, who curse and shoot in the streets. I suppose that they are only the worst of each lot that one sees most of; that there must be some decent mine-owners, and that the body of the miners are not so bad. But, from walking the streets, one really wonders why fire and brimstone is withheld from Jo'burg. It is a very good town in which to see life for a little, with a smile on one's face and a revolver in one's pocket. I had great fun going round some of the suburbs with the detective fellows. The opium dens are extraordinary; and I actually saw men playing Poker with their pistols loaded on the table, which I thought only occurred in a Wild-West novel. Jews and Dutch and Indians and Greeks and Russians and Chinamen, and white women and black women, all chock-a-

block. It must be the most cosmopolitan town in the world.

I've just bought two new ponies; so that I've got four good ones now, and am well equipped. A lot of our people are going for leave—this is the end of the so-called Drill Season, and a very amusing one it has been. We are a very happy family in the regiment just now, and live in peace and amity with one another and the Tenth Hussars. My dogs are very well, and my affairs in good order. I shall take my Promotion Exam. for Cap'en this year.

The family all went to Panshanger for August and September, 1913, where there was a great deal to settle and arrange. Ivo got a First in Trials at the end of the Half at Eton, in spite of his measles; they had a last and glorious Earl's Court party of sixteen people for him the last night they were in London. Monica and her mother went to stay at Great Wigsell for a day or two in August, for a most delightful Ball at the Rudyard Kiplings'. Monica had been to 35 London Balls that Summer,—besides innumerable Dances at Cairo in the Spring. She enjoyed that year so very much.

They were only picnic-ing in a few rooms at Panshanger, but a good many people came and went—Helen Vincent, the Leo Rothschilds, John Revelstoke, Patrick, Desmond, Evan, George Monckton, Major FitzGerald, Mr. Ronald Storrs, Jack Althorp, Mr. Balfour, Ivan Hay, Sir Herbert Maxwell, Charlie Meade, and Lord Milner. Charlie Meade's engagement to Aileen Brodrick—announced that Summer—was a great excitement and happiness. He had just come back from climbing in the Himalayas.

They all rode a great deal at Panshanger, and played a lot of Tennis—on 'Titania's Couch'—(the new courts were not made), and Golf at Marden; one

day, after many golf balls had been lost, Imogen was persuaded to lend her favourite disreputable little 'Hoppy,' and was seen furtively kissing it goodbye as she put it on the tee! She sprained her ankle rather badly, falling off her little bicycle, and couldn't walk for a week—and developed a quite new and saintly side to her character!

They motored to Bocket, where the children had never been before, and to Wrest: Imogen was delighted with the Dogs' Burial Ground there, and said 'Oh, what *toms*!' Ivo asked his mother if she remembered much about a little dog who was buried there in 1858. Imogen said suddenly that she had always thought lions were the fathers of tigers. 'Boris,' the Samoyed puppy that her father gave her, was a great feature in life, and ate most things that came in his way, including several books. Imogen said one day, delighted, 'My little dog has got haycups (hiccups), *just like me*.'

They went one day to Hendon, and saw the 'Aerial Derby,' brilliantly won by Hamel. Willie and Billy and Ivo got 200 brace of partridges. 'The Trojan Women,' 'Julius Cæsar,' 'Antony and Cleopatra,' 'Alcestis,' 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' and 'Oliver Twist,' were read aloud, and the whole of the unabridged 'Robinson Crusoe' to Imogen, who would not allow one word to be missed.

Billy went to Venice for a fortnight, to stay with George Vernon in a Palazzo he had taken there, and enjoyed it quite enormously. He motored the whole way there, with George Vernon, Edward Horner, and Denny Anson; and later he went to fish with Bron in Ireland. Willie went to stalk at Dunrobin, Loch Choire, and Langwell; and Monica and her mother went to Gosford, Whittingehame, and Drummond Castle; and Imogen and Hawa to Bexhill. Imogen's spelling was very peculiar at that time, this was a letter that she wrote to her father—

Bexhill: October, 1913.

DARLINGEST DAD,—We got the chek all right. We are going home to-morrow I am very exsitted about it, I am longing to see all my pets agian, all the same I loved being here.

I played galf the day befor yestorday and Mr. Gons (Jones) the galfman lafed at my clubs and sed they wer reddcryus (ridiculous) and that piple shud be shamed at seling shuch things, I got very cros so he had to shutup.

It hos been very nice here till yestorday, it pord to-day, and now it is thundering.

Com home soon what fun your having, Hawa is quite well and so am I. Good bye

love and kisses

Mog.

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Monica came South from Drummond Castle, while her mother paid another visit, and she and Billy went to a delightful party at Kitty Somerset's, at The Priory; and all the family met again at Taplow at the end of October. It was a most lovely hot brilliant Autumn.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THESE were letters from Julian.

Potchefstroom: August 11, 1913.

I'm glad that the poor Likky Man is over his measles. Thank you for sending me the *Spectator* obituary notice of Alfred Lyttelton, which I thought excellent, and strangely *truthful* for an obituary. I hope Hatfield was fun? do give my love to K. of K.

It was very good to get back here again, to home and horses and hunting, after wild life in Jo'burg—although we had a great time at the last. Everyone here is preparing to go on leave, the Colonel goes home by this Mail, and has promised to go and see you. Waterhouse and dear Pitt-Rivers and I will be about the only subalterns left here this autumn; Waterhouse got great kudos in the Strike, and did splendidly. My stud and kennel are now the best here, and are great fun; the red dog is a wonder, do you remember him, the one with the big stifle? (of course you do, mamma, with your lightning sporting instinct). I've got the 'Eagle' again now, and the Athletic Club. Some of us are taking a lot of horses down to Lorenzo Marques next month for the horse-show and the jumping, I think I shall go down for it. I wonder if you are at Panshanger now, in lovely Summer weather? I am rather sorry you aren't going to France, and am afraid you'll get no real rest. Please give Dad and Bill-boy my best love, and do send me some more jolly books. Have you read a book by Winston Churchill* about Christianity, called 'The Inside of the Cup'—stiff, but not bad?

* The American author.

Potchefstroom : August 16, 1913.

I've just got your letter of July 28th, with two very good jokes, the 'Quidlet' and 'Fear wo-man,' which were greatly appreciated in the mess here, a great tribute to any non-Essex gibe. Most people are very apathetic in their letters about the Strike—no anxiety, sympathy, or admiration for the little heroes facing the bullets of the alien mob. — only writes 'How did the Strike strike you?' and I always thought she disliked puns. What is the use of the complete Sang Froid of the Anglo-Saxon without the full kudos? We are again living the simple and idle life, in depleted numbers, as everyone has gone on leave. The Polo is great fun, and we are hunting a lot with the long-dogs too. Love to dear Bill-boy. I *do* want to see you again; more than ever before. Every time I go away I curse myself for not having made even more of you and your fun. Bless you.

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Potchefstroom : Aug. 24, 1913.

I'm so unspeakably sad about poor Bill-boy. It is a terrible blow. But I know how wonderfully good and strong he'll be about it, as he would be about any big thing. I had such a funny premonition about it, in the form of a curious deadly anxiety to hear about his Greats—a frightened feeling, which one had never known about any of *his* things before. We had almost too much confidence, and indeed we never let ourselves think of the possibility of failure, how could we, after what he has done. What a record! But I expect this will collect him and 'put his hocks under him' tremendously. Will he go up for All Souls next year, I do hope he will? Such an excellent object for the interval before he can be called to the Bar? Did you have any feeling about his Greats, with your uncanny prophetic sense? *How is he?* I've just written to him, but couldn't think of a word that didn't seem to over-emphasize, so I just told him how tremendously proud of him we all are, and have been ever since he was born.

Do tell me if you see the Colonel? — was not hit

at all by anything in the Strike, but just fell off on to his head from nervous agitation.

I think that the oddest thing of the Strike was the entire unconcern of quite half the crowd, who were casually looking on in the streets while their friends were shot down next them. A lot of people came out of a matinée while the firing was going strong, looked on for a bit, and then walked back into the theatre again and finished the play. Think what would happen if you fired a few shots down a street in London!

I'm very busy, and enjoying myself and the work and the horses and the people better than ever before.

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Potchefstroom : Sept. 3rd.

What was Lord Milner's like, and Rudyard Kipling's Ball? tell me every detail about it and him? Billa and Likkie-Man will enjoy the Panshanger partridge-shooting, give them my dearest love, I'm writing to Dad to-day. How thrilling about Rock and Sybil Sassoon! I am so delighted Casie is going to have 'Schoolgirl,' she will ride her quietly, as she ought to be ridden; and well, as she ought to be ridden. We get Polo three days a week here, lucky to be in a Country where you can play Polo all the year round. I've got five smashing ponies and four good greyhounds, and it's just beginning to get hot. We've just started a new sport, riding down buck. We killed two last week. It's almost as good as pigsticking, only terrible for the horses over the rocks. You just ride the buck to a standstill, and then shoot him with a revolver. For about two miles he goes right away from you; then he begins to 'come back,' if you can keep pressing him. Of course the going is awful, rocks and holes; and the pace, top pace; but we take King George's horses, so he pays the piper.

I've just got our Regimental Scouts, which I've been trying to get for years and years. It's interesting, wild work; and you get the jolliest and keenest men on it. Good-bye and bless you, darling; I don't know yet whether I come back this Winter for Cavalry School, and I don't

much mind, except for you, and seeing the family again, as I am loving the work here now very much. In some ways I think I do much better in the wilds than in England, where there are so many more conventions to gird against. And girding is so bad.

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Potchefstroom : Sept. 11, 1913.

You must have had a terribly busy time at Panshanger, poor darling, what a holiday for you. I'm so glad it is all smoothing out now, but I can hardly imagine what an undertaking it must be. Did you ever get the misgiving that 'big houses' are a thing of the past? I wonder? But how right you are to pitch clean in to the thing of the moment. Excessive idealism is not only stupid, but lazy; because if you decide only to do the thing that is perfectly worth while, you do nothing; there being nothing *perfectly* worth while (or very little, and that little comes after you have started something imperfect). I can't express myself, and the Mail is going or gone. I'm so happy here, I love the Profession of Arms, and I love my fellow officers and all my dogs and all my horses. Isn't it funny that the more one loves one's fellow officers, the more one loves one's dogs, instead of the less? Thank Dad and Casie for delicious letters, I'll write to them next week.

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The Royal Dragoons, Transvaal :
Wed., Sept. 17, 1913.

I hope the Panshanger estate is now straightened out into beautiful working order; or anyhow, that the worst is over? It must have been a terrific grind. How are you going to divide up the time between Panshanger and Tap.? Or are you going to cleave to the one, and leave the other? I can so understand all the ghosts Panshanger must hold for you. Life is a good rush here too nowadays, as there are so few of us, and one man doing the work of five—that is, a great rush for anyone so unaccustomed to toil as I am. Of course it is light-work, and a lot of it very jolly bashing work; and now that I have made up my so-called brain that

it is *my* work, I can pitch into it without misgiving. While before, it seemed to matter so little whether one did it or not, that one naturally didn't—and it is so deadly easy to get through with ease and grace, and a certain amount of credit, without doing a hand's-turn, by the aid of a little cheap swank and invention.

The Scouts are the greatest fun, and they are all very keen. We live all day and all night out of doors, on and off and under horses, sketching and watching and swimming—and doing Wild-West shows, like vaulting, and riding back to front, and riding double, and picking up handkerchiefs at a gallop, and making the horses lie down, and that sort of thing. Next month we go down to Basutoland (great mountains) for a month, on a scheme.

I'm not coming to the Cavalry School: I didn't at all want to, latterly, as I want to work at these things out here. And after all, the Cavalry School only means learning under a teacher and in a manège, what one can teach oneself as well and with much more fun in the open.

I hear that Billa-boy has gone to Venice. Give my best love to the family. I loved the photograph Casie sent me, with the Tango neck-twist. How are you?

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Potchefstroom : Sept. 25, 1913.

Thank you awfully for your letter. I'm so glad that Dad and Bill and the Likkie-Man are having fun with the partridges. I'm simply longing for the Miss Belloc* book. I wish I knew Brocket: you must have had such wonderful fun there. Please give the Likkie-Man my best love, and a kick for luck for his birthday. How sad it must be for you going through all the old papers. I should like *very* much to have Uncle Francis's dressing case. I'm glad you've got through most of the other H.D.'s: how true it is, what you say about the necessity of compromise. What grief one comes to, through trying to get things straight and exact and altogether. But how rotten one would be, if one didn't start by trying that way.

I'm just going up to Jo'burg to get my nose operated on. There's a really clever man up there, a Scotchman,

* Mrs. Belloc-Lowndes.

McNab, a specialist at that sort of thing. He says it will make the whole difference to my health: and that the dust out here always makes that sort of thing ten times worse.

Our Scout jaunt to Basutoland is put off a month. We're doing sports and Skill-at-Arms and Mounted Combat now, having just finished Musketry: I missed 'Marksman' by 1 pt, 129 instead of 130; but I was the best in my Troop. I'm doing a lot of night-work with the Scouts, which is fun. We've just had a very good Garrison Boxing Tournament, three nights. I do hate doing accounts.

Good-bye, and bless you. I do hope that you are well, and happy? I do want to see your face again.

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Potchefstroom: Wed., Sept. 30, 1913.

To-morrow I start at crack of dawn with the Scouts for the Orange Free State; we shall cross the Vaal soon after dawn; and then a free week in the wilderness. So I have to write to-night, before your letter arrives. Are you well, and happy? Are you still at Panshanger, downing the partridges? Have you read anything new and jolly? Do you like Belloc's 'This and That' Essays? I'd never read them before; I loved some of them. I read 'New Arabian Nights' again, too. I went to Jo'burg on Thursday night; and Dr. McNab, on Friday morning, cut and banged and hammered at my nose for 1 hr. 5 min. without chloroform. He took out stacks of bones and heaps of gristle: and said it was the best thing he had ever done—He said that the inside of my nose was a perfect maze of shattered stuff: and that I shall feel quite different now—He's such a good clever little canny evil-minded Scot; with perfect hands, like a jockey. On Saturday morning the nurse (in hospital) flouted me, and said that I should be there for another week. So I packed my bag, and shouted out of the window to stop a taxi, and offed it, all incontinent. Jo'burg was in great fettle. I got back here this morning.

Good-bye, darling—Give my best love to all the family. I shall get your letter sent on to the Free State, and work the Scout scheme according!

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Potchefstroom : October 9th, 1913.

I had such a good letter from Bill-boy this week, just returned from his lurid Venice tour. He must have been splendid about Greats; and I expect it will give him exactly the right stiffening. I'm glad that he is with Douglas Radcliffe, who is one of the real 20th Century Saints, and at the same time full of bite. My dear, what a terrible go you must have had at Panshanger. Are you really out of the Slough now? It's too bad that you should have two houses; but O gracious Lord, what about me, who every year have an increasing desire to live in a blanket under a bush; and will soon get bored with the bush and the blanket? I'm glad that the Tobacco King has come to the rescue. I'm so glad, too, that you have decided to sell the little Raphael; of course, you *must* have done something, and it is good to have come to a decision. I think the 'Panshanger Fund' is a very good idea. What is Lloyd George doing meanwhile; and what will the next minute bring forth? How far do you agree, in *general theory*, with the Lloyd George schemes? Write me an arch-baker—I have never quite known, exactly, and how little, and how far?

The rains have started here, a leaden downpour, with intervals of thunder and waterspout. I had a real good week with the Scouts on the Vaal River, before the rains started. They are very good fun. One of them got stranded in a field with three horses all one night; and in the morning asked me for extra pay, because last night he had done five men's work—the Orderly Officer's, the Orderly Sergeant Major's, the Orderly Sergeant's, the Orderly Corporal's and the Night Guard's. Another stole a dog, and said 'What shall I call the little brute?' 'Oh, knock one of his eyes out, and call him *Napoleon!*'

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Potchefstroom : Wednesday, Oct. 15, 1913.

No letter of yours to answer this week, as I've got to write to-night, before the mail comes in. I hope you and Casie had fun at Gosford. Are you back at Tap. now? When are you in Waiting again? I hope Daddy had some

good stalking. Bo'sun (Captain Chapman) returns to us to-morrow, having been home for five months—He brings with him a new boy for the regiment, Watkin Wynn.—I'm very glad that he's coming back, as we've only had five in the mess lately—Philip Hardwick (rich and rare), Parker Leighton, Waterhouse, Pitt-Rivers, and self.

A nasty thing happened last Monday. I sent a man to fetch my sergeant-major (Reserve Troop) to Orderly Room; and as the Orderly arrived at his bunk, the sergeant-major shot himself. The orderly rushed back, and told me. I went and found him lying huddled in a corner, with the revolver still in his hand. He had put it into his mouth, and shot himself dead. He was such a jolly man, from Princes Risboro'. He had got into trouble over his accounts; but, thank God, I had never blamed him at all about them—I just left him to fight it out with the Pay Office, saying that I trusted him absolutely, and that it was all their fault. There is an awful row going on now about the accounts. The poor man left a wife and child—He had been twenty-one years in the regiment.

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Carlton Hotel, Johannesburg: Thursday, Oct. 23, 1913.

Thank you awfully for your letter received last Thursday, and the two books, Wells and Maxwell. How how subtle and minute and clever and *exact* Wells is, in analysis; and how much more constructive, in a very vague way, he is now than he used to be. Is the Maxwell good? I haven't read any of him before.

I hope your Scotland has been fun? It must have been a good and badly-needed and well-earned rest for you. When did you go? Gosford and Whit.? I hope Daddy got some good stalking?

I have got lots to tell you. First, and most important 1.A. I killed a fox with my greyhounds at 5.30 a.m. on Eerste Raanges North on Sunday last: very rare in this country, most of our chaps wouldn't believe it till I showed it to them. My little black puppy killed it—broke its back in one snap, going at full speed. It was much bigger than she is. I've never had such good long-dogs as now; four great

big lashing dogs, and this little pup, who is the best of the lot. I do think that greyhounds are the most beautiful things on earth; they have got all the *really* jolly things—affection, and courage unspeakable, and speed like nothing else, and sensitiveness and dash and grace and gentleness, and enthusiasm.

There have been terrific rows about Fordom, the Quarter Master Sergeant who shot himself. He had got into trouble with his books; drank; forged and erased and cheated for six months to get right, failed; and dared not face the music. Poor devil. He was £240 out. Leckie and the Buck (Waterhouse) have to pay the piper—or they may get out of it, as you cannot really hold an officer responsible if the Sergeant forges his name and cooks his figures. You have no idea how intensely complicated Army accounts are. We have all spent the last fortnight trying to unravel these books, under Boards of Officers—but the Boards, who come fresh to it, while we have spent weeks in trying to twist it out, understand nothing about it, and send in the most ridiculous statements, which are immediately quashed by Headquarters, who then appoint a new Board, and ditto occurs. Luckily Fordom did not cheat at all during the month he was under me; isn't that odd; he and I were great friends, and I suppose he didn't want to do me down.

The Regimental Scouts are composed of sixteen 'squadron' scouts, who work with their squadrons on service; and eight 'regimental' scouts, who work for the whole show. Their job in war is to find out all they can without being seen—right ahead of the regiment. In peace you train them by keeping them out in the open all the time, to teach them country, and how to use their eyes, and how to work alone, and how to keep themselves and their horses 'on the country,' with nothing supplied. It's a very interesting job. Vide the Boy Scout Movement and Mr. Ivo G. W. Grenfell.

My nose is now working like a motor with the throttle open, and is of a fine Grecian symmetry—I can blow through it like a Sperm Whale (or is it a Cachalot?) But there is no solid bone backing to it; in fact, it is like the

Pharisees and Sadducees; and the next punch I receive thereon will flatten it out like butter in the summer months.

Miss — (late of Roberts' Heights) is engaged to be married, God bless her. She is a very nice girl, and I wish I had married her.

I got one day's leave up here yesterday for the Rag-Time Ball, last night, at this place. It was really wonderful, everyone out for blood. I always expect an immediate visitation of fire and brimstone, when living in Johannesburg. Just off back to Potchefstroom.

Goodbye, Mummie darling

J.

Can you do the Tango? We are all tigers at it now.

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Potchefstroom : Thursday, Oct. 30, 1913.

Thank you for your letter. I'm so glad you're better, after your Scotland time: it sounds the very greatest fun. How about the little Raphael? Is it sold yet? I had a letter from Moggie to-day, with a picture of herself shrimp-ing, in a Botticelli sea. She started by saying that she was so sorry she hadn't written to me for such a long time, but that she had really had so little time. I heard from Casie-girl too. Had Dad had good stalking?

I start on Sat. for a three weeks' trek with my twenty-four Scouts, down to Basutoland, fighting the Tenth Scouts under Basil Brooke. We take a waggon, which they try to capture; so we shall lie up in the rocks all day, and march all night. My long-dogs go with us, and we practically live on what they kill. The camps are just like gypsy camps; all the men round the fire, watching the dinner being cooked—and all the horses round outside, watching too. They are jolly men, all the wild spirits, and they love being out. One gets to know them very well, too, living with them—more than one would in years of barrack life. I think they have rather melted towards me, living with them and sleeping with them and eating their food. It rains now most nights, and we all sleep under a big tarpaulin hung on to two trees. We've got a horse who always breaks his

shackle and tries to get under the tarpaulin about three times a night. He charges down at it with his head down, at a good trot; and the shower of profanity which meets his entering head really almost raises the tarpaulin.

I've had to take my name out of my Promotion Exam, because I have not had time to do my regimental work, much less extra work. But isn't it extraordinary how much better and how much more one does, when one is doing four things in the time of one. I've had the 'Eagle,' Boxing Club, Athletic Club, Cricket Club, Reserve Squadron, Scouts, Boxing Competition, and my troop on Troop Training all this month—and they are all 'one man' jobs. And I've been frightfully happy.

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LETTERS FROM BILLY.

Casa Capello, Venice : September, 1913.

One of your letters has reached me; the address slightly inaccurate as you see—my fault for not writing to you before, of which I am horribly ashamed, but luxurious travel in foreign parts paralyses the pen, I find, unless one has Ruskin's gift for boring others. Our trip across Europe was the most glorious fun, intoxicating speed and dream-like comfort, with complete harmony among the voyageurs. We got out of any little difficulty with the people of the country by pointing mysteriously at Denny and saying 'This gentleman is mad,' whereupon they worshipped him. We saw 'the cities and the minds of many people' from a comfortable recumbent position—Amiens, the Vosges, Nancy, Coucy, Freiburg, Innsbruck, the Arlberg Pass, Cortina, and a wonderful new road from the very top of the pink Dolomites into Italy. Denis and Edward stayed behind to climb a Dolomite, but I came on with George, and hope to climb on my return journey. Katharine and Raymond are here, and Duff Cooper arrived last night; a fugitive we believe from justice in London; he celebrated the occasion by swimming the Grand Canal. The — are raising Tallywhack and Tandem in this town; she has a salon of wayward, vicious, dowdy and doubtful genii, and

Raymond compares her conduct of it to the yapping of a mad poodle. We have only seen the more obvious sights so far—Colleone, the Doge's Palace, St. Mark's, Academia, and one or two Churches, but they are wonderful enough; and the subtle penetrating charm of Venice, with its strange mixed flavour of Earl's Court and the Renaissance. Scores of people are arriving at this house—Mary Elcho, Norah Lindsay, Diana Manners, Cyncie, and lots more. I hope to be back at Panshanger about September 14th, and to discuss future plans more fully then. One cannot do better than follow Patrick implicitly in any matter concerning examinations. I should *prefer*, of course, if the chance is as good, to do Modern History in a foreign university for this year. It would I feel be more educational—a classical education leaves one so one-sided, but of course one must follow whatever is most likely to come off. I do hope your eyes are better?

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Of the four who motored so happily to Venice, only Edward Horner is now alive, 1916.

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Venice: Sept. 1913.

Lots of bathing and tennis and extreme heat. Hope to arrive at Panshanger for dinner Thursday night as ever is.

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Costello, Ireland (Bron's fishing):
October 1913.

I am sorry to tell you that the best fishing in Galway is rather worse than the fishing in the duck-pond at Stanway. Skilled anglers average about 3 small trout a day, women sometimes get 1, but usually nothing. Marksman get 2 grouse, the less experienced get 1 teal. The fact is that there has been an unprecedented drought, and stones are uncovered that have never been looked on by human eyes before. This is always the case with the keen anglers, just as sun-worshippers always strike the one fog of a century in the Riviera. The place itself is very attractive; wild desolate hills strewn with the wildest confusion of

rocks, and projecting fantastically into the lakes. Katharine and Raymond are here, and Juliet Duff, and Phil Kershaw. Kath did 'Planchette' last night, and evoked Gabrielle, mistress of Henri IV. She wrote 'Il s'est endormi dans les eaux pâles, comme les papillons las d'avoir trop cherché.'

I have heard from Douglas Radcliffe about All Souls, and feel more and more likely to accept his plan, but we might see what Hal Fisher says before finally deciding? I think a year's intentional 'absence from felicity' will do me good in the way of stiffening the moral fibres. Send me Hal Fisher's letter as soon as you get it, and accept my best love.

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32, Old Queen Street: October 1913.

I have been through great perplexity of mind in deciding my fate for this next year. After all things have been considered, the conclusion seems to be that I had better follow my real inclination towards (and love of) History, rather than pine away on the dry bones of the Law? Please don't think I am simply avoiding drudgery, I am really anxious to make this year a success, and have tried to choose for the best. As to reading, I have Gibbon to begin with, and will write for Fisher's list; the question is whether I had better go to Paris immediately after the November Bar dinners, or try to finish the general reading first, and go there early in January, when the new courses of lectures begin? However, it is impossible to discuss all this by post, only I do hunger and thirst to know what you think of the plan as a whole? Bron's was too delightful as to him and people, but cruel-hard as to fishing. I went to Panshanger last night to collect my chattels; it was glorious in dark green and gold, but it is peopled with ghosts when one is solitary there. I do hope you are happy, my address is Avon till Monday.

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Avon Tyrrell: Oct. 1913.

Your letter is the greatest comfort, I am glad to say that I am now confirmed in the plan of doing History.

The intense interest of the subject, and the real and abiding pleasure it would give one for life, outweigh the other considerations. It remains to make a glorious bunderbust for the next year, which we'll do directly you come South. Gibbon more than occupies me for the present. There are such wonderful people here—Cynthia, Raymond and K., Duff, Sidney, and Bridgie—almost an embarras. When do you get to Taplow? I will go straight there with Casie from Lady Kitty's.

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It was a very hot and beautiful Autumn. Billy went over to Eton to play Football for the 'Old Boys,' and he and Ivo went to tea at Mr. Luxmoore's, and Billy made what was said to be one of the best speeches ever heard at Eton, at Mr. Goodhart's supper.

He went to Paris the middle of November, to work at History at the Collège de France. Imogen was playing with Boris, her mother and Monica heard her say 'Don't bite my hair, or you'll shock those other young ladies.' She went out hunting with Monica about once a week all that Winter. Someone asked her when her birthday was, she said 'Well, last year it was February 11th, so I suppose it will be February the 12th this time.' She said to her mother 'Will you choose what you would like for Christmas? You had better not choose anything very expensive, as I shall put it down to you.'

On November 22nd, there was a party at Taplow, to which Mr. and Mrs. Rudyard Kipling came; their first visit to Taplow. Mr. Kipling won everybody's heart, and *acted* most wonderfully, among other things.

There was a great deal of work going on at Panshanger all that autumn and winter, a new heating-system was put in throughout the house, new bath-rooms were made, the drains and roof redone, electric

bells put in, and five grass lawn-tennis courts and an En-Tout-Cas court were laid down.

On Dec. 12th a telegram came from Julian to say that he had won the Military Steeplechase and the Bedford Steeplechase at Johannesburg; and he won the Section-Jumping, was Second in the Half-Section Jumping, and Third in the Pony-Jumping. He also got two Second Prizes and three Thirds with his ponies.

Monica went to the Flying-Party at Combermere, for Ned Grosvenor's Coming-of-age; and Imogen danced beautifully at an entertainment at Maidenhead. Ivo came home for the holidays with the Prize for his Classical Division, a Special Prize, and a First in Trials. He and Monica and Imogen did a very good 'Christy Minstrels' entertainment at Christmas, and there were very pretty Tableaux Vivants of 'Red Riding Hood.' Imogen was the wolf. Billy's Lectures in Paris went on till the New Year, and he thought it better not to interrupt them; he and Julian were terribly missed by the rest of the family. But Billy came back for a short time on Dec. 31st.

Imogen said 'Oh, look at this Good-gracious thing.' She told her family a story of eleven princesses who were brothers, and a man who 'gave a cuckold' (chuckle). Her mother told her to ask Gaston for her hat which the puppy ate; she said 'I'd better ask the puppy for it.'

EXTRACT FROM 'THE RAND DAILY MAIL,' Dec. 11, 1913.

Several of those behind 'Kittens' in the Bedford Steeplechase finished very distressed. The Hon. Julian Grenfell carried off the riding honours of the day. 'Kittens' was by way of being a pick-up mount for the gallant soldier. 'Kittens,' a great puller, was delivered with a real stopping bit, but her rider discarded this for a plain snaffle. Permitting 'Kittens' to stretch out in the early part of her

race, he then steadied the mare and had the race won a long way from home. On his own mare, 'Delilah,' Lieutenant Grenfell was seen to great advantage in winning the Soldiers' race.

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The following notes about Julian and Billy were written by Raymond Asquith, Grenadier Guards, from France, April 1916.

I first met Julian and Billy when they were little boys at Summer Fields and used to come over sometimes to luncheon in Bron's rooms in Balliol. Most boys of that age were either noisy or embarrassed or both. Julian and Billy, without being in the least precocious or grown-up, were as natural and charming as flowers.

After that, though I had glimpses of them now and then at Taplow, Dunrobin, and other houses, I have no very clear recollections until they were undergraduates and we had some dinners together on Summer evenings in my rooms in All Souls, which I only hope they enjoyed half as much as I did. Soon Julian went into the Army, and I only saw him intermittently, but always with delight—it would be absurd to pretend that I was a great friend of his, but I was a great admirer. It was easy to idealize Julian, because superficially he seemed to be built on very simple lines. One might have set him up in a public place as a heroic or symbolical figure of Youth and Force. In reality he was far too intelligent and interesting to be a symbolical figure of anything. His appetite for action was immense, but it was a craving of his whole nature, mind no less than body. His sheer physical vigour, as everyone knows, was prodigious. Perfectly made and perpetually fit he flung himself upon life in a surge of restless and unconquerable energy. Riding, or rowing, or boxing, or running with his greyhounds, or hunting the Boches in Flanders, he 'tired the sun with action' as others have with talk. His will was persistent and pugnacious and constantly in motion. His mind, no less, was full of fire and fibre; lively, independent, never for a moment stagnating, nor ever mantled with the scum of second-hand ideas, violent in its movements but always

moving, intemperate perhaps in its habit but with 'the brisk intemperance of youth.' His thoughts seemed always to be a genuine part of himself, because they were his and not another's. His notions of how life should be lived were widely different from those which are generally received; but his practice showed a much closer agreement with his theory than commonly obtains between the creed and conduct of more conventional persons. He was impatient of all restriction and artifice, and consequently of most of the forms and standards of what is called civilised life. But in the substance of life itself he had the keenest joy, and he rode hard and straight upon every trail of danger and delight. There was something primitive in Julian, a simplicity, force, and directness which were almost savage, but tempered with a natural courtesy and grace which gave him the finest manners, and a smile which was indescribably charming and intimate. Intimate, according to the somewhat exacting standard of to-day, I should doubt if he ever was, even with those who knew him best. To me at any rate he seemed to have a spirit essentially solitary and self-contained, opening more freely to nature's solicitation than to man's.

But the difficulty of putting Julian into words is insuperable. One might as easily dissect a waterfall or analyse a whirlwind. The union in him of strength and grace, of fierceness and sweetness, was a thing which we can record but only he could express.

Billy I knew very much better, being with him not only at Taplow, but often for days together at Bron Lucas's, at Avon Tyrrell, and other places. He was a perfect companion, and in every context of life a perpetual joy—I can see him now in a dozen characteristic attitudes, with a racquet or a rod, or riding off in his brown jersey on a pony-hunt, or striding from the Lido into the Adriatic, which seemed never deep enough to cover him, or shouldering lazily through a mob of Lilliputian Dagos towards his evening cocktail at Florian's. No one had a more arresting and enduring flavour than Billy. Just as his great form at once engaged the eye, so his strong individuality seized and held the imagination. There was not a gesture nor a

sentence of his that could ever be taken for anyone else's. His humour was delicious, sometimes subtle, often childish, but always, both in the angle of vision and the turn of phrase, utterly and unmistakably his own. In the buffoonery of a charade as in the more delicate exercise of deriding the tedious, the pretentious, or the absurd, he had a most whimsical felicity.

He had mixed more freely (one would say) with brilliant and exceptional people than almost any boy of his years; most certainly he had no use for fools or bores; but a strong dash of childishness persisting in him always made up a great part of his charm, and he retained, I think, a natural preference for simplicity, particularly in women. At Avon he always seemed to me more completely happy and at ease than anywhere else, except his own home; but no one who saw it will ever forget the grim and furtive way in which once or twice a week Billy and John, with no word spoken, would move off together to the covered-court, like a pair of schoolboys going to settle their differences in some private place with fists. All of us knew what was up, and that it would be bad form to go into the court, or even into the gallery, until the secret session was over. They were both beautiful players, but in his own court at any rate John usually won. And after an hour or so they would slope back again, John glowing under a mask of indifference, Billy plunged in a cloud of impenetrable gloom, which might continue for half an hour, unless the Twins decided to disperse it sooner. Billy was given to moods by nature, and subject to sudden alternations of self-confidence and depression. In every contest, intellectual as well as athletic, he undoubtingly expected victory, and if things fell out otherwise he was utterly downcast for a time. In truth, although he won much distinction in both these fields, he never did himself full justice in either. He had great strength and great skill of body and of brain, but he lacked the sort of handiness or cunning or luck, or whatever the queer quality is, which makes the born match-player and the born examinee. His brain was very clear and extremely quick in intercourse, and there was in it, as in his whole nature, a kind of ingenuousness and immaturity which was full of

promise and of charm. Like Julian, he had very definite opinions, often rather unexpected ones, especially about people, and expressed them with perfect candour and point. If he was silent or lazy, one felt an irresistible temptation to rouse or tickle him, and an utter confidence in the response. It was delightful to settle down with him alone on the back seat of a motor (as I often did at Avon) and drive off 15 or 20 miles to Broadstone for a day's golf. One knew one was in for a thoroughly good time; because there was never anything stale about Billy's talk, and however much one saw of him there remained always new ground to explore, new things to discover and enjoy.

Like Julian, Billy was a fine athlete and a keen sportsman; very few of his contemporaries were so continuously and efficiently active; but it was characteristic of him that even in activity he contrived to give an impression of repose, almost of indolence. In this respect he was in striking contrast with Julian. Julian stood for motion, Billy for mass; Julian for force in action, Billy for force in rest; Julian was like a torrent, Billy was like a deep still lake, having the same inviting serenity, the same composure. He was singularly intolerant of the common herd, and moved among strangers with a kind of drowsy arrogance, which pointed delightfully the slow and simple sweetness of his way with friends.

When I read what I have written here about Billy and Julian, I am shocked by the flimsiness of it. Such golden boys as these are not to be remade out of the tinsel of a few pale adjectives. But they will be remembered always.

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CHAPTER XXV.

ON January 2nd, 1914, Zia Torby, Enid Fane, Betty and Angie and John Manners, Vi and Rudolph de Trafford, Bridget Colebrooke, Violet Keppel, Nellie Hozier, Linky, Lord Vernon, Lord Carleton, George Dawson-Damer, Patrick, Duff, Eddie Grant, Sidney and Michael Herbert, and Mr. Hamel came to Taplow; there was a lovely Fancy-Dress Cotillon one night, in which Imogen was carried in, in a hamper of roses, and did her 'Almond-Blossom' dance. They did excellent Charades one night; Violet Keppel, Sidney and Michael, Duff, Billy, and Lord Vernon, being the 'stars.' Sidney stayed on after the party, to hunt with the children.

On January 6th there was a children's party with about 70 children, and a Punch-and-Judy, and dancing; and a Beagle-Meet the next day.

They all went to Avon for a few days, in a very sharp frost—Imogen rode 'Wild Tom' on iron-hard ground. And on January 17th the party for the Ball at Taplow arrived; the Ball was on January 19th, and went on till 5 a.m.! George Curzon brought Irene to it, her very first Ball. The people staying in the house were Moira Osborne, Dorothy Browne, Iris Capell, Vera Bentinck, Victoria Stanley, Bridget Coke, Lucia White, Desmond, George Monckton, Lord Lascelles, Lord Charles Hope, John Manners, Gerard Sturt, Ivan Hay, Niall Campbell, Titchfield, Jack Althorp, Charlie Mills, and Eric Ednam. There was a Cotillon the first night, led by Monica and Desmond; and every kind of out-of-door and indoor

game. A complete stranger was shown into the library one evening when they were playing Bridge before dinner; he had come to the house by mistake for another where he was to stay. He cannot have known his hostess very well, as it was some time before he became aware that there was anything amiss.

On the last day of the holidays, Willie and Billy and Ivo shot the Taplow Woods, and then Billy went off back to Paris, and Ivo to Eton. Monica went the next morning, with her hunters, to stay with the de Traffords, for the Market Harborough Ball, and a fortnight's hunting; so the family at home melted down to Imogen—after almost the happiest of all holidays.

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These were letters from the boys during the Winter.

LETTERS FROM JULIAN.

Union Hotel, Vrede : November 5, 1913.

This place is in the N.E. of the Free State. We trained to Standerton on the 2nd, and got here in two marches. To-morrow our scheme starts; we have got to get our waggon past Bethlehem and Harrismith to Basutoland, and the 10th have got to try and capture it, starting from Potchefstroom. I've got 27 men, 37 horses, and 10 mules in the waggon. We live on the country, buying our rations and forage at the farms as we go; doing about 24 miles a day, a nice comfortable march for men and horses. The men are the most wonderful thieves; whenever we go past a pond, two of them ask leave to fall out for a minute (with a broad wink) and return shortly afterwards with 2 or 3 ducks, a chicken, and probably a dog. We have got every kind of Napoleonic scheme to outwit Basil Brooke and the Tenth Scouts; two of our men dressed up as Boers, with beards and little hired ponies, to follow them up and wire to me every day: a patrol, with orders written by me, carefully describing an entirely different route for our waggon, which

is to blunder into their route, get captured, and have the orders found sewn into their helmets: and a hired false waggon going along that route, to draw them away safely.

It's a very jolly bit of country here—the High Veldt, quite green now, great rolling waves of ground like a heavy swell, so that you can only see to the next sky line, and anything beyond is completely hidden. It's different to Potchefstroom—not so many little hills—and entirely different to Jo'burg and Pretoria, with none of their bleakness, and still greater space. We ran into tremendous hills further down South. We've escaped the rain so far, but I expect will catch it soon.

I shall get your letters in a fortnight, at Harrismith. I wonder if you are at Taplow now? I *am* loving the Wells book: I love the vague swank about not going in for politics or anything, because the larger interests of the Universe are so much more important. I've got about half-way through it. Don't you love the man who got his colours at Eton for diving, and the man who was clawed out of a tree by a panther?

Are you well, after Scotland? And are you doing the Panshanger drains marvellously?

Waterhouse has gone home: I've told him to pull out my horse 'Poor Denis,' and run him in some chases.

— 'the biggest liarr in Asiar' who went into the wilds to shoot lions and tigers for three months, was discovered in the Carlton Hotel, Jo'burg, 10 days after he had bidden us a sad farewell; and a month afterwards at the Victoria Falls Hotel, Zambesi; but he returned with terrific stories of the prowess of his rifle, and of frantic deeds by field and flood.

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Royal Hotel, Harrismith: Nov. 13, 1913.

I got your letter forwarded here. I have found the Browning bit about you and me that I never could find in England—

Feel where your life broke off from mine
How fresh the splinters keep, and fine;
Only a touch and we combine.

It will always be like that with us. Yes, I am glad with all my heart we had such ructions, but I wish that I had been a little older; I should have put up such a much better game for you in my maturer age. And I'm afraid we shall never have another chance, because we shall always laugh too soon in any future conflict.

What good things letters are, for keeping touch; in one way they bring us almost closer even than talking, because they stir the imagination more. When one talks, there is no need or use for imagination in that way. When one writes, the whole thing depends on imagination. But I do want to see your face again.

I *loved* the Wells book; we must have read it at exactly the same time. I don't think it's a failure—I think his books are so good just for that reason, that they are so inconclusive and therefore so true. How can anything be true that is worked out to a black and white conclusion? What thing has ever worked out to a black and white conclusion?

I read it in little bits, on the trek down here, lying on the veldt, near the waggon, in the light of the camp fire. Such a funny contrast—those absolutely primitive conditions, against the subtle hyper-modern, hyper-civilised intricacies of the book. I don't like the *man*, or believe in him much. His passion is so unctuous and conscious and Made in Germany. I like the woman, except when she talks about her 'poor courtesy title.'

We did our 150 miles to Kestell very comfortably, and utterly confounded the blooming Hussars. Basil Brooke will hardly speak to me. I sent two men to get captured, with messages hidden in their puttees, written by me to patrols 'Concentrate at once on waggon at Cornelis River Bridge.' Basil got them, and drew in his patrols to C. R. Bridge, from over 100 miles of country. Meanwhile we walked into Kestell from the other side. I got great kudos for this simple manœuvre.

Such a good life, and *wonderful* wild country, with little tracks running through the little deep rivers; and hills like bastions and battlements. We're all resting here for three days; off back to Potchefstroom to-morrow, 200 miles, seven days.

This is a good place, a little town under a huge mountain wall. Mail going. I meant to write to Dad, but will next week. Thank him for his letter, and realms of love to all.

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A vivid picture remains of Basil Brooke, resisting Julian and eight other men, who were trying to throw him out of the train as it went at a brisk pace out of Victoria Station, one morning in December, 1914. They were all going back to France, after short leave.

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Greenplate, O.F.S. : Nov. 18, 1913.

DARLING MOTHER,—This is a little lonely store, with a little lonely railway coming from nowhere and going to nowhere; and you can see 50 miles each way, and about three tin huts. We are three days' march from Potch, where I shall get two of your letters. Did you ever get my missing letters? Are you at Taplow now? Are you well? How are your eyes? Are you having fun? I have loved this trek more than almost anything ever; I'm really only happy when I am eating with my hands, and sleeping on the ground with dogs all round me. They are so far more trustworthy as companions than the fickle human race. The Tenth are camping next door to us to-night, and the men are all round the fire, singing. Horse-Show at Jo'burg next week, and I move my stable up there.

Such wonderful clear nights here, with blazing stars, and a great loneliness.

I wish you could see the Basutoland hills—there is very little to beat them.

Good-night, Mummie darling, and bless you. Give my love to the family. Have you seen Waterhouse, who is now at home? I think you'd like him; he has a great heart.

All all love from

J.

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Greenplate, Nr. Heilbron, O.F.S. : Nov. 18, 1913.

MY DARLING DAD,—I got a letter from you last week, forwarded to me at Harrismith. I'm so glad that you had good stalking; you must have done very well indeed. I hope the pedigree cattle will be a success at Panshanger. All the Panshanger arrangements seem to be pretty well smoothing out now? I'm writing this from a little store in the High Veldt here. It's a wonderful great rolling *lonely* country, the Free State, and I believe it has a great farming future. It is much more pleasant, and much less barren, than the Transvaal; and of all places in the Transvaal, Pretoria is the worst, so that we got all the beastliest side of S. Africa to start off with. One gets very fond of the veldt after trekking about in it. I've got 27 men here (Scouts) and 37 horses, and a buck-waggon with ten mules for the kettles and blankets: no tents, and no food—we just buy forage and bread and meat as we go along, and peg the horses down wherever we fetch up in the afternoons, generally doing 24-30 miles a day. We had a scheme against the Scouts of the 19th, under Basil Brooke—They had to catch our waggon on the way to the Basuto border—I sent out two men to get captured, with false messages calling in my men to a big bridge; Basil got these messages, and concentrated on the bridge, while we slipped past 50 miles East. He was very sore about it. We have been on trek three weeks now; we get back to Potch in three days, and then I go up to Jo'burg for the Horse-Show, where I've got my ponies showing, and three jumping horses.

My greyhounds have been great fun on the trek; we have got a hare or two or three each day, and a couple of buck.

Good-bye. Please give my best love to the family. The store pen is very bad, so please don't swear at my writing. I hope you are fit and well. I am very fit, but I should not care to walk against you over the Scotch hills.

Best love from

JULIAN.

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Carlton Hotel, Johannesburg : Nov. 27, 1913.

The Boy (Pitt-Rivers) and I have just been up for the Horse-Show here (two days)—We had all our ponies up, and five jumping troop-horses. Of course show-jumping is the thing you *must* have practice for; and I had never ridden any of the horses before. We got second in the pair jumping, going round at racing pace (the Boy is as wild as wild horses). Then at the last minute we got up a section, the Boy, me, and two gunners, for the *big* thing—the Open Section Jumping—for which everyone had been practising for months. **AND WE WON IT!!** to the concern of the military and the astonishment of the natives!! going round at a tearing gallop, and doing a clean round: nobody more surprised than the winning section!

The Boy got a first in the polo class, and third in the open jumping. I got third in the officers' jumping, and two seconds and three thirds with my ponies. I had rather expected my ponies to win hands down; but the judges seemed to go for the flashy light thorobreds.

The Military Steeplechase is on here Dec. 10th, also two hunt races, so I'm training a bit—This town is really a great place for three days; it must be the hottest place in the inhabited world.

Nothing much doing just now in the soldiering line, until we get the new rifle, and start musketry. I got great shabash over the Scout Trek. I am frightfully complacent and happy just now. Only I want to see you again dreadfully. We *might* come home February. I should *think* we would come home November 1914. Bless you.

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Potchefstroom : Dec. 4, 1913.

I hope that you have not been corrupted from normal and ancient English habits by the Russian royalties. The Taplow party sounds full of lovelies—Rosemary, and Bridget: but my word, you should see some of the S.A. stars. I'm awfully glad your eyes are *really* better?—I've just started Ronald's book*; isn't it flashing, every

* 'Some Loose Stones,' by the Rev. Ronald Knox.

sentence of it? Yes, Cavalry School is right off for me this next year. I've relevéd 'Passionate Friends.' I liked 'The Devil's Garden'—fairly, only fairly. It's a bit stodgy: but I suppose everything is a bit stodgier in life than it is made out in novels. But the characters didn't quite *live*, did they?

Get hold of the Buck (A. W. Waterhouse c/o Messrs. Cox & Co.)—he is at home to marry his sister. You will like him; he is pure gold, and steel underneath, and cute, and loyal as death, and capable. Also Bunty Hewett (same address) who goes home this week. I'm very fond of both of them.

In the Jo'burg Horse-Show the Boy (Pitt-Rivers) and I, and two Gunners, got up a section at the last *instant* for the jumping, went round at *full bat*, did a *clear* round, and won it! One of the extraordinary surprises—when one practises and thinks of nothing else for years, one is whacked. When one rushes in at the last moment with a yell and a grin, one wins. Boy and I were second in the Half-Section Jumping—Boy was third in the Open Jumping, I was third in the Pony Jumping. And we got one first, two seconds, and eight thirds with our ponies. Not too bad, considering that we had none of the best jumping horses up. And great fun. Show the photographs to Casie, and bid her remark that I ride with my knees up to my nose in the real show-jump style. Uncomfortable, inelegant, and unsafe, but I think it helps the horse.

Quiet life here now, till we get the new rifles. I am *frightfully* happy, and have become the typical Colonial, with a racy twang.

Bless you. Please give my best love to the family; and thank Casie for her letter. She is not to marry —, or any blue-blooded idiot.

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Potchefstroom: Dec. 18, 1913.

Thank you awfully for your letter. How lovely your October must have been. I *did* enjoy the Wells book; and I'm loving Ronny's for writing and wit and cut; although I so disagree with his attitude that I often can't

see the importance—one way or the other—of the things he is talking about. I liked The Devil's Garden. Do send me Sinister Street: I liked Carnival, didn't you? I'm glad Bill is having fun, and loving Paris. It's very good getting such a lot for the Raphael, and it ought to make things easier, oughtn't it? I'm glad that the noise in the water-pipes at Panshanger is getting less. And the New Old Smoking Room sounds as if it would be awfully nice. I *do* hope 'Schoolgirl' is better? Yes, isn't she a perfect little thing—and a *real* galloper and sticker. She should win a good race, if properly trained, by a very quiet man. I'm glad some good is coming of some of my horses, after that terrible stable year. What fun the Kipling party must have been; I wish I knew him.

I had a day in the country at Jo'burg last week. They only have the one day's steeplechasing in the year—and only three races. I rode a mare belonging to a fellow called Lees-Smith in the first race—the Bedford Steeplechase. She pulls like old boots, and they had a double Crocker with nose-plugs, and a twisted snaffle, on her. I had been going to ride her all along, but Lees-Smith got a professional jock at the last minute, and put me in the sack. However, this boy lost his nerve at the 11th hour, so I rode her—in a plain racing snaffle. She went off like a cannon-ball: so instead of hauling her about I let her go, and sat still, for $\frac{1}{2}$ a mile, and then steadied her. She jumped like a hurdler, and had the rest stiff at the 2nd mile. No money in it; they betted 8-5 on, when I got up. Sir George Farrar gave a very big cup for a military race, and I trained 'Delilah' very carefully. Her distance is about 2 m. and this was $3\frac{1}{2}$ m. But she gained two lengths at each fence, and cracked the others in the second mile; so that though she was stony beat, we struggled home out of harm's way. We got an even tenner on her, and the boxing boys watched the man carefully; so all was well.

I put out for my Promotion Exam because they told me to; I was doing half the work of the regiment for two months. Kid is back now, and Leger Atkinson, and two new boys—one of them a topper, Percy Browne. Just starting musketry with the new rifle. I've got leave

January and February, and don't know where to go, as it's close season for shooting.

I had such a good letter from William Rawle in China. He is fairly filching the Heathen Chinees at Poker and Racing.

Potchefstroom : Dec. 18, 1913.

MY DEAR DAD,—Thank you very much for your letter. Can't you hire some bravo to give David George a nasty right uppercut? Or why not come and live in Sunny and Salubrious South Africa. I hope the drains at Panshanger are running with greater freedom and accuracy now? It must have been a great help selling the little Raphael so well. The new smoking-room sounds delightful. I'm so glad that Schoolgirl has been doing Casie well. She is the most brilliant hunter I've ever ridden, and ought to win a good Hunt Chase. Everything going very well here. We've just got the new rifle, and are starting to shoot with it. Makins comes back about Christmas. My kennel and stable are a pride and glory—I suppose as a recompense for last year. I've got some of the best polo-ponies in Africa, which is a good investment, as they are fetching such terrific prices in England. The 12th and 1st did so well last year, they said, entirely through the ponies they brought from S. Africa.

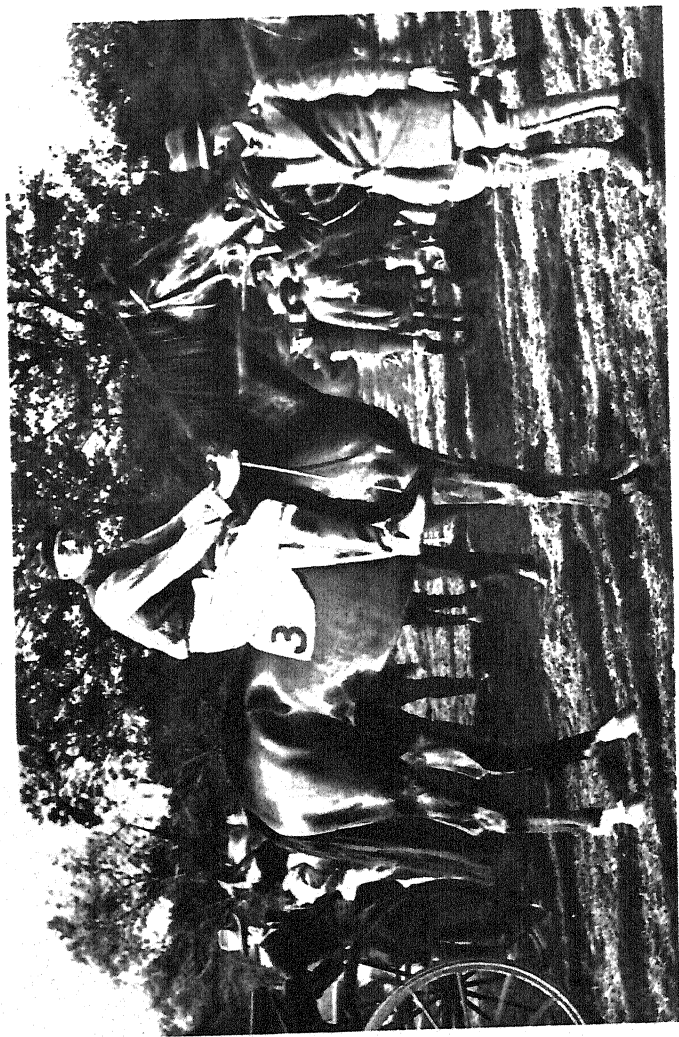
You'll like Waterhouse, who has gone home. He's a diamond of the best water. If The Other Girl is anything like fit, he would be a very good man to sell her for me. I've told him about her.

Good-bye, and the best of luck. I hope you're fit, and having fun. Bill seems to be enjoying Paris. All love from
J.

P.S.—I won two races at Jo'burg last week: but no money in it.

Potchefstroom : Christmas Day.

DARLING MOTHER,—Thanks awfully for your cable: and a very very happy Christmas to you and the family, and a wonderful 1914. I hope Grimsthorpe was fun,



JULIAN GRENFELL ON "FOUND OUT," AFTER WINNING THE
'STEWARDS' HANDICAP AT JOHANNESBURG, 1914.

and that Dad had a good shoot. Was our Ball splendid?

Makins is back to-day, to hand over the regiment to George Steele. I wonder if you saw him?

I'm on duty to-day—a terrible day—I must gallop now. All all all love. I've got leave January and February; I think I shall hunt the King of Beasts.

Bless you,

J.

Potchefstroom, Christmas Day, 1913.

MY DARLING DAD,—A *very very* happy Christmas and New Year to you. Thank you awfully for your cable, which arrived to-day. It's very good of you to give me a tenner for Christmas: I shall spend it on drink. You say 'will pay Bank' in your wire; but I think that's a great shame, as I have got a lot of money in horses now, and shall be like Croesus when I sell them. I hope you had a good shoot at Grimsthorpe. I've got leave for January and February, and I shall endeavour to slay the King of Beasts; though it's very hard to find a place at this time of year, rains being on, and grass high.

Makins is just back from England, to hand over the regiment to George Steele.

Goodbye, and all love from,

JULIAN.

Pitt-Rivers of the regiment is coming home, and wants a horse to race. He will write to you, and wants to come down to see The Other Girl. Can you tell Williams to bring her on as fast as he can? He will probably buy her, if she is still alive.

Carlton Hotel, Johannesburg: Jan. 8, 1914.

How terribly overworked your letter sounds. It is really too bad if you have to do other people's work as well as your own. It really sounds almost impossible, even to try it, but I suppose you will measure it up and see the exact amount of possibility. Grimsthorpe must have been

fun. Thank you a million times for the very good useful letter-case, which I shall always take with me on my wanderings: and for the delicious cigarette-holder. I do love them: and you. Yes, I've read some of the occult books—those books which range from ultra-mystical descriptions of the Spiritual World to exactly detailed regulations for getting up early in the morning and not eating too much. They always have the effect of making me get up at 12.30 p.m. and order champagne and oysters in bed.

We've been up here for a week now, playing polo, etc.; mostly etc. The 10th Hussars Second Lieutenants won the Rhodes Cup. We played them in the first round. We were just a scratch team—two Royals and two bad Tenth. We couldn't send a proper team, as we were all on musketry. We had a terrific galloping game, and tied—four goals all. It was rather good, as we'd never played before together, and they had for three months. We played extra-time, and they got a very lucky winning goal, cannoned off one of our ponies. They won it easily afterwards.

A railway strike was declared yesterday: and this morning they said that everyone was coming out again. Now, however, they say peace is declared again. I'm going straight back to Potch, by motor if they don't run the trains—Isn't it an awful country? Yesterday I was going to Cape Town, to ride a horse called 'Video' in the National there, for one of the racing men. Rather bad luck—he was favourite, and had a big chance. But they may call us out any minute, so I'm answering the stern call of Duty.

Nobody seems to know when we are coming back home—October, for a guess—or October year—or October 1916, or 2016.

Are you well, Mummie? Or really doing too much? *Don't* do too much.

About 'The Other Girl'—Pitt-Rivers, who arrives home about Feb. 10, will buy her if she is sound. Tell Williams to get her fit steadily, and just *take her to the meets* to get her qualified. P. R. will give me a good price. I wish I was at home to ride her in a race. She's far the

best horse I've ever had: and I believe she'll stand this year.

Please give my best love to Dad; and to Casie and Mog—thanking them tremendously for their jolly presents to me.

Lionel Tennyson, Loughborough, and Johnny Douglas are staying here: Lionel *the Knut* of the centuries. I took £37 off them at poker last night. We play till 8 a.m. after dancing.

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Potchefstroom: Jan. 15, 1914.

Thank you awfully for your letter, and the Programme, which brings back so many of our happy Christmas's under your stage-management. I'm so glad that little Moggie was happy; give her all my love; and Bill—but he is gone back to Paris, I suppose? It's hot out here: I don't think anyone outside realizes how hot. One feels it more than in India, as there are no heat-protectors here. Thunder hovering about all the time. How is darling Mr. Barnes? And the death-duties? and 'Schoolgirl' and 'The Other Girl'? Don't forget to get 'The Other Girl' as fit as you can, for Pitt-Rivers.

There is a fair muddle here. General Strike Declared, Martial Law Proclaimed, and Jo'burg stiff with Dutch Defence-Force men, 20,000 of them. And then—the absolutely extraordinary thing—practically no violence, trains running almost as usual. Each side waiting on the other. Two possibilities; (1) they go back to work when they begin to starve; (2) they fight when they begin to starve: (1) we stay here living the peaceful country life; (2) we gallop up, loaded to the muzzle. Betting about evens.

The Government has done really well this time, taking a dead firm stand. You should have seen all the backveldters going up by train—in cattle trucks. Buffalo Bill's Wild West would have taken a stone and a beating. Tall grim Boers with long hair and short stubbly beards, only opening their mouths to spit, slung with rifle and cartridges and spare boots and socks and bread and biltong.

You could see what a tough lot they must have been to fight. And with them the new Dutch generation—the ‘jongs’—weedy, flashy, pale-faced, chattering wasters, mostly drunk.

Goodbye, and bless you. The last rumour (official) is that another Cavalry regiment relieves us in October next. Makins goes in a fortnight, worse luck. Just starting work for Promotion Exam.

Best best love. I *do* hope you are well; and I *do* want to see you.

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Potchefstroom : Thursday, Jan. 22nd, 1914.

Thank you awfully for your letter. *What* a good party it sounds; did Mog leap well from her basket? I'm so glad that Bill-boy is happy. How are your eyes? Have you seen Waterhouse, and what did you think of him? Please give my best love to Daddy, and tell him how tremendously grateful I am to him for paying the £250 to Messrs. Cox.

It's been a very interesting week out here—an absolute fizzle-out of the strike, after everything had looked as black as ink. The Government really did extremely well this time; they filled Jo'burg cram full of burghers, and *enforced* Martial Law (unlike last time when they proclaimed it and didn't enforce it). They also nobbled all the strike-leaders, and shut them up; the whole thing collapsed automatically; and they are all back at work now. Of course this utter failure knocks strikes on the head for some time in this country. But considering the extraordinary bitter feeling, and the great number of criminals, one can't help thinking that the violent section will refuse to take it lying down; and that, next time they do anything, they will start straight away by blowing things up, before the burghers arrive. But they won't get the body of the workers to back them for a long time to come, as they are pretty well fed up with the agitators just now. Besides, the main agitators are off for a trip to the Andaman Islands.

Everybody says now that we are going home in October, for a certainty.

I'm training our Scouts now : we do rather jolly things—vaulting, picking up handkerchiefs at a gallop, bare-back riding, tracking, raft-building, shoeing, steering by the stars, etc.; in fact, they're supposed to be able to do anything.

Show-jumping is the great thing here now : and we're all starting to practise for the big Agricultural Show in the spring. It's a poor game compared to riding fast over fences; as any 'trick' thing is, compared to any real thing. Tell Waterhouse this : and see him smile with rage.

Army and Navy Boxing here next week; I'm taking our men up for it. I won't box myself, because my nose is really too beautiful to spoil now. It is thin, delicate and æsthetic : the wind whistles through it like a cyclone, with perfect freedom, and the nostrils open and quiver and close like 'Ascetic Silver's,' or Guy Benson's. I'll wait till I get home and you see it, before I start bashing it again.

I thought you would like to hear about my nose.

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Carlton Hotel, Johannesburg : Thursday, 29th Jan. 1914.

No letter yet to answer : I'll get it to-morrow, sent on here. No news in particular. I came up here yesterday, and I'm just going on to Pretoria, with all our boxing boys, for the Army and Navy Championships. I think they ought to do pretty well. I've tried to get them to box on the new American-French methods, the Ugly Useful style.—Nobody entered for the officers' show, so I shan't get a fight, unless I pick up someone at the last moment.

Makins leaves Potchefstroom to-day, amid great sadness.

This town is very quiet, after the fizzle-out of the strike. They have just deported the leaders; in fact, they've acted in a pretty high-handed way all through, and I expect there'll be a pretty good hullabaloo about it.

Do you know Mr. and Mrs. Dale Lace? Lionel Tennyson and Johnny Douglas are both back here again, with their cricket nuts. Loughborough has gone.

Have you read 'Sinister Street'? I'm reading it now,

but I don't think it's very good. All the tiny intricate personal-history details seem like a crib of Wells, whom nobody could ever possibly crib. I've not read the Dostoevsky yet; is it good?

How is Billa-boy? When does he go up for his All Souls? Please give my best love to all the family, and ask Moggie what I shall bring home for her?

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Potchefstroom: Feb. 5, 1914.

How good the Forest sounds; I *do* love it, don't you? You must have had the greatest fun at Avon. I wish I could have seen Mog on 'Wild Tom.' It's a pity that 'James' * is dead. I hope the Hochgeboreners will dance well at Taplow.

Peace here again. The Army and Navy Boxing at Pretoria last week was great fun. Titmas won the Middles, and Double fractured his thumb when in the final of the Welters—so we did pretty well, and I got some satisfaction in return for all the bits T. and D. have knocked out of my face at different times. I could not get a fight myself. It is extraordinary how Roberts' Heights *kills* me, directly I get into the five mile radius. As the motor or train passes in, my heart gradually sinks into my boots, and my temper gradually rises into my throat. It really is Hell. I had thought that perhaps I had hated it out of prejudice; but going back there on holiday only intensified my detestation of it. I met an old friend at Pretoria, after two years' complete silence; isn't it good how one goes in a straight flash to the *status quo ante*, even when one has quite forgotten what status it was.

The old life here—Training—Training the Scouts, Training the Troop, Training the Horse and Man, Training Polo Ponies, and Training One-self. How terribly hard the latter is: I never get any forrader. But I like trying to do the others. It's getting a little cooler here; no one knows how hot this country is at Christmas.

Goodbye, Mummie darling. It *will* be fun seeing you again in October: and I believe we really do come home then. We will fairly knock them in the Old Kent Road,

* The Avon dog.

won't we? Please give my best love to the family. Are you well? Bless you.

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Potchefstroom: Feb. 12th, 1914.

Thank you awfully for your letter. It must have been very sad to get to the end of the holidays. Have you managed to lead — and — to the altar yet, or have you had to resort to locking them up in the Tennis Court in the early hours of the morning? I always thought your choice of the Tennis Court Gallery so odd; it seems to me a place calculated to damp the most ardent lover, with its vaultlike atmosphere and acid smell, and the scattered symbolic remnants of the dry wings of dead moths. I hope that better provision has been made in the new En-Tout-Cas court? I hope darling Casie will have wonderful hunting in Leicestershire. Pat will surprise the Americans; you must be very sad at losing him. Do send me new Poetry books; and any books. Are you still reading Psychology and Psychotherapy, and Auto-therapy? Do you know that wonderful series 'What a Young ^{Man} Woman of 1-5-15-35-55-85-105 Should Know'? They are awfully good, and much easier to understand than the brainy ones. Did you read 'Sinister Street'? I got to like it at the end. I rather like the boy's character; but it was a pity that he chucked Rugby Football for Roman Catholicism? Or not? I wish I wasn't so terribly normal.

Are you in Waiting now? Oh, have you read another book, translated from the German, 'The Song of Songs,' by Sudermann? Pretty gross, but pretty true.

All goes very well here. I'm reading hard for my Promotion Exam in April, and spending my spare time in buying horses and selling them to the unsuspecting at varying profits. It's very amusing, but tends to unpopularity. Scout-training in the mornings. Lovely soft weather now, just the right heat. Waterhouse comes back this Mail, which is fun—I mean he leaves England this Mail. I've done chalk drawings of all the most

beautiful women in the world, all round the walls of my room, which have had a great success.

Please give Moggie a kick for me, and tell her to amend her morality.

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LETTERS FROM BILLY.

Paris : 9th November 1913.

You can figure to yourself, as they say, that I am something of a lost sheep here. Arrived late Thursday after a wearing crossing, and have been in search of board, lodging, and University diplomas ever since. This address is only temporary ; it is quite adequate, but very noisy, and moderate as regards food and company, so I shall probably move on. Henri,* I hope, is coming to give me the benefit of his advice tomorrow as to residence, a coach, etc. ; and tomorrow also I begin to attend the Sorbonne. It was only opened on the 6th, so I have not missed much. I think this *should* be great fun, after one has shaken down, which must, I suppose, be a process of time. A fortnight should put my French to rights and make me acquainted with the ropes—'a regular English-Italian devil.' The Quartier seems hardly to live up to its reputation ; quiet young men, immaculately dressed in Gladstone collars, and bowler hats, the essence of politeness and good breeding. But you never can tell ; and I heard some Bacchic cries late last night.

I have been to the Louvre, and the Luxembourg—both pretty marvellous. I must try to get a room overlooking the Luxembourg gardens.

Let me know the addresses of Mary Charteris and Nancy Cunard, if you have them. I might want to see a white face some time. Please tell Daddy that I adored the sybaritic luxury of the Bath Club, and was amazed at every turn at the perfection of its organization. London was very amusing. I spent some time correcting my scheme of physical development at the Müller institute, and a good deal in the Bath, and with old friends.

* Henri Duménil-Leblé.

You shall have a more correct first impression of gay Paris shortly. It is somewhat bewildering at present.

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69, Boulevard St. Michel : Nov. 1913.

I was rejoiced to get your letter. Everything here goes very well; my amusements are few but exemplary—tennis and the tango. My studies *continuous*. I went to three lectures today—Byzantine Empire, Charlemagne, and Corneille, and understood three-quarters of them, but my conversational French is, alas, lamentable.

I have a nice bedroom here, overlooking the Jardin du Luxembourg, and am en pension with some other unfortunates, young but prematurely aged by vice and study—270 francs per month.

The French are a curious nation; they think of nothing but women, and never honourably. They make me feel like Anthony of Padua. Not much news. I dine with Douglas Thursday, and begin fencing this week at the Association Amicale des Étudiants. The tennis here is fun; I hope to play twice a week.

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69, B. St. Michel : Monday, November, 1913.

DARLING,—I was so delighted to get your most amusing letter. It is true that some of your family laugh a good deal without apparent reason; but it is, I am told, good for the liver, and gives a general air of gaiety to the surroundings. The Sorbonne is progressing favourably; the lectures are for the most part amazingly good; such wonderful style and diction, and quite easy to follow. I am also taking three lessons a week in French Literature with a learned hag, and attending a few general and improving conférences on Art and Architecture.

Re-read if you have time H. Taine's 'Philosophie de l'Art,' it is full of startling rhetoric, with a sound basis of brilliant common-sense.

It was Douglas Radcliffe; he was over here to arrange a few divorces for others, and we spent a pleasant evening at the Folies Bergères. He seemed to think the social

position at All Souls needed a little judicious tinkering, and some 'visits of radiant affability' as Patrick says.

I received a domiciliary visit this morning from a massed band of Agents de Police, who objected to my doing Müller exercises in front of an open window, thereby creating a disturbance in the Boulevard Michel. However I explained to them that this was essential to the system—and they were finally pacified.

The tennis here is great fun, the fencing less so—Please thank Daddy for his letter, which I am about to answer.

The new room at Panshanger sounds delightful.

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69, B. St. Michel : Sunday, Dec. 1913.

I regret to inform you that I am under the eye of the police. I told you that my strict obedience to Lieut. Müller's directions as to absence of costume and presence of fresh air had attracted their attention—I am now accused of an '*attentat à la pudeur publique*'; and have been three times summoned before the Commissaire of the VI Arrondissement. Unfortunately the first time the Commissaire did not receive my letter excusing myself from attending; the second time I made a trifling mistake as to the date, and the third time I did not get his letter demanding my presence till too late. We had a heated discussion in the interim, which unfortunately ended in my declaring proudly that I was the son of a Baron, and that '*je m'en fichais*' etc. etc. whereupon his democratic spirit was roused, and I was almost *incarcéré*.

I haven't laughed so much since Chang died. Luckily the Commissaire has no penal power, he can only report to the Juge d'Instruction, before whom I shall appear as mild and courteous as a young lambkin.

The maximum penalty is I believe 25 francs; and cheap at the price, as it is so good for my French. Still it is hard for an austere young historian to be accused of attempting the virtue of the Parisians, when it is really they who make constant and insidious assaults on mine.

The Cours Publics have begun now, and are excellent

when one can fight one's way into them through the press of zealous grey-beards.

I am concentrating on French Literature and Italian painting, for the moment; hope to get these done by Jan. 1st, and then hire a history coach and attend the École des Sciences Politiques when I return. (Jan. 14th, I guess.) I do hope your Autumn visits are being a tearing success.

Very best love to the family.

B.

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Paris: Sunday, Dec. 1913.

DARLING M,—As you were: eyes right. Keep your wool on about my studies of the French masterpieces. I can't learn their revolting language without reading the books they perpetrate in it, and still keep a corner of my eye on the science of history, to which I will soon return whole-heartedly; tomorrow perhaps. Today being Sunday I lunched with the enchanting Anne, and went to the races at Auteuil with Pauline Cotton. We had such fun, and made 30 francs and our expenses, after some palpitating reverses of Fortune. But my unfortunate and blind patriotism made me think that the Champion British Heavy Weight Boxer was capable of defeating a French Middle-Weight; instead of which he remained in the ring only 1 min. 10 secs. and was 1 minute unconscious from terror, and 10 secs. from blows received—so goodbye for the moment to the 10 centimes, which I had saved in five weeks painful economy. I don't hold with economy as a principle, God always punishes such subterfuges. Will there be anything to mop up at Panshanger in the early days of January? I should like to get my foot on my native woodland again.

Best love, from
BILLY.

Too sorry to have forgotten to post this. I am so mal réglé, and stamps are so difficult to procure; so never think I am 'lying with my feet towards the dawn' if you

don't hear from me, but only if you get a letter edged with crape from the Ambassade.

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69, Boulevard St. Michel : Dec. 1913.

DARLING M,—The Ritz here is full of our countrymen and women wisely escaping Christmas and their friends. 'Les amis passent, l'hôtel reste,' said Sir Edgar. I dined last night with him and Helen, Lady Ripon, Sid and Mike, and Sir Philip Sassoon. We went to a good gloomy play at the Comédie Française, too gloomy for my liking—after a good dinner one should go to a Revue, with speaking gestures, and no words to puzzle over.

My studies a trifle interrupted this week, but one must make allowances for Yule-Tide. I suppose you are immersed in preparations of every kind.

Monday morning.

Your delightful letter just arrived, which confirms my fear that you are overworking at Christmas. I do hope not too much, and that you are really *well*? It is a trying season for the benefactors of the human race, worse than being a Freemason.

You are more than right about the necessity for *concentrating* on History. I have taken your words to heart; but find them hard to put into effect, with so many old familiar faces present just now. Helen's face however was radiantly young, and she was in glorious form. The whited luxury of the Ritz is almost a shock after having lived on lentils for so long. Last night I went with Sid to a so-called Apache café in far Montmartre, where wild-eyed poets recited their verses, and sold the manuscripts for one franc.

I am too delighted to hear of Julian's equestrian, Lik's scholastic, and Mog's corybantic successes. What a talented family you have, and what fun for them in their different spheres.

I *shall* miss my Christmas turkey at (or under) your mahogany.

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Paris: Xmas Eve, 1913.

A very happy Christmas, and thank you a million times for my lovely pin; it is a wonderful present. I may get away earlier than I thought, as I believe the Sorbonne takes its holiday next week. Will wire when I know for certain. It is very cold here, streets like glass, and a roaring fair in the Boul. St. Michel. Very very best love to everyone at Taplow.

Yours ever
BILLY.

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Xmas Eve, 1913.

MY DEAR DAD,—A million thanks for your most generous and opportune gift. A *HAPPY XMAS*. The artists are enjoying themselves in the Boul. Mich. to-night, but I am reserving myself for the New Year of 1914. I am taking my plum-pudding tomorrow with Lady Islington, but my thoughts will be on the highlands at Taplow.

I am so glad — killed 4000 little half-sovereigns! 'Saul has killed his thousands, but — his £2000.'

I do 100 practice swings with the poker every morning to be ready for the Taplow rocketers.

Very best love from
BILLY.

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Paris: 31st Jan. 1914.

What fun the two Taplow Parties were. I liked the barons' and country gentlemen's scions a trifle better than those of the dukes and earls, but a choice would be invidious where all were so exquisite. I laughed at your account of poor Patsy's departure.

It was delightful seeing Daddy here, and we had a rousing evening with a festive old gent called Behrens.

I am living in an unbelievable garret here for the present, but it is most peaceful, no obligations about meals or getting up or going to bed, so I shall remain for a bit. I have lots of books, and have read a great deal this last week. *What* a chance to *recollect* and

systematize whatever knowledge I may have collected in the last 14 years (or even 20, for my historical studies began at 4).

Douglas has promised me the All Souls papers, and directly they arrive I shall set a young French slave to work on them.

I hope to finish all down to the end of the Renaissance proper, say about 1600 A.D., by Easter, which will leave six months for the rest, which should be enough. Our friend Bergson is lecturing at the Collège de France, but I see that two smart mondaines were crushed to death at the early doors, so I shall avoid that galère for the present. I went to hear Commander Evans lecture on Wednesday, and saw Rosemary arrive with His Ex. to the strains of God Save the King, and immediately sit down. I am going to 'La Belle Aventure' with them tonight. Milly is ill, and received me in bed, surrounded by bandboxes and mannequins and emissaries from Paquin's. What a woman! One of the loveliest alive I should think. Rosemary is looking so delicious. Anne returns tomorrow; and they leave, by the Beattys' yacht. Paris is not so cold as it was.

My procès does not advance much; but I have now an advocate under the Poor Prisoners Defence Act. It will cost me francs 25, but is worth £25 already as a dinner story, and I can hardly contain my delight at the prospect of being 'confronted with the witnesses.'

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Paris: 7th Feb. 1914.

Nothing very much to shout about this week. I have read a lot—Lavissee et Rambaud's complex and excellent History of the Middle Ages. Bryce's Holy Roman Empire, Merejkowsky's Mort des Dieux and Leonardo da Vinci. You *must* read these, especially the last named. It gives the most vivid picture of the Renaissance, and of Leonardo, who is for me *the* wonder of the world.

I fence nearly every day with M.M. les Étudiants, who are courteous and charming, but a different race to us. The atmosphere at the 2 o'clock lectures is positively

alarming; I stand it for half-an-hour, then fall into a death-like trance, and awake after a quarter-of-an-hour with a loud scream, which disturbs the lecture.

London sounds the greatest fun; but oh, to be in the country these cloudless days.

I am going to the Palais de Glace with Anne this afternoon, to cut some figures on the ice. Next week I recommence my lessons in le Tango and Maxixe Brazilienne.

I wonder how Pat is getting on among the aborigines.

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Paris : Feb. 1914.

Very many thanks for your letter. Good about Panshanger and *thrilling* about *Constantinople*. One cannot voyage too much; and it must be a wonderful magic city—on the other hand I would not take a 2d. tube fare to see —.

What a triumph for Scatters. He has splendid drive. Not very exciting here this last week; yesterday was Mardi Gras, with parsimonious French infants scraping confetti out of the gutter and throwing it in one's eyes with a generous admixture of grit.

I have been reading England under the Tudors by Arthur Innes; ditto under the Stuarts by G. M. Trevelyan; rather a wordy book with a lot of false suppositions—'If Cromwell had not sung stout Protestant psalms at Dunbar, then the stately fabric of English independence' etc; etc; ad nauseam. Also a lot of nonsense by Oman about Hengist and Horsa, who were apparently mythical, though only their Maker can know.

My recreations—dancing lessons, tennis, and fencing; all fun, but somewhat difficult of access.

How is Julian? Well, I trust. If you have Froude's English Seamen and Spanish Armada handy, let me have them.

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Paris : 16 Feb. 1914.

Many thanks for your letter, which has not yet arrived. I spent today at the Palais de Justice, and was fined £1,

C C

English, not Scotch. My student friends got a panic at the last moment, and told me that I should probably get three months hard, as the French, though averse to a woman appearing on the stage in more than a sock and a pair of braces, do not allow the same liberty to men. This is what comes about in a feminist country. I made a tremulous defence in my best Buckinghamshire French, and was followed by the Poor Prisoners' Advocate, who was hardly worth his screw (which is nil as far as I am concerned). But luckily the Public Prosecutor had been squared, and saved the situation by one of those supremely brilliant French orations re the palæolithic customs of the English, and saying that the real fault was God's, since he had made my 'ceinture' as high as an ordinary mortal's head. So all passed off happily. Not much excitement otherwise. I fence nearly every day, and am recommending my Tango lessons. Tomorrow I go to a play with Norah Lindsay. Work goes quite well.

Please thank Casie for her 'Bell's Sporting Chronicle.'

That old curmudgeon Carlyle's Frederick the Great is full of the most salted sayings. Most especially his account of St. Adalbert, Vol. 1, p. 64, 'He pressed forward regardless of results, preaching the Evangel to all creatures who were willing or unwilling, and passed at last into the Sacred Circle, the Romota, or place of oak trees, and of wooden or stone idols (*Patkullos, Bangputtis and I know not what diabolic dumb blocks.*) where it was death to enter.'—and the history of his subsequent end.

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Paris: March, 1914.

DARLING,—Your letter just arrived. I look forward with the utmost joy to meeting you at the Gare. Such a strange adventure as I was returning from my Saturday evening yesterday. The four-wheeler was roaring drunk, drove furiously, and finally said that a delightful 5 franc piece of mine was 'pas régulier' and hurled it into the gutter, where it was lost. I then told him to drive to the Commissaire de Police, which made him terribly angry; he said I was a 'sacré faux monnayeur' and a 'voyou.'

I then tried to enter the Grand Hôtel du Midi, whereupon he seized me by the lapels, blew in my face, and finally gave me a feeble blow in the chest. I countered rather smartly, and he lay in the gutter grunting like six sucking-pigs. I then thought he was dying, and rushed off to find an agent, found two, who took so grave a view of the case, that I thought it better to lead them at a smart pace in the opposite direction, and then say with feigned surprise, 'Tiens, l'homme s'est envolé.' I then stalked back with infinite caution to the Rue du Sommerard, found the cab still jammed against my door, and the corpse completely revived, and waiting there with a whip and a vengeful expression. I then lay perdu for an hour, repeated the stalk, and found him still there. But soon afterwards he was gone, and I crawled upstairs, and suddenly saw how funny it was. Deliver us from a democracy and a republic: apparently one may not strike a liberal fraternal equal citizen, however drunk and disgusting and violent. I also hope that complete oblivion of all save the final bump will descend on the cocher. I shall have my slouch hat well over my eyes next time I pass his pitch.

What fun for you to be going to Constantinople.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THESE were some of Imogen's letters to her parents at this time, and earlier.

DEAR LOVING DADDY,—I hope you are awfully well and I want you here most awfully soon. Dicky is awfully well but the saddle rubbed him. I do love you.

From

MOGGIE.

DEAR MUM,—I am quite well and longing to see you. Billy and me have made up our quarrel and love each other. I dined on mutton-chops last night.

Love from

MOG.

(Quite by herself.)

DARLING DADDY AND MUMMIE,—First day of lessons went off orl right, we had to do *unlernt* dictation, and I had only 10 mistakes. Toby has turned groy since I went away, but orl the other pets is orl right. Madimasel is coming this after noon, and I have got two knew fluffy kittens.

Best love,

MOGS.

DARLING IVO,—I am sending you this tofy Madel gave me. I have had the best barthday I ever had and thank you for water-can. I do love it. I hope you will injoy

this afternoon with Mummie. I crayont this bard for you,
my kernear re (canary).

Mog.

She had a treat for the Workhouse at the end of January, and a Punch and Judy. She sat between a man of 90 and a woman of 92, and all three enjoyed it very much. 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' 'The Little Duke,' and 'Castle Blair' were read to her that winter.

Monica had a great deal of hunting. Their mother went to Constantinople for a fortnight in March, with Helen Vincent, Maurice Baring, and Charles Lister, to stay with Sir Louis Mallet. She had a delightful sight of Billy on the way out through Paris, and on April 3rd they both returned to Taplow, finding poor Ivo home for the Easter Holidays, with *mumps*!

Billy had had rather agitated days waiting in Paris for his mother, as the train in which she and Maurice Baring were travelling from Constantinople was stopped at Sofia, because the floods in Servia had washed away 20 miles of railway. They had to go up through Bulgaria and Roumelia to Bucharest, crossing the Danube at Rustchuk. It was in high flood, miles of orchards in full blossom standing in the water; and the little steamer in which they crossed was washed very rapidly down stream, steering continuously for the other side. From Bucharest they travelled straight to Paris, viâ Vienna, three days late. There was no food at all to be procured on the long journey (17 hours) from Sofia to Bucharest, but an old Austrian lady who took a great fancy to Maurice, and alternately called him 'Lord' and 'Angel,' gave them some bread, and a man gave them some oranges.

Monica and her parents went to Welbeck for Easter, where there was an enormous party for Titch-

field's coming-of-age, and two Balls, and a Point-to-Point Meeting—in glorious weather. Billy and Ivo and Imogen went to Avon, and Imogen went on to Melbury, her first country-house visit alone. The next Sunday Ivo had a party of his own at Taplow, of Francis Manners, Bobby Shaw, Joan Capell, and Morven Cavendish-Bentinck. It was a wonderfully beautiful hot April. Their mother went to Paris on April 21st in Waiting on the Queen, for the King and Queen's State visit.

On April 25th the first game was played on the new Taplow En-Tout-Cas court; the whole family served at once. That afternoon the last 'young' Taplow party before the War arrived—for the Guards' Races at Hawthorn Hill, and for the following Sunday; Rosemary, Bridget Colebrooke, Diana Manners, Sidney, Desmond, John Granby, Mr. Hamel, George Monckton, John Manners, and Dick Sutton—and Edward Tennant, Monty Bertie, and Ivan Hay came on the Monday, for the Fords' Ball, and some of the others stayed on for it. The weather was beautiful, and the Taplow woods and the Spring-garden were at their most lovely moment. On May 1st Billy went back to Paris, Ivo to Eton, and Monica and her parents to London, to 9, Chesterfield Street.

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JULIAN'S LETTERS THAT SPRING.

Potchefstroom: Feb. 19, 1914.

Your Hackwood with the Cabinet and 'Literature' sounds thrilling. I do so hope you'll go abroad, and get a little rest after the arduous winter work at Panshanger? Such a happy letter from Casie from the Shires, this week; she really does seem to love 'Schoolgirl'? she'll go beautifully on her. I'm so glad that the mare is all right again too. Who is Mrs. —? I've never heard tell of her, but from your charitable description she must be a credit

to her sex. Mrs. — here is really far far better than any stories of her could possibly be. At cricket to-day she stood up, screwed her eyeglass well in, fixed a neighbouring lady with a glassy stare, said to me 'Look here, old *chap*,' and proceeded to discuss her figure, complexion, dress, character, ancestry, and personal habits, at the top-note of a screaming voice.

No news much here. Everybody seems to have quite forgotten already about the Strikes and the Labour troubles; everyone in Jo'burg is always so frightfully keen on their own immediate pursuit of cash or pleasure that they don't take much notice of anything else while it is going on; and directly it is over, it is bus nogia. In that first Strike, when the air was simply sticky with pistol-bullets, they were all walking to the public-houses or the Cinemas, with their girls, hardly taking notice.

I'm reading the 'Brothers Kmarevitchskopdonpskinrenzen';* it is good, isn't it, I love it. I got muddled up between the names at first, so I made a list. Then they all had three names, used alternately, so I made a second list. Then he began calling them by pet names, so I made a glossary, with numbers. And now he has started trying all the possible permutations and combinations of the fifteen names, and varying the characters slightly for each new combination, but he cannot trip me, no, not he. Please thank Moggins tremendously for her letter, although the tone of it is slightly insolent.

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Potchefstroom : Feb. 25, 1914.

— must have been great fun. Isn't it funny how drunk all the savants get? I believe that is the real distinction between the brain and the body—if you want to have a brain, you *must* get drunk, the oftener the better. If, on the other hand, you want to have a body, you must not get drunk more than, say, twice a week. I'm glad that Panshanger is getting forrader; will it be our ancestral home when I return in the autumn??? I'm so glad that Bill-boy is at joy with himself; and Daddy; and Casie;

* 'Les Frères Karamazov,' by Dostolevsky.

and darling Ivo, who always is; and Mog, who is much too clever to be ever anything else. No family can ever have had so many 'corners' as ours, and I was thinking the other day how clever you've been; you could easily, I suppose, have rounded off the corners into nice smooth curves; but instead of that you've made the corners themselves into fun; a much greater thing to do.

There is a queer reaction going on here now, against Botha and his Boer-log. A feeling that the last show has made S. Africa more Dutch than ever. It was a funny time; we were on the brink of (I) Revolution (II) Civil War between Dutch and English. Everything very good here. I am working for my promotion; working the jumping horses for all the big Shows, which come on now; working polo-ponies; and working the Scouts.

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Roberts' Heights: March 5th, 1914.

Many thanks for your horsey letter. What a wonderful Mamma you are, aren't you? I only wanted to sell 'Other Girl' to Pitt-Rivers, so that I could buy her back next year. Because she really is a *wonderful* mare—a strong man's horse, and as hot as hell. But she has never been tried out in her life, and has beaten some good horses by *fields*. She is the only one of my horses that never put me down once last year: and I gave her every chance. When she broke her leg down, at an unjumpable place, she did not fall; and tried to go on galloping on three legs. She is really one of the best things God ever made. Perhaps it is a good thing that she did not go to — as he is not strong enough for her.

Will you please ask Dad if he will turn 'Poor Denis' out for the summer, and take him up in August, early in August, and get him into work gradually. He is as well-bred for a chaser as you can get, and has proved his pace; so that if his shoulder does not interfere with him he will be worth £500-£1,000 next year. It would be simply chucking money away to sell him now, at a shortish price. If Dad will keep him for me this summer, I will place him myself next year. I shall be home in September-October

anyhow : if the regiment does not come home, I shall come back for a musketry course, before Cavalry School.

I'm glad that 'Schoolgirl' is doing Casie so well. Is she going to put her in the races? She ought to win a good race.

I'm glad that Panshanger is going well. Are we going to live there this winter? You seem to have had some divine February weather. Waterhouse has just arrived here to-day : it is great fun having him back here. I'm working hard now for my Promotion Exam., which comes off in a month's time. Everyone here very fit. I *do* like this life—I'm quite 'wropped up' in it now, and I don't care much if there are two other subconscious hyper-physical worlds, or only one, or three.

I'm longing to see the Likky Man again—has he changed? Or is he as sublime and unchangeable as ever? He is entirely beyond my feeble comprehension.

Are you well, Mummie darling? And happy? Have you read anything good? Oh, I *do* love the 'Brothers Pavvalofitchkop'—More and more, every page that I read. It makes me love the Russians too. I believe they really are like that, aren't they?

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Potchefstroom : March 13th, 1914.

Just think of those letters about 'Poor Denis' and 'The Other Girl' never having arrived. It does make one absolutely despair of writing letters at all. However, all is well now ; as I'm sure you've kept 'Poor Denis' till you got my letter about him, written last week.

I ought to get a good price for him at the beginning of next chasing season, if he summers reasonably well. And as for 'The Other Girl,' it seems I am well out of her—so all is not so black, nothing like so black as I have made the eye of our Post-Corporal.

How splendid about Scatters. Tell him that it only confirms my ancient conviction that Napoleon is nothing in comparison to him : and give him my best love. The Keppels' Fancy-Dress Ball must have been great fun. Casie seems bird. I'm so glad you like Bunty.

Very strenuous here again now, with Musketry, and imminent Promotion Exam (April 21). I'm riding over hurdles next Saturday in Jo'burg, and I think I've got a chance.

Kid Charrington has got 'B' Squadron now, and he's the most delightful man to work with in the world. You *would* love him. The Buck is in great form. I think George Steele will make a real good Colonel.

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Potchefstroom: Thursday, March 19th, 1914.

You must have had fun, alone in London, with time to do things and to see people. I envy you your Sargents and Max Beerbohms and Milners. What a pity that Lady — dances the Tango. Can't you dissuade her? Isn't it a beastly dance—inconclusive, without being in the least strong or restrained, a sort of dreary negation of *joie-de-vivre*.

You never told me about going to Apopokatapetel. *What* fun. Constantinople never seems a real place at all to me. I could never believe in it, unless I saw it. I wish I were going with you. How do you and — hit it? Does the atmosphere turn blue and purple?

There is such a good horsey man in Jo'burg called —. He was trying to sell me a pony—a fat beast with a tail like a dabchick. He said 'It's clean thoro' bred, by Galloping Lad—Malagas. It used to have a long tail, but the fool of a boy shut the stable door on it one day—they *are* so careless.' Selling a horse to a mug, he took the tape to measure its bones. He put it round the outer edge of a gigantic splint, and said 'There you are—9 inches—look.'—I said to him 'What do you do with the lame ones?' He said 'Oh, let them get dirty, and they forget about it.' I was talking to —, a trainer, very hot, and — stopped us, and said 'One day, when you two are talking, you will suddenly disappear, and all that will be left will be a grease-spot on the ground.'

I sold a pony at 50% profit to the Queen's yesterday. But against this comes an awful disaster. I rode 'Midnight Sun' in the Nigel Hurdle Handicap on Saturday, I

fancied him, so I went round the town borrowing money, and backed him for £.s.d. They gave me an awful weight—13 st. 7 lbs. Then it rained all night, and was deep in mud. But still I thought he must win. We rode in a hail-storm; it was only $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles, and we went hell for blast all the way. At eight furlongs I was in front, going strong. I thought I had it stiff; but I looked round and saw a horse called 'Old Soldier' who was only carrying 11 st. beginning to come. He passed me like a streak, and got a length ahead. We raced under whip over the last hurdle, and I gained at the jump—'Midnight Sun' is the gamest horse that ever ran, and he kept coming and coming, under that fearful weight, and in the mud. But the other beat me $\frac{1}{2}$ a length.

I'd have beat him on dry going, or in another two furlongs; but there it was. The ride was worth the money, almost: and I'll get down in the weights for next time.

I'm working hard all for my Promotion Exam now. My leave was postponed, because we had too few officers here then. But I don't mind much, and I shan't take it now, because I'm really happier here, with my horses and dogs; and I've got to get through the books. Besides, if I don't take long leave, they let me away often for two days to ride races. But how much best in the way of sensation (except perhaps knocking a man out) is racing over jumps.

I hope you have gigantic fun in Apopokatapetel. I *do* want to see you again. I'm sorry for writing you such a horsey letter; but the society here is really hardly worth writing home about.

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Potchefstroom: March 26, 1914.

No letter from you this mail. Jolly old posts, I suppose. How are you? Are you well? What are your plans for the Summer Months? Are you in Waiting now? Are you reading anything jolly? Thank you so much for all the books you keep sending me. How do you find time to send them?

Fearful hustle on here now, with musketry, and the

beginning of the Training Season. But surely the happiest life is to have too much to do. The worst of this is that one has too *many* things to do, all different, and all wanting time. Musketry—Scouts—Troop Training—Promotion Exam—training polo-ponies—training race-horses—training show-jump horses—cricket, etc. etc. etc. I'm not sure that's not a good thing too, doing a little of everything, because doing everything badly is better for the soul than being mediocre and conceited at one thing.

Goodbye, darling—I *am* looking to seeing you in the Autumn; and I do hate a break in our letters. I must dash to play final Squadron Cricket Cup. Bless and keep you.

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Potchefstroom: April 2nd, 1914.

You'll just be back from Constantinople, today. I wonder if you've had tremendous fun? Do tell me all and everything about it. I'm glad the Likky Man is so well; and how is Billa-boy? No, I don't agree with you about the 'cloudless happiness of Eton-at-fifteen.' I think each year is a step forrad, in the happiness way. Fifteen, for instance, is so inconclusive. Not that one gets any more 'conclusive' with age, but only more reconciled to the inconclusiveness: and therefore slightly more certain of the ground. At fifteen it is so empty; at 25, and 35, 45, 55, 65, 75,—125, all that has happened to one for good or bad is 'all there,' anyhow. And don't you think that happiness counts rather by fullness?

Thank you awfully for the new 'Wells' book—just arrived. Did you send it? It looks very good and Wells-y.

English politics must have been thrilling all this time. I love the poem and the picture of Dad and Niagara. I can't quite make out exactly what part Winston is playing now? Please write short appreciation of his situation? .

Musketry and polo and promotion-work here. It's hard to fit it all in, for anyone with such stupendous natural and acquired and cultivated laziness as myself. Lots and lots of different little duties, all day; and it's

cruel 'ard to sit down to work for 12½ minutes, before you start off, instead of sitting down and smoking a cigarette because there's really not time to start working.

But I'm frightfully well and happy, and I'm in my 'misogynist three-months' period, which is most convenient.

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Poem from the 'Westminster Gazette,' March 5, 1914.

BALLADE OF THE NEW COVENANT.

'Lord Desborough, K.C.V.O. A famous athlete. Represented his University, rowing and running. Twice swam Niagara.'—Lord Milner's 'Who's Who' of the New Covenanters.

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Lords Roberts, Lovat, Milner—three

Determined Diehards in a row,

All covenanting hard leave me

Just caring not a tinker's—blow.

George Hayter Chubb (who lunches so)

With me alas will cut no ice,

But think of Desborough, oh

The man who swam Niagara twice.

Lord Halifax—too high; and see

Dear Wace au contraire much too Low.

Elgar may pipe melodiously,

He does not make me turn a toe.

The Duke of Portland—thank you, No.

But if you're wanting someone nice,

Turn up a big big D. to show

The man who swam Niagara twice.

The Empire poet, Kipling, he

Can't make me think that Home Rule's woe

And tyranny and slavery

To Londonderry, Craig and Co.,

And Dr. Warren down won't go,

No more will dear Professor Dice—

Y—Heaven be thanked we've Bucks to grow

The man who swam Niagara twice.

Peer, of the famous 'D—— the ——' mot,
When next you're at it, ponder thrice,
And safely tucked away you'll stow
The man who swam Niagara twice.

C. G.

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Potchefstroom : April 9, 1914.

Have you loved Constantinople? Do tell me all you thought of it. How is Charlie Lister now, and what is he like? He is one of the people I want most to see again. Who is he in love with?

Everything is going well here. We finished our Musketry course today, and did well—best squadron. I got 'Marksman' all right this year. We won the Squadron cricket yesterday, after a terrific game. The big S.A. horse-show next week, I've got two jumpers in. The next week, Promotion Exam. The next week two Hurdle Races at Jo'burg. Then Squadron Training and Regimental Training and Manceuvres, and perhaps a Polo Tournament here.

I don't like the new Wells book much, do you? I suppose the Theoretics are only good when they stick to Theory. Because when he says that a small mobile adventurous army will beat an army three times its size, because it can move quicker

We're bound to come home this year, I believe. Hurrah. I *am* longing to see you again.

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Carlton Hotel, Johannesburg : Thursday, April 16th, 1914.

Whereabouts in the world are you now? I haven't had letters for two weeks, because your this-mail letter is not forwarded up from Potch yet. I suppose you are back in the Old Country again now? Do tell me all about Constantinople. Was it the greatest fun?

The big Rand Show on here now : it started yesterday. Waterhouse and I have fairly cut it up between us. There have been four competitions up to now (Jumping). Waterhouse won the first, and I was third ; after a dead heat first

round, three horses doing faultless rounds, and running off afterwards. I won the second competition; four horses did faultless rounds, and when we ran off, I did another faultless, and the others all fell. That was yesterday. There were two more to-day. I won the first, with two faultless rounds; Waterhouse second, with one fault. Then Waterhouse won the last, and me second.

So out of four competitions W. and I have each won two. Rather a triumph. There are two more days, and we're both all out to beat the other. Probably we shall neither of us get a place in the next two days.

But it's fun, because they have brought horses here from all round the country—Durban, Cape Town, Bulawayo, Gwelo, Maritzburg, and the Free State. It's the Olympia of S. Africa. We get thirty to fifty horses running in each competition. One fault does you in: one little rap on the wall, without moving a brick. It's a funny thing, my champion horse, Kangaroo, who used to jump at Olympia, has done no good so far. He always makes one fault—just tips something. And yet he is probably twice the jumper anything else here is. I've won on an old broken-down troop horse, in my troop; and on a runaway Jo'burg mare, which nobody up here would ride.

Promotion Exam next week: and I'm trying to work up here, which is hard.

We start away on Squadron and Regimental training when we get back—and manœuvres: but I don't expect there'll be much manœuvres this year.

Were you very glad to get back to the family? How are they? What fun seeing you all again in the Autumn.

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Potchefstroom: Thursday, April 23, 1914.

DARLING MOTHER,—I got two glorious letters from you last week, at Jo'burg. Constantinople does sound good value; and Charlie Lister. What are you doing now, in the Spring weather? Or is it snowing? It generally has a good snow in England about April 20th, unless my memory fails me.

I am in the deadly throes of Promotion Exam, so

please excuse brief letter, due to pressure of blood on the brain. I am writing this before the mail has arrived. This is the last day, thank God. We started on Monday. Two three-hour papers a day. I've done *well*. I can always work best cramming by myself. I suppose that the abnormally lazy can only work by sitting down in misery and irons and coffee and wet-towels for a short space, under the whips and scorpions of fear.

'Kangaroo' came off, after all, at the eleventh hour. I won the High Jump (over wall with bricks piled on top). He cleared *6 foot 5 inches*, a record for S. Africa, previous record being 6 ft. 1 in. Rather a performance for a heavy boy like me. I should think it is a world's record for a horse with over 13 st. up? It felt like (I imagine) one of those new Hairyoplanes must feel. I said the collect for the day each time before descending to Terra Firma. You know the feeling of being under gas? Like that. I'll send you pictures. Buck and I won six out of nine jumping events. Three each.

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Potchefstroom: April 30, 1914.

What fearful adventures you had in the Balkans. Maurice seems to have been splendid—and how amusing it all must have been, through the fog of travelling-tiredness. But how tired you must have been!

I'm so sorry Likky Man has had mumps. How is Billy-boy? When does he go up for his All Souls? Casie seems to have had the greatest fun at Belvoir. Have you read any jolly books? Is it still raining and snowing?

Last time I wrote to you I was in the middle of Promotion Exam. I had a ghastly cold—you know, one of my real blasting-powder colds—right through it. But I think it made me do better; because I had to shake off laziness, and concentrate, before each paper, in order to do anything at all but sneeze. On Saturday Kid and I went down to race at Nigel. I had an awful day—'Midnight Sun' broke down (hopelessly) in the Hurdle Race, when leading, and winning easily. 'Wach'n Beetjie' (Wait a bit) was only out for a gallop—I didn't want him to win,

because I want to get him down in the weights for a £125 hurdle race at Pretoria next month: but he ran away with me, and ran away from his field, for $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles, when he cracked up. Which means they will put him right up in the weights. Curse him. Then 'Mallingham' got beaten half-a-head in the flat race! Luckily I wasn't betting. Kid rode like an angel, and won two races.

Yes, why do you understand so much about horses? Do you read McCall and Ruff's Guide in the early hours of the morning? It isn't fair. It's like Mr. Barnes' hen 'wot crowed loike a cock,' which he shot for being 'unnatural loike.'

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Potchefstroom: May 7, 1914.

Thank you awfully for your letter. Welbeck seems to have been the greatest fun: and how exciting Paris sounds.

Where is the new London house, where I suppose you are now safely ensconced? Is it nice? It is very exciting to think of living at Panshanger for six months in October. Are we going to keep the shooting this year?

I'm sorry 'The Other Girl' did not win in the Hertfordshire Races. I wonder who rode her? I'm glad that 'Poor Denis' seems to be going on well. Thank you awfully for sending the books; they have not arrived yet, but the P.O. will probably send them on after they and their friends have read them. Poor Belloc. He was devoted to his wife, wasn't he?

Philip Hardwick and the Boy (Pitt-Rivers) have come back by this mail. The Buck is going to the West African M.I.; at least, he has put in for it. Bad climate, good sport, big pay, and always a chance of a scrap. Isn't it good, the complete way in which he has broken down opposition in the regiment? He now gets 'Model Cavalry Officer' reports.

I am going to the Flying School this year.

We've got a little Polo Tournament next week; also Squadron Training. We go out on the Veldt for a bit in July, which will be cold, but good fun. They've got a

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big hurdle race (£125 and £25 Cup) at Pretoria on June 1st.

Here are some jumping photographs. They say that one ought to get all the weight off the horse's back in high-jumping, and consequently all one's body up from the saddle: which is most uncomfortable and inelegant. But it certainly seems to help the horse. The Buck sits right up on the ears, like a 'monkey on it, Hawa, too.' And HE ought to know, like Bobby Johnson.

Goodbye, Mummie darling. The family sound awfully well and happy, and I *am* longing to see you all again.

'My pets is all well, and sends you their best love.' My black and white greyhound dog 'Night' has had a touch of mange, but he is better now.

Tell Moggie that I'm bringing her home a meer-cat, which is the most disreputable of animals, as its name implies. It ought to get on very well with her.

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Thursday, May 14, 1914.

Thank you awfully for your letter. *What* fun your Paris sounds: and how beautiful it must all have been, with the pageants and the Spring sun. Your big room with the windows into the garden sounds heavenly. The Vincennes review must have been good to see. How did the 'Beauties' party go? Ivo's young-generation party must have been amusing.

I know that you meant the fifteen-year-old happiness *before* problems begin; but don't you think the problems *are* there before fifteen; undeveloped and unformulated and almost unrecognised, but really all the worse and all the more uncomfortable for that very reason? Or is that arguing from my own case only? Or is it posthumous imagination even in my own case?

You do sound fit and well and busy and happy; and I do want to see you.

I get more and more astounded at the extraordinary variability of my luck (?)—skill, and the want of it—cool-

ness and loss of head—steadiness and utter lunacy. Look at this for a day's racing.

SPRING MEETING. MAY 13, 1914.

Spring and District Handicap—6 furlongs.

My 'Wach'n Beetjie'—Cochrane up— 1

Stewards Handicap—7 furlongs.

Gordon Wright's 'Found Out'—self up— 1

Hurdle Handicap—1½ miles.

My 'Delilah'—Cochrane up— 1

Hunt Hurdle Handicap—1½ miles.

My 'Wach'n Beetjie'—self up— 1

Four races out of a total of six. Isn't it an unbelievable day. I made £87 betting, besides stake money. It was high time the fat boys owed me a bit. The Stewards' Handicap was a great race. I got shut in, and was a length to the bad a furlong from home; then I got through on the rails with an eleventh hour rush, and won half a length.

No news much here; everyone pretty contented, and everyone grumbling, which is always a good sign. I got back last night, and am terribly overeaten, to make up for two days' starving before the races. I rode 11st. 10, which is the lightest I've ever done. After the first race I ate a banana, and went up 2 lbs. ! Did I ever thank you for the darling little knife?

LETTERS FROM BILLY.

Paris: March, 1914.

It was divine seeing you, I do hope you and Charles had a happy journey, and that you are loving Constantinople. How glad I was to set eyes on Charlie and his hat again. The students here seem quite content with their vow of poverty, if rebellious against those of chastity and obedience. I, on the other hand, when I see Jack Johnson rolling up Montmartre in his superb Rolls Royce, sometimes wish I belonged to a better paid profession. Fred

Lawson is here, at the 'Daily Telegraph' Office, Sidney likes him immensely. — has left Paris. She is maddish I think; about as mad as me, and in much the same class; not really dangerous, but flighty-like and unstable as water. But very lovely and amusing, and an angel to me. My work goes on really quite well. I am analysing Lavissee et Rambaud's monumental history, 8 vols. of 1000 pages each, though of course one skips a page here and there—about the early history of your Bulgars or what not.

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Paris: March, 1914.

How delightful, brilliant, successful, happy, and sun-kissed, your Constantinople tour does sound. By the way 'Bulgar' was apparently the drawing-room word for a heretic in the 13th century. Beaumanoir writes 'Quant aucuns est condamnés comme bulgars, Sainte Église les doit abandonner a la laie justice, et la laie justice les doit ardoir (brûler).' This makes me smile for hours together, which is very necessary in this intricate pilgrimage of life; though Lord knows I would rather be in Paris than elsewhere.

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32, Old Queen Street: May, 1914.

I am leaving for Paris to-night, with a violent cold in my head. I saw Douglas Radcliffe, he was an angel, and promised to do all he could for me re All Souls. I daresay Paris won't be so bad, I must find a nice lodging, and also a private coach. I simply loved our Avon, and Taplow, and Hamel; and nearly lost my reason to all those marvellously delectable girls. I spent most of yesterday with Rosemary at Roehampton, and to-day with Anne at Putney. I am longing to be an X^x historian, and am devotedly glad I did it instead of Law, aren't you?

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Buc, Versailles: May, 1914.

DARLING,—I am here for the moment, in enchanting country, living in a house with an aviator, on the Aero-

drome, one mile from La Boulie, and one mile from the Château of Versailles. Complete quiet. I feel it is better than Paris, la grande ville, for such a restless soul as mine. It is however only 23 minutes distant.

I have also engaged a History coach, on appro. only, as he seems a bit of an owl, and also thinks me an owl, an unpardonable sin.

Versailles is lovely; and oh, for the country versus the town; I am campagnard to the backbone, though I don't know the difference between an oak and an ash. Rather good to get a house and a coach and 'introductions' to golf and tennis within 24 hours? I have, on the other hand, lost the whole of my luggage, temporarily, let us hope. Please enjoy your London.

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Buc: May, 1914.

I wish you had not such a lightning eye for the weak points in my schemes; of course my bright and early attendances at the Sorbonne will not be nearly so frequent, nor was the Versailles coach any more than a blind guide. You put me in the position of upholding my own infallibility, and like Pope Alexander VI, I am very very far from believing in that. But I do think I shall be able to work better here, in this sylvan retreat full of nightingales, (except on the Lord's Day when it is a little Hell of motor-cars) than in that garish Paris. I will also try to get bi-weekly aid from a Paris professor, and search diligently for the famous French method; though so far I see no great difference in their methods, but only in the hours they work.

It is cold here now, but should be too delicious in the halcyon days. I am gradually recovering from the effects of my holiday—perhaps eight hours' hard physical exercise per diem, and paying court to three bewildering beauties at the same time, was not sufficiently restful. Garros has just been looping the loop above my head; the sophisticated peasants of Buc do not even raise their heads when an aeroplane flits by. Give my love to Hamel when you see him, and give him my address here, in case he

comes to Paris. So glad the Chesterfield Street house is a success.

Buc: May, 1914.

I have found a Professor in Paris, to whom I am to take two essays weekly, which will be a good thing. It is lovely here now; a room over which tower the high woods of Buc, with La Boulie beyond, and aeroplanes in the foreground. Unbroken peace, except for the hollering of the mavis's and nightingales. I am far happier and more industrious here than in Paris—think of it in this heat! There is very little news from my dormitorium. My golf-clubs are here at length; they must have had a 'fair average passage,' like Ulysses from the Troad to Ithaca. Kinglake says in 'Eothen'—'I used to think ten years a long time for that voyage, but now I realise that he had a fair average passage.'

I have just been watching J. Gessiat and A. Massey in the French Championship; Massey roaring knurd, but surprisingly good.

I read a deal of History; and Stevenson's Letters before retiring to rest. They are both delightful and inspiring, but you can't deny that they are essentially self-conscious? But perhaps anyone would be self-conscious if preaching the gospel of happiness on half a lung. I preach nothing, but have a glimpse now and then of the joke we must present to the bird's-eye point of view. Such a radiant and delightful letter from Julian this mail.

Buc: Whitsuntide, 1914.

I trust that you are well in this icy Pentecostal weather, I haven't heard of you for days, save for allusions in the 'Times,' and expect a Budget soon. The weather, I repeat, is ungenial—only one week's heat since I came, which was ended by a thunderbolt falling in the garden.

The Jack Marshalls are here, for the Coupe de Paris; I went with them to the Grand Guignol on Saturday, and we had great larks. The Golf here is fun. Ouimet and Charles Hope had a great match, which alas I missed.

C. Hope is an angel, isn't he; a perfect representative of our decadent nobility on the eve of the Terror. Justice has been tracking me *pede claudo* this long while, and has at last presented the bill for my attentat, which I fear I must pay or decamp, probably the former. I shall be back whatever on the 14th, to be the guest of the Fellows of All Souls, and mislead them as to my real character.

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Buc : June, 1914.

Thank you for your happy letter. Hackwood must have been delicious. There is no fear, believe me, of the older generation being trodden down. They have their foot too firmly on our neck, what with references to beauties like the Duchess of Leinster, and living geniï like Lord Curzon; while ignoring their less bright examples, such as Lord —.

I leave here to-morrow, and hope to spend four days in bidding farewell to the monuments and other sights of Paris, and to my Professor; and also in striving to get a really good amanuensis for Taplow in July and August. This is *most* important. My poor knowledge is so unsystematic, and the French are nailers at systematising. I must try and do well this final time, for Lord knows I would not undertake such a travail again—though it has not been unpleasant on the whole. I will cross Saturday, come straight to Taplow, and go to All Souls on Sunday.

I am rather a dab now at Golf—some days. How *glorious* about Julian's hippic victories, I am overjoyed.

CHAPTER XXVII.

LETTERS FROM BILLY TO JULIAN.

Taplow: Dec. 30, 1910.

Mother told me the substance of your letters from Muttra. It sounds most happy, and above all thrilling. I imagine the officer-boys just like my dear Bulkeley Johnson at Balliol, and just as solid as the Empire they are building. But your real province is, I am sure, among the Darkies; they will love your writings; you must write BOOKS and BOOKS of Philosophy for BLACK MEN, and avert a Mutiny. I saw Miggs* yesterday, she told me that they still talk in Belvoir Vale of that gallant young fella Grenfell, who wanted to break his neck. I do love Miggy. Oxford was very sad without you, but Cys and Sid and John Manners were incomparably delightful. John walks like a black panther now. We had such fun at Avon last week, I shot like a book at an angle of 90° overhead; you must practise this the next time you get a high prairie chicken; it is a good way of killing wart-hogs. I hunted with the Stag on Tuesday, on a Roman-nosed horse called deservedly 'The Old Sport'; a fine jumper, but has to be carried between the fences. Casie went well on 'Dinah'—she is exquisitely slim and handsome, in lovely frocks, and most darling and pointful, and very gentle and obedient to her mother. I wonder what will happen if those two intensely strong natures ever disagree? Casie has the strength of ten Sir Galahads. Dad is in wonderful form, but likely to be beheaded on Tower Hill, as the Thames rose suddenly and drowned a Royal prize heifer. The Likka Man is as angelic and amorous as ever; he is a great man, and all women will fall at his feet.

* Marjorie Manners.

Balliol: Spring, 1911.

What joy to get a letter from you. I adored all the stories of the Gadarene swine and of the galloping Majors. Tell me more about your black servants and your white companions-in-arms, and whether you are converting them to green sweaters, or they are converting you to creased trousers? I long to hear every minute of your days, and every pant of your rocky brain. My own life has been pleasant and uneventful. We had a glorious party at Taplow—Edward, Bear, Denny, Duff Cooper, Trousers, etc.; and, among other beautiful women, Miss B. Colebrooke, peerless among goddesses. While Lord D., bless him, was dominating the Thames from Boulter's Weir, Duff (who cannot swim) and I shot it with great éclat in the best punt. He was perfectly angelic about it, never grummeled a bit, and only ran round with admirable promptitude to the Blow-hole to pick up the britten-boards. John followed in a Canadian canoe, which looked like a mushroom in harvest-time when he reached the shore. I then dived in from the Weir, and was at once gently pulled to the bottom by the under-tow, amid shouts of joy from friends on shore. However I re-emerged 30 yds. lower, and Joel was black with rage at missing this unique chance of saving his 101st heroic life (women, children, and Thames Salmon non compris).

Bridget you have never seen. My dear, she is divinely beautiful. Oxford is dullish at present; delightful people, but they are sent down for singing, or even sneezing, such is the state of college discipline. — has spent his first holiday for 15 years in translating Demosthenes under a bulbul tree in Samaria. The concord that reigns here now beats the lion and the lamb blue.

Norah and Miggs sent you hundreds of messages, but I have forgotten them; they were tender and beautiful. Casie does well in London, and looks like Monna Lisa.

Did I tell you that Trousers and I went to see the Prize-Fighting at Wonderland? the crowd were most orderly in their behaviour, except that they spat a good deal at the Referee. We were guarded by a 'tec.

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Balliol: May, 1911.

A million thanks for your brilliant letters. I do hope you have recovered from the Yellow Peril; and are once more back in the pig-skin? Oxford is so dull without you, and the reign of terror in Balliol is a thing of the past. All faces, white, black, and parti-coloured, look at each other with distinguished apathy; nearly all the jollies are working like blacks for their Schools—Denny Anson, Volly, etc. Casie is in fine form, she has taken —— captive, and is loving her London life. She has only one partner of whom I disapprove; he looks like a ferret inoculated for swine-fever. I am going to Lapland this Summer, to shoot musk-ox; unless I die first of scurvy, or imperfectly cooked blubber.

Taplow: July 19, 1911.

A million thanks for your wonderful letter, and the photograph of yourself and your coloured equine attendants. The ride down precipices must have been wonderful past all telling. All is calm here, and in London; Mummie's 40-h.p. Panhard energy quite untouched by Casie's season. I have been visiting Norah, and the Trees. Edward was there, just as witty and high-spirited and indomitable as ever. I dined with —— the other day, was 25 minutes late, and fell over Prince Arthur of Connaught's leg on entering the small room hastily, which made ——'s face look like two profiles gummed together. I will write from Lapland, amid salmon and reindeer.

Taplow: Dec. 30, 1911.

I saw your account of your new tin shelters in South Africa, they sound pretty dree, like a Sardine Emporium without the oil. However you will doubtless become an adept at Polo, Tactics, and the Sjambok. I have nothing to write of from the old country, except that by some glorious fluke I got a Craven; it was rather an Up-You for —— who had threatened me with extreme disaster for taking so little interest in Divine Philosophy.

Did I tell you of the American who won the 'Novices' by falling on his opponent and squeezing him like a boa-constrictor? He weighs 15 st. 9 oz. and is 4 ft. 6 in. high. The gentlemanly and sporting crowd of Oxford cabmen booed him, and roused his Red Indian blood; so that the last I saw of him he was gnawing the rope encircling the ring, like the monk-fish we saw at Swanage.

Mogs is in inimitable form; she has no teeth now, and calves like a Beef-eater, and is whipping Chang into his venerable grave, and spurring her veteran donkeys with a telescopic skewer.

I haven't written for an age, but I love you true-blue, and have followed with passionate interest your career at Muttra among the wild porks, and at Simla among the Mrs. Hawksbees and Lalla Rookhs. We had a jolly good shoot at Panshanger, with the Guardees; Barnes sent you his love.

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Taplow: Jan. 20, 1912.

Your letter dated the New Year just arrived. South Africa sounds rather like an enlargement of Paddington Station; however you will have fun with your new poloponies.

Diana Manners came to our Fancy-Dress Ball here, dressed as a Ballerina, and looked lovely. You must see a picture of me as a Roman Centurion, it is very handsome. Mog is so witty now, she could give points to —. You would adore her, as do we all. I have drifted into the Soshal this Winter, two parties here, two at Panshanger, Avon, Hatfield, and excellent tennis at Hayling Island. Lots of shooting, but I have not done as well as I hoped with my new guns. Nancy is in splendid form, and so very amusing. Barnes's new house was built on a spring, and consequently there are fungi all round the kitchen, and a Virginia-creeper growing about his bed; and he is rather depressed, poor old boy.

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Balliol: May, 1912.

I am even more ecstatic than the Sporting Press of the Empire about your victory over Tiger Tye. It must have been gloriously and unbelievably good, and I am proud to own kinship with you. I *am* so delighted.

Oxford is quite good fun this term, although we are all sedate and grey-haired now. When are you coming home, it is mortal tedious doing without you. I am temporarily absorbed in Greek history, but Divine Philosophy gives me the sick.

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LETTERS FROM JULIAN TO MONICA.

Eton Society: Sat. June 30, 1906.

DEAR CA,—Thank you very much indeed for your wire; I am delighted you won the gold and silver medals, it is quite splendid, and you must be fearfully pleased. What were they for; swimming, I suppose, not diving? Under what age? I am longing to hear all about it.

I suppose you are down at Taplow again now? How ripping it must be there. Best love to Poton and Likky Man.

I am sorry that I didn't see you for longer on Thursday, but I was in a most terrific hurry, and had only just got up from cricket; I suppose you went back directly too? Was it fun? If ——— was beaten well every day, he would be a better fellow: but he might easily be worse than he is.

Last Tuesday I saw Hawa and Nea in the waggonette, and a *huge* girl, as fat as a barrel. I could not imagine who it was; on going nearer, who do you think I found? MOG, multiplied by 10 since last time I saw her.

Did you see my Hervey Prize poem? It hardly ranks with your 'Battle of Hastings,' but you might like to see it.

All love and congratulations, from

JULIAN.

This is the worst paper in the world: it is like writing on a drum.

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Balliol College, Oxford : Sunday, 21 Oct. 1906.

DEAR MISSY,—All thanks for your letter ; I suppose you are very sad to have left Langcot, and will never feel comfortable in a big house again.

I am having the greatest fun here, and arrived without further loss than the rug. I am rowing every day, and have not been able to hunt yet. I also box, with a very good and vastly ugly pro., who says ' Now, Zur, 'it me 'ard ' ; and, when you hit him, loses his temper, and lays you out on the floor. He is great fun.

You will have to come down and see me soon ; I will fix you up a day.

Love to Poton, everyone, and you, from

JULIAN.

Balliol College, Oxford : Friday, Feb. 15, 1907.

DEAR CASIE,—It is simply splendid that you have passed,* I'm not a bit surprised really—you did the sums in such a dashing and *original* way that they did not mind about the answers. I am quite delighted—and you must be too. What will be your next thing? Or have you learnt all the things a woman is allowed to learn? If so, I suppose you will become a suffragette.

We have been in training now for nearly a fortnight : the worst of it is that I shall have to race and box on the same day ; if one does not kill me, the other will.

I am longing to see the London house. All love to the family, and you

From JULIAN.

TO MONICA IN DRESDEN.

8, Long Wall, Oxford : Sunday, 14 November, 1909.

DEAR CASIE,—Yours to hand, a good letter. I'm glad you're having fun, and feeling hearty—' Art for art's sake ' is *your* motter, I see. We tried to row in a four, Edward Horner instead of B. K., but a man kicking his hat along the towpath beat us by a short head. I was then tried for the dear old Varsity, but after one journey they decided

* Monica had passed the Junior Cambridge Examination.

I was much too good for that sort of thing. Buccaneer is now up, with an aldermanic stomach; if I can only teach him to roll, the National lies at my feet. But he is much too fat for steeplechasing in the ordinary fashion as yet.

Wigglesworth—it seems separated by oceans of time from now—was *glorious*. Horses, dogs and guns all day, 5 A.M.—7 P.M. I had a down on your sex at the time, and avoided the neighbouring statelies.

Rosemary sounds fun; and give Krywalt my love. I laughed about the toothpicks; they lasted me nearly a day. Billy is here, looming about, majestic and benign. Come back soon and hunt.

All love,

J.

TO MONICA IN DRESDEN.

Taplow: Friday, Dec. 1909.

DEAR CASIE,—I was here when Mother got back from Winchester late last night, and she was most frightfully tired: but she had a real good long night, and she is rested today, and so wonderful and happy about it all, really happy. It does seem to have been all as perfect and complete and peaceful as anyone could have dreamed of or prayed for—Archie gorgeously and radiantly happy, not knowing (Mother thinks) that he was going to die, recognising everyone round his bed, perfectly conscious most of the time, and not in any pain. It seems almost too perfect, as if no death can ever have been so marvellous a completion and perfection of a life. He recognised Mother, and was awfully pleased to see her, and talked quite a lot to her. Mother says she really thinks he never spent a happier day. You mustn't be sad about her: she is so marvellously brave about it herself, and I know how she would hate you or me to be made unhappy either by thinking of him as anything but happy, or of her as having been made miserable about him.

All love,

J.

TO MONICA IN FLORENCE.

Taplow: Sunday, 16 Oct. 1910.

DARLING CA,—Thank you awfully for your letter. You seem to have been having a high old time, and by every law of Nature you should by now be well 'finished.' Yah, done to a turn, Mord Halling. Yes, I am wholly with you as to Italy and the Italians; the whole atmosphere is so much lighter than England, and the people so much less heavy and conventional and lumpy and leaden-hearted—especially the men; it does one good to see their faces. As for the 'art and stuff' I cannot speak; but I am told that they used to be quite handy with the brush. 'Well, well—dash it, I say,' (you know, beginning of Jasper's great speech to the Union on Greater England)—you wrote me a very good letter. I love Rosemary's 'touring' attitude; let a person live their own life, wherever they are. I saw Alastair in the train the other day, and took no change from him, as per usual. I spend 'my days, my months, my years' in saying goodbye, twice daily to every person, with tears and lamentations. The tunes that run in my head are the worst of all—'Goodbye, little Hyacinth,' 'Goodbye, little Pansy,' 'Goodbye, little Pansy-face,' 'Farewell Manchester,' etc. etc. etc. That's the pity of being so musical.

Bill and I had the best fun with Bron at Sawley—just us three—coursing and shooting from 9 A.M. till 8 P.M. They were both in gorgeous form, and 'Toby' ran like Hell. Bill went back to Oxford on Thursday. One night we were alone together for dinner here, and we made Mr. Bart bring out the '74 champagne, supplied only to the Royal Family, and after dinner Bill hid behind the curtains, and I hid behind the screen, and we were bears, and we rang the bell for Mr. Bart; and when he appeared, ran at him on all fours with a gruff noise. It was highly amusing and instructive.

God bless you, Casie dear,

J.

Marjorie says that the first grass-widow will have me stiff in 10 minutes. Picture of the artist resisting temptation.

TO MONICA IN PARIS.

The Red Sea. H.M. Transport 'Rewa': Friday, Nov. 18, 1910.

CASIE DARLING,—I'm so sick of feet—I've got them on the brain—not even 'slogging over Africa,' but thrust out of deck-chairs against the main-top-deck-missenhalyard-poop-rails or railings. Sometimes I think I have gone mad; sometimes I know I am far from it, feet from it. There is a most glorious sun, and wonderful heat; how you would love the heat, with your dot-and-go-one circulation. It is life, and godliness, which comes next to cleanliness, and *everything*. You will have to come out and settle down with me under the banyan tree. I'm sure you're 'one of those southern women,' and you will never attain to your true greatness in the Arctic Circle. Except for the sun, ship-life is a sort of living death, without funerals and champagne. I am getting web-footed, and my legs are growing together, from protracted immobility. Two very good letters arrived from you, to stir my soul with home emotions—or was it twenty? I've lost all sense of Space and Time. You will probably remember. Thank you very very much, anyhow. Your student life in Paris sounds delightful—'mosh attwactive fellow' as —, the Eton usher, said about Edward Horner when he brought voluble excuses instead of his essay, for the third time. You will be quite the newest New Student-Athletic Woman when you come out next year, and you'll pull them all up by the roots. There's one man I detest on the ship: he thinks he is Mahomet. I foresee that I shall be pushing his face before long. It is the sort of face I've always wanted to push. Fate is very kind, and everything comes to those who wait. I've been waiting hard for 13½ days now. We stopped for a day at Malta, and I saw Ian Hamilton, and Maitland, who had taken a photograph of you at Tidworth, and the local Maltese theatre, where I went with a very ugly man called —, who is in the Royals, and saw a 'mosh attwactive' play in Irish, and a lady who sang comic songs in Arabic, and a man who killed his mother in Italian, all for tuppence. There aren't enough stops in that sentence. I feel it. The sense is obscure. And it's no good trying to make up with full stops now. We also

stopped at Port Said, the wickedest town in the world, Naples not excepted; and there, oh there I made friends with a man as black as your hat, who came up to me in the bright sunshine and said he was 'Scotchmannee—boy called McKenzie,' and when I asked him his clan and tartan, said he lived in 'big town they calls Dublin,' and also that he was very fond of me. I told him that it was nothing to my affection for him, and he took me off to see all his Dublin-Scottish relations in the Arab quarter. They are charming, rather like Dad's town-scoundrels in face, but with more sense of humour. McKenzie and I had one slight tiff as to money, and I had to resort to physical violence in order to persuade him. But we parted with tears and great mutual tenderness, and I'm going to spend my first leave with him.

THE SUEZ CANAL IS VERY MUCH WHAT ONE EXPECTS IT TO BE.

Otherwise I have no news.

I am very well.

Thank you.

Except for the fact that the members of the R.A.M.C. (the Royal Army Medical Corps) commanded by Major Stammers, insist on inoculating me for Typhoid, Measles, and Whooping cough, two or three times a week, in the right arm, or in the left arm, on the starboard side, usually about 2.57 inches from the point of the shoulder. It makes me feel very weak, but they love doing it, because they say I've got the biggest arm on board, and it's such good practice for the younger members of the R.A.M.C. (the Royal Army Medical Corps) commanded by Major Stammers.

Goodbye, my dear, and God bless you

J.

The Royal Dragoons,
Muttra Cantonment, U.P. : Dec. 28, 1910.

DARLING CASIE,—Thank you so much for your Christmas letter and present, whose frame and contents are equally lovely. What fun you must have had in Paris, in spite of floods and colds; I had a screaming cold all the

first bit here, and I know how miserable they make one, and how badly *you* get them. Your clothes must have been very exciting; I wish I was at home to see them, and to stand by and applaud at your brilliant début. When are you presented at Court? Or aren't you presented at Court? Perhaps that is quite out of date by now; I feel as if the last time I was in England was when King Charles was beheaded, God bless him; and everything does change so quickly. Are you presented first, and then go to Balls; or do you go to Balls first, and then, if you do well, get presented? Please write and tell me all about it; also whether you have had a hunt at Badminton, or in the Aylesbury vale; also how 'Dynamite' is, also how Alan likes 'Buccaneer'?

I wish you Luck and God Speed and all those sort of things tremendously, my dear. I've bought you a khaki dressing-gown which came from Kashmir. A man turned up at the bungalow with it the other day, and some other trifles, and said that he was selling them dirt cheap at a loss to himself because his mother had died in Kashmir and he wanted to go back to see her. I offered him half what he asked, and he jumped at it, and said his mother would bless me daily as long as she lived. It's rather pretty, I think; I hope you'll like it. It looks as if it had been made for — but they are all like that, and I suppose there is some manner of cutting them down to a normal size.

You must be frightfully excited at coming out; I suppose it's a bigger jump than going to school, or anything that we do. I hope you'll do frightfully well, and marry the Duke of Slapcabbage, who will ask me to ride his horses, when you are about 25. We're all quite 'wropped up' (Mr. Barnes) in horses here. The day consists in riding to riding-school, riding in riding-school, riding back from riding-school, changing into very smart tight black trousers with a yellow stripe, and a very tight red tunic, riding to stables, riding back from stables, riding to luncheon, riding back from luncheon, changing into riding breeches, riding to foot-drill; foot-drill, on FOOT; riding back from foot-drill, polo (on horse-back), or stalking (on or behind a horse). Then tea, dinner, and bed. I've got

one horse at present, from the ranks; a noble animal, which looks too beautiful, but is not very swift; and a pony, a grey Arab, which plays polo very well, but falls down from sheer boredom when he is not playing polo. I'm also trying to buy the horse that won the Ooty Hunt Cup, whatever that may be, last year. Pigsticking is the greatest fun; it's very like pony-hunting in the New Forest, only one goes all out the whole time, and the country is worse. You get up alongside the brute, and wait till he turns in and goes at you; then if you are lucky he runs on to the spear, and if you are unlucky he runs on to you. It is no good prodding at him; you just hold out the spear and say your prayers and gallop, and the pig does the rest, with great gusto. I've only had one ride yet, and the man with me practically finished the brute first shot; he was very sick when I hit him, and after that he gave up and lay down. He was a very good one. But the country is still very thick and blind, and lots of them get away without being seen.

The sun is glorious; but we've had it cold lately—bitter wind in the day, and very cold nights, evenings, and mornings. But in a fortnight it gets blazing hot, I believe, and then goes on getting hotter. The country is glorious—the whole place is rideable, you can go in a straight line for 20, 30, 40 miles; there are no fences, and so you just go straight over railway lines, and ford straight through canals. There are buck, jackal, and pig, everywhere. It's very like Heaven.

Goodbye; write and tell me about your busts.

All love,

J.

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Muttra: Sunday, 23 April, 1911.

CASIE DEAR,—I've loved your last letters, about your Oxford Drag days and other excitements; my word, what an adventurous and crowded life you lead nowadays, and what fun it must be for you. The horse Mac supplied you doesn't seem to have been very princely. I never rode the first Water Eaton line—the second suited Buccaneer better

—but I've watched other people over it, and all over it. I wonder if you've had any more days at Ascott? I forget when I wrote to you last; but anyhow since then it has got steadily hotter, until one wonders at its sheer perseverance. Also I've had jaundice. Also I stuck a very large pig; which broke my spear as if it were matchwood, and took to a canal, like Mac's horse; we pursued it on foot through the waters, and an Irishman called Houstoun pinned it to the bank, saying calmly 'Gad, I thought he'd be after escapin' us'; meanwhile I beat it on the head with my broken spear, until we had the better of it.

My stable is now full—three pigstickers and three polo-ponies—'The Hawk,' and 'Cæsar,' both big and fast, both pullers, both dancers like Mord Halling—great ugly raw-boned Waler horses, well-bred and common-looking like all Walers. 'John Kino'—brown Waler pony with very large coffin-shaped head, but a great brain; pigsticks, plays polo, and pulls a buggy (which one calls 'tum tum' here); the polo-ponies are rather what one expects polo-ponies to be, or very much the reverse.

I'm just off to the hills for a week or two, to get less yellow, (being at present mustard-colour). It'll be rather good fun seeing the hills, after sea and plain for the last six months; and no mean hills either. But it's a rotten little station (called Chakrata) and I want to get back for the pig-sticking, which is *the* best. We all take the horses and tents out, dump them all down together in a wood, and sleep there. Then next day we pigstick north and east, and the day after south and west—a long long line of natives beating, making an appalling noise with drums and tins and guns, and several 'heats,' of two or three riders, in front or at the sides of the line. The country is long grass, or thorn jungle (thorn bushes about 5 yds. apart) and sometimes open fields with banks and ditches between them. You have to go absolutely all out the whole time, and just let the horse choose his own way—which he does a great deal better than one could oneself. The pig goes as fast or faster than the horse for a quarter-of-a-mile—after that you catch him up. He jinks away from you generally once or twice, and the third time charges in at you

—that's when you spear him; so what you have to do is just to ride on alongside him with your spear held out, gradually edging in closer. You would love it, I think.

It is such a 'delicious sunny day' here to-day; and 'quite warm.' We get up 5.30 now, work 6-11, sleep 11-4, polo 5-7. In the middle of the day you shut up the bungalow, and pretend it's cool. When you wake up from restless sleep you find your head in a little pool. 'This state of affairs is perfectly crool.'

Where are the gay family going to live in the summer? And where have you been this Easter in the way of Statelies? Write and tell me all about your doings.

All love from

JULIAN.

Roberts' Heights, Transvaal: Sunday, 21 Jan. 1912.

MY DARLING CASIE,—Thank you most awfully for your letters—and for the delicious Christmas present; which is not useful, as I have nothing to put in it; but ornamental to a degree, and imposing, as I produce it from my pocket bulky with waste-paper, before the impressed Africanders and Jo'burg Jews. What a country! It crawls with usurers, and stinks with avarice. Everything is just as good as its cash value, and no better; same with men and women. We play polo on *gravel*, and a thick spreading of it rises, and disappears down your eyes and ears and mouth, with every stride of every pony. Polo is the only amusement—you can't count cricket an amusement, can you? I've gone a bust, and bought three nailing good ponies, which are the apples of my eye.

One can't do much soldiering, because there's no place where a single man can gallop, let alone a troop or a squadron. The ground is composed of holes and stones, thinly covered by a rough grass called *Prativesticula*. Thus for the horseman two alternatives lie open. Either you fall over the stone into the hole; when all that has to be done is to roll the stone on top of you, and write the epitaph on it. Or, if you are careless enough to come down in the hole, and fall on to the stone, they have to lift your body, place it back in the hole, lift the stone, clean it, roll it on

top of you, etc.—which means ‘more work for the undertaker.’ I hope you follow me? So we keep our horses in the stable, and feed them on arrowroot.

Fancy the O.B.H. having bust up. I should certainly become a member of the Garth Hunt. I’m so glad that ‘Dynamite’ is in heavy form. I long for another day with the thrusters at Hawthorn Hill. There is no sport whatsoever on this blasted heath. Goodbye and best best love to you

From

J.

Roberts’ Heights, Transvaal : Feb. 19, 1912.

DARLING CASIE,—Thank you tremendously for your letters. What a time you have been having. I wish I could have been at Gisburne with you; I *did* love that country—and all the people, including the cotton merchant princes. Don’t you love Saul, even apart from his name? The hunting there is the greatest joke, and the greatest fun—splashing about the river after rare and curious varieties of deer, specially imported from Japan and the West Indies, followed by hounds of every size and shape, but one plum-pudding colour. I was only once or twice brave enough to ride hirelings there, and when I did I always fetched up in the first ditch—I used to ride Peter’s horses, until he caught me steeplechasing for a half-crown bet round Bolton-by-Bowland village green, over the rustic seats. After that Ribblesdale used to mount me, because the former scene had tickled his humour. I wish I knew Diana Bulteel—she must go very well.

This country is indescribable, and only equalled by its inhabitants. I have bought a long nose and a beard, and next Sunday I am going to run away to Port Elizabeth, where I shall hitch up my breeches and ‘go for a sailor.’ My mind has been perniciously influenced by cheap literature, and I think piracy is the only profession. I have got four very good ponies. One won a flat-race yesterday.

Bless you,

J.

The Trout Bungalow, Nottingham Road Station, Natal, South Africa :
April 26, 1912.

DARLING CASIE,—Thank you for your letters. No, I don't really look like my photograph: indeed, in this democratic country, where the lower orders are so much above themselves, I am always mistaken for the Odd Man—so cheer up. Your Pytchley time must have been the very greatest fun, with all the nuts, and your hiring loss. You are very clever to have succeeded in extricating a water-colour from the Mad Mullah; * but don't think that this establishes for you any right of ownership therein. Or shall I have to give it to you as a birthday present when I return to the Old Country? Please give the Mullah my best love, when you see him again. The Trout Bungalow is a small tin hut on the Basutoland border; there are no trout, but the mutton is passable, as it is situate in the centre of the Sheep-Farming industry, which has made the Empire what it is. There is one white man here, but he is deaf and dumb, and stole £2 from me in the night; so our conversation is stilted and jerky. The next nearest civilised habitation is 23 miles off. I have come here for a week.

I had a great fight at the Jo'burg boxing the other day, against the local champion, a fireman by occupation and an ex-sailor by trade. In the third round I hit him with such violence on the starboard-bow that he lost consciousness, and the fight; amid loud cat-calls and cries of 'Go it, Curly.' He had previously knocked me down three times in the most ungentlemanly way.

Goodbye; God bless you,

J.

Bivouac near Rietfontein Police Post, Zilikaat's Nek :
Friday, July 19, 1912.

MY DARLING CASIE,—How are you? I hope you've had a good London; and that you aren't yet married. But from all accounts you turn a deafish ear to your suitors at present, charm they never so wisely. I wonder where the family are going this summer—it seems to be fairly uncertain at present? We will have tremendous fun together

* Maurice Baring.

this winter, and we'll hunt seven days a week, fox-dogs three days, stag-dogs two days, hares on Saturday, and rats on Sunday. Do you know of any good galloping horses? I arrive Sept. 21st; so will spend a month in horse-coping before the season begins.

We are at present on trek, with fifty men and horses, and two fools, and a cook. We are supposed to be defeated and demoralised Boers, flying from the victorious British Cavalry of Potchefstroom: but it is rather a farce, as the enemy (God bless them) come in to luncheon or dinner with us every other day. I'm getting to be a very good cook; Pancake Omelette à la Boojer is my speciality, made from Mealy Flour, tinned butter, and stale eggs. Try it in your bath. We sleep out at nights, which is very chilly in this the winter season. The horses bite each other and squeal through the night, and the Captain's temper becomes insupportable. The country is like the inside of an enormous slop-basin; you can see for seventy miles all round you, and conversely there is nothing to see. The sunsets and sunrises are good: but they come at the wrong time of the day, as one is then too cold to look at them. It is quite hot in the middle of the day.

Any more Dickens Imitations? You seem to have had some very good parties at Taplow every week. How is poor little Alastair now? How is your 'Dynamite'? And is 'Dreadnought' still in the land of the living. I haven't heard speak of him for years. And is 'Buccaneer' still alive?

We start manœuvres in three days now. Goodnight—I've got so cold writing this by a candle outside my 'bivvy.' (A bivvy is a small tent used by travellers and explorers.)

Bless you

J.

TO MONICA AT CAIRO.

The Bath Club, 34, Dover Street, W.: Tuesday, Feb. 18, 1913.

MY DARLING CASIE,—I *am* so sorry about your measles, ~~my~~ darling. What shocking bad luck for you; and how terribly uncomfortable you must have been. But I hope

and pray that you are *much* better by the time I write this?

However, it is the devil's own bit of luck, and I'm afraid it will play havoc with all your plans?

I saw 'Dynamite' on Friday, looking and going the best. God, that is a good horse, isn't he? Earns his keep, and all that sort of thing.

I have got about two sound legs in my extensive stud at present. 'Glory Hallelujah' went a good gallop over Drake's fences at Shardeloes on Saturday last. I am running him in the Old Members Race in the Varsity Grind on the 28th.

This is to wish you a lightning recovery, and a glorious month when you are recovered.

Bless you

J.

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TO MONICA AT CAIRO.

Taplow: Wed. Feb. 26.

CASIE DARLING,—Thank you awfully for your letter. I *am* glad that you are well again, and having fun; Cairo sounds the greatest thing ever known in the way of Fun-Fun. I showed your letter to Bill-boy and Hawa. I must say I think you did very well to get measles over, and to get 'going' again in the front of the running, in a little over a week. Perhaps the ship-doctor's treatment was of the Kill-or-Cure variety, which produces instantaneous death or speedy recovery—the human body thinking nothing of measles after surviving the measles-treatment. I'm sorry that your weather has not been up to sample. But it must be very good to see the sun again, when it does appear.

I've had shocking luck with my horses here—'Sans Peur' lame (badly), 'Schoolgirl' ditto, 'Glory Hallelujah' very dicky in his off leg, but running at Oxford on Friday. 'The Other Girl,' back here again last week, going sound, getting fit, and doing well, broke away while at exercise in the park, jumped the iron gate at this end into the iron fence, fell and cut herself to bits; got up again, galloped

full split into the stable yard, and bashed herself against the wall. Done in for this year, but no permanent damage, I hope.

What a tale of woe, isn't it? I have been out in my stable luck this year.

Dynamite had a fall with Iris over a gate on Friday, but didn't hurt himself; he looks very well, and Iris said he went A.I. except for that.

I've had two grand pony-hunts with Bron in the New Forest; and I won a boxing competition in London.

All all love from

J.

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Potchefstroom, Transvaal : Sunday, May 18, 1913.

MY DARLING CASIE,—Thank you so much for your letter. I think it's a splendid idea that you should have 'School-girl,' and an idea advantageous to all parties concerned. There is nothing that I should love better than for you to have the mare; and I think you will find her a marvel. Of course, I was too heavy for her, hunting: I bought her for racing, and I ought not to have hunted her at all. But the first day I had on her was a revelation to me—I have never ridden such a jumper; and I think she is fast enough to win a good race. I expect she will go better for you, with your light hands, than she did for my heavy do. I could not get her to jump in a double bridle, but as you say that she will do so for you, you should have an easy job with her. She certainly used to pull very hard in a snaffle.

She is a really exceptional fencer, and will jump high and clear over anything, going at any pace. She is inclined to rush, but I expect that you will get her out of that.

I am sure that blistering is the best thing for her off-fore; her spavin does not affect her, and was always there; but blistering will not do it any harm at all at all.

Dinah's wedding must have been most exciting. I wonder if Ribblesdale had out his postilions again? What is our new London abode like?

This country is as dusty as ever; but this is a much

better place than Roberts' Heights, and not too bad really. It's a glorious climate now, in the winter; cold clear nights and mornings, and quite hot in the middle of the day. We've got masses and masses of long dogs. The Tenth are fun, and we have good polo.

Goodbye, my darling. Best of best love. I am *awful* fond of you. Have fun, and keep well, and God bless you.
J.

Potchefstroom: Thursday, Sept. 4, 1913.

CASIE DARLING,—Yours to hand, with many thanks. Your Sussex time must have been great fun; but I'm sorry you're having beastly weather at Panshanger. I'm tremendously excited about you and Schoolgirl, I love your description of her shoeing, with Dyna. I think you will love her beyond words; her jumping is like an aeroplane, it's so quick and smooth. Did you have fun this summer, my dear? Are you getting 'Toid up'? This place is good fun. I've got our Scouts now, and we spend day and night in the wilds, visiting little Boer farms. They are nice wild men, the Scouts. Then there is the polo; I've got five good ponies. And the long dogs, who pursue hares and buck over the wild dry veldt. I love the Tenth; there is one perfect man, called Basil Brooke. We galloped down a buck last week—four miles full split over rocks and holes and all sorts.

Goodbye and bless you, my dear.

I'm engaged to such a nice girl in Jo'burg, so I shall beat you yet, unless you gallop.

J.

Potchefstroom, Sept. 25, 1913.

MY DARLING GIRL,—Yours to hand, and many thanks. I'm glad you're so well, and that the family are having fun. Cultivate Will Coggin, he is a great character, and a genius about horses; but not a patch in another respect on his father, Will Coggin Senior, who is usually blotto, and can give points, when in that condition,

to any other two men sober. Look here, darling, I'll give you 'The Other Girl' for a gift, Raca (or Coran, I forget which). I think she will stand. Either take her away from Coggin, and 'take her up' steadily; or tell him to do so. (But he does it very slowly and lazily.) I have written, advising him on the matter. Let him know *at once*. If she stands, she is the best hunter you'll ever have. She will jump any dashed thing: and she will win any 'Point-to-Point, and most Hunt Chases. Ride her in a snaffle, if you can; she hates a double bit.

Bless you, my dear. Be happy—I'm having the time of my life here, with my Scouts, and six long dogs, and five ponies.

J.

Potchefstroom: Thursday, 22 Jan., 1914.

CASIE DARLING,—I hope your party was fun: it does sound a good lot of people. Was Bill-boy in good form? Are you in good form? How are your prancing palfreys, and have you had good hunting? Give my love to Iris and the Nuts. I do hope Schoolgirl is right again: you must run her in the Point-to-points, and at Aylesbury. Pitt-Rivers is going home by this mail, and he will buy The Other Girl if she is right, and if you really won't have her? The regiment comes home in October—everybody seems to think.

We're starting a Race Club here, called 'Grenfell's Benefit,' which ought to be rather fun; and profitable to me, as I've got the only four racing ponies. Hurdles and flat, handicap weights from 12-7 downwards.

I bought a pony for £30 the other day, which I saw standing in a field in the Free State: he had got strangles, and was all skin and bone: but *such* a shape. He is big and well now, and *far* the fastest thing I've ever ridden. He's by Irish Lad, dam by Storm King: bred out here. He's going to make my fortune, over hurdles.

Goodbye, and bless you,

JULIAN.

Potchefstroom : Feb. 5, 1914.

CASIE DARLING,—Thank you so much for your letter. I'm glad you liked Buck. You must have had the greatest fun in the shires; also at the Taplow party. How is 'Schoolgirl'? You didn't tell me, blast you. I hope you'll have fun with Vi de T. Don't sell 'The Other Girl' till Pitt-Rivers has a look at her, as I gave him first refusal.

Greatest fun here. I've never had such a good lot of ponies, and I'm awfully happy. I wish I had time to write to you properly. The worst of this life is the swift revolution of the wheels of time, and the evanescence of actualities.

Bless you

J.

'The Eagle,' The Royal Dragoons,
South Africa : March 12, 1914.

DARLING CASIE,—Thank you for yours of Feb. 20, received to-day. I'm so glad you're well and happy, my darling; and I'm so glad that 'Schoolgirl' has proved her metal. I wish you'd put her into a race; I'm sure she's a winner. Perhaps it's as well that 'The Other Girl' is sold; I didn't know her spavins had got worse. Try to find out what happens to her, and if she runs in anything this year?

Isn't it a gime, writing letters from here? The P.O. officials read them, and if they are uninteresting, send them off, perhaps a week late: if interesting, they stick them into their album: if very interesting, they blackmail you on them.

I wrote you four (or was it fourteen) letters during December and January which never reached you. The least you can do is to thank me for them now.

Daddy must have smiled when 'Poor Denis' turned up all of a sudden-like (the warning letter having been promoted to the album). Do you like him? He goes like the wings of the wind.

I'm so glad you like Bunty. Give him my best love.

I'm riding over hurdles in Jo'burg day after to-morrow—might win. On the other hand, might not win, unless—

the reins break, as I am too high in the handicap just now. Bless you, dear, see you next Autumn.

J.

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Potchefstroom: April 30, 1914.

MY DARLING CASIE,—Thank you awfully for your letter. Belvoir *does* sound fun. Do you like Marjorie? I love Michael's wit; but I would not have felt quite certain about its going down with the Duke and Duchess. Isn't it an absurd thing, really, that there should still be places like Belvoir? It's just like a pantomime scene. And even the owners cannot quite take it seriously, hard as they try. Your day's hunting in the borrowed hat, etc., must have been amusing. I'm glad you're enthusiastic about George Paynter, because I am: I think he's the nicest thing there ever was. I admire his gentleness and his quietness so tremendously. Give him my love when you see him next.

I'm so glad 'Denis' is well. Yes, I think he might do something next year, with any luck.

We did awfully well in the big show at Jo'burg, Waterhouse and me. We won six out of the nine jumping competitions, three each. There were generally 30 or 40 entries in each one, so if one touched one jump one was out of it. The Buck won on his own horses (i.e. troop-horses he had trained himself). I won two things on a runaway Jo'burg mare called Molly O'Connor. She always went round hell-for-blast, which surprised the orthodox show-jumpers. When I was schooling her, I tried the show-seat (sitting on the ears); but she shot me neatly into an ant-heap about 10 yds. half-left. She jumps like the spring of an air-gun let off. My own 'Kangaroo' won the High Jump (over the wall) with 6 ft. 5 in., which is a record for this country (previous record 6 ft. 1 in.) and I should think a world's record for a horse carrying over 13 st.

What are your plans for the Summer months, darling? Please God I shall see your face again in the Autumn.

Goodbye and bless you,

JULIAN.

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Potchefstroom : 4th of June, 1914.

CASIE DARLING,—I suppose you're at Eton to-day with all the nuts? The Hawthorn Hill party must have been pretty good. It's terribly sad about poor Hamel, isn't it? He was a tiger, from all accounts.

I gave your message to Alf. He is in great form. No news from here much, except that we come home this next trooping season for sartin' sure.

We've all been agitating to get hurdle-racing started here by the big clubs. Pretoria gave a race on June 1st, £125 and £25 Cup—We had 18 starters—2¼ miles; it was a great success. I ran my two horses, 'Delilah' and 'Wach'n Beetjie.' Won't the bookies make a mess of the latter's name if I bring him home. He was carrying 9 st. and I had a real good boy to ride him, but just as I was weighing him out, a furious bookie's tout dashed in, followed by three of the stewards, who pulled my brave boy out of the chair and hustled him out for a 'blacklist.' He owed the books £20. Catastrophe! I had to ride myself, 2½ stone overweight.

The next thing was that I found Delilah doped and half alive. They had got at her in the train. What a life! What a country!

Give my love to everyone. It will be fun seeing you again. You seem to have had a great year.

Bless you,

JULIAN.

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Potchefstroom : July 22, 1914.

MY DARLING CASIE,—Thank you awfully for your letter. Your Ascot must have been great fun; but it was wise and pusillanimous of you not to bet. I bet in thousands now every week; and invariably lose. That is what makes life so monotonous. It must have been fun for you to see dear John Bigge again; please give him my very best love. No, you're quite wrong about the seasons here; it is not boiling hot now. You are a most unthoughtful girl. Also a grossly uneducated girl, considering that you were for some time under one of the best governesses in the South

of England—I call it a pure waste of money. In the Sub Tropical Regions of the Southern Hemisphere, at this season of the year, the sun sometimes rises at 12 midnight, and sometimes not at all; especially when there is a fog. It is bitterly cold whether the sun rises or not.

Next week I go off to hunt lions in Rhodesia with a hog-spear. And so home, probably about October or February. It will be great fun seeing you again. I'm sending four of the most delicious polo-ponies home next month; will you order a railway box to carry them from the Port of London to wherever Papa thinks it fit that they shall spend the winter? I will let you know the time of their arrival later. Don't forget this, as the whole of my financial future depends thereupon.

Goodbye and bless you,

JULIAN.

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LETTERS TO MONICA FROM BILLY.

Monday, June, 1906.

MY DEAR CASIE,—Thank you so very much for your letter, which I received about a week ago. It will be my dearest wish to give you and Aileen tea on the 6th. I will arrange it with George, and let you know further particulars on Wednesday. Don't you think we might get Rosemary to come down too if she is in London that Sunday?

She is coming here also on the Fourth, and Alastair of course will stay, so you can see lots of them. Unfortunately R.'s horrible — is coming with her, but there is a scheme afoot to throw her into the river early in the day. Last week went splendidly here—we did four bumps in our Junior Fours, which let me tell you, if you do not grasp its meaning at once, is very good. I also won £3 on the Derby (patience rewarded at last)—so am extremely happy, and pleased with myself. Work goes quite well. So looking forward to seeing you on the 6th. Good-bye, with best love to all

From

BILLY.

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Eton College, Windsor: July 2, 1906.

MY DEAREST MONICA,—Well done. I am very glad.
Macte virtute puella. Best congratulations and gratters.

Gold Medal.

Silver Medal.

Best love,

BILLY.

Eton College, Windsor: May 21, 1907.

MY DEAREST CASIE,—Would you and Poton and Likkie like to come over to tea some time next week? I should love to have you. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays are the only possible days; then I am free from 3 till 7. But perhaps you had not better arrive much before 4, as there is nothing to do except watch the cricket.

Write and let me know time and day, also who to get for tea. Alastair for certain, but the others will be playing cricket, and perhaps will not be able to come; unless their side is in.

Hasn't it been disgustingly cold lately; the river is freezing fast, and I have not been near it. I have been beating Alastair at squash, and playing racquets and cricket, and working a little.

To-day I went into another house with Lionel and saw seven little boys 'smacked.' One of them howled like a beagle, but the others were very brave. Yesterday I smacked Lord Clive, but not in public.

Yesterday night the cistern in the loft overflowed, so Lionel and John and Archie and I went up in our pyjamas, and pretended to empty the cistern. But really we stamped a hole in the ceiling of the passage, and poured gallons of dirty water on the maids' and boys' heads below. One of the maids was nearly killed by the falling débris and almost had hysterics. I have had a letter from Laura, isn't it thrilling.

By-the-way if this is the week you are at Lilleshall, you must come another time.

Won't the Fourth of June be fun. Everyone is coming. and Lionel will be playing for the XI. Write to me soon.
Love from

BILLY.

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Eton College, Windsor : May 27, 1907.

MY DEAR GIRL,—Thank you so much for your very amusing letter. Stupid of me to forget you were going to Lilleshall. Propose yourself for tea any day. Remember Fourth of June is Tuesday week. I don't know how everyone is to have tea (about 180 of them all told) unless there is a miracle, as my room only holds $2\frac{1}{2}$ people, and I haven't even got 5 loaves and 2 small fishes; I think George, Philip, the Bensons, John M, and I, ought *all* to give teas. What a competition there will be to go to Philip. He has so much the best teas; however I will have a very good one. Your post-cards were the greatest success. Poor Archie (Melville) was livid, and has been rotted unmercifully ever since. We told him to ask Rosie to put her love-letters in an *envelope* next time. Do get some 'Too busy to writes' and send them to him.

I am first in my Division (Cheers and Counter-Cheers.)

I have been playing Cricket (Cries of No, No.)

I have given up the river.

(*A Voice* 'Temporarily, Sir, I hope.')

(Mr. Grenfell. Yes, Sir, Temporarily.)

(*Voice* 'Garn.') (Mr. Grenfell. 'I protest.')

(*Voice* 'Keep your hair on') (Mr. Grenfell removed by police.) CURTAIN.

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TO MONICA IN PARIS.

Taplow Court, Taplow : Sunday, Oct. 20, 1907.

MY DEAR CASIE,—Thank you so much for your letter. You will possibly be surprised to find me at Taplow, but the fact of the matter is my TOES are rotting off, so they have sent me over here—I am going back to Eton on crutches on Tuesday. Nothing very exciting has happened since I saw you. I play a good deal of football, and work a certain amount. Won't it be fun for me going up to Balliol at the end of this Half, and then on to the Sassoons

in Paris. The twins and Con Manners were down at Eton the other day—which was great fun.

John Craigie, Sidney, and Lionel have gone off to the Eton Mission to take a Sunday-School. I hope you really like the pictures in the Louvre. Isn't Paris awful fun, I used to love looking at the people, and the streets, and the cafés, and the shops. It is all so different from smoky old London. J'espère que vous et M^{lle} Daisy êtes bien. Donnez mon love ? à Mlle. Daisy et le gouvernante. Tout va bien ici. Monsieur Chang a l'ecsema dans sa tête. Vive la république. À bas les aristocrates. Mille tonnerres. Mon Dieu. BAH.

BILLY.

TO MONICA IN DRESDEN.

Balliol College, Oxford: Sunday, Autumn, 1909.

MY DEAR CASIE,—Many thanks for your amusing letter which I ought to have answered years ago. Life here is very amusing and full of liberty, only no one is ever dissipated or drunk, and I have been continually in training for the Freshers' Sports. They will soon be over, thank God, and then I shall lay in some rare vintages, and commence life in earnest. Julian has been very well, but now he is less well, and has gone off to Beautiful Brighton with Mother to recover. Everyone else charming, but most of them working so hard that they are never seen.

I am glad Dresden is such fun; I hope you will return as Botticelli and Wagner in one—with a handsome German appearance.

Best love,

BILLY.

TO MONICA AT DRESDEN.

Balliol College, Oxford: Nov. 29, 1909.

MY DEAREST CA,—Many thanks for your letter. Do come back on the 18th, and then we can go to Avon together. Or else come back on the 23rd, and then I shall be at Taplow to receive you.

John and Twiggy are going off to Switzerland, so there will be no Avon after Christmas, and no Manners' at our Bust, isn't it tragic? Life at Oxford has been very bright lately; on Friday I entered for the Boxing; quite unprepared and with a trembling heart. However, after about a minute's brisk fun, I got in a gigantic knock, after which the enemy was taken off on a stretcher.

Sidney was in glorious form, and shouted so loud, that he was nearly lynched by two humanitarians in the crowd, who thought it brutal.

On Saturday Denny Anson gave a glorious dinner, and afterwards fifty rabbits were lowered out of Trinity in wicker baskets—whereupon one hundred excited humans and one mangy bull-dog ran after them, and the Dons ran after us, and afterwards collected the defunct rabbits into large piles, and buried them. There is not much fuss about it, considering.

Yours

BILLY.

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TO MONICA IN PARIS.

Balliol College, Oxford: Nov. 22, 1910.

MY DARLING CA,—A million thanks for your witty letter. I hope the Duménil-Leblés are careful of my reputation. Paris sounds the greatest fun, in spite of the apparently continuous grèves, and flooding of twopenny tubes, cellars, and sewers. I have been working very nearly all this term, with occasional busts. I have ridden four times with the Drag, and taken three crashing falls; the fourth time Edward and I drove to the Meet in Edward's private taxi, and arrived so late that I had no time to alter my stirrups, and was forced to ride like Tod Sloan, with very short leathers and both arms round the dear thing's neck; and once, after a terrific fall, Mac, the coper, dashed out like a spider, and started telling me that I was riding with too short a rein; whereupon I answered fluently from beneath the horse, but was worsted after a brisk argument.

Last night we all put on blue coats with white facings (price £8) and went to the Bullingdon dinner. A young

Spanish Jew from the Argentine Republic drank so much champagne that he had to have a special tram to take him home, but fell off the top, and was taken by a policeman to Banbury. Edward, Pat, and Sidney are coming to Panshanger, and possibly Charles and Diana, at least I hope so. How thrilling your coming out will be. Don't marry too soon, and marry a rich man. Bless you.

Goodbye, from

BILLY.

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Grand Hôtel du Midi, Paris : March, 1914.

MY DEAREST CASIE,—I am thinking I may be returning to the Old Country next week. I feel a change of air would be beneficial, having spent so much of the last six months underground, in Métros and Musées and one thing and another; the Lord knows Paris is fun enough in its way.

I might, on the other hand, stay on here till April 1st; I will wire when I know for sure. Will you be at Taplow during the last week of March? If so, I might have my annual ride with the Bucks and Berks Die-hards; I feel full of courage, not having mounted one of those dangerous quadrupeds for so long.

Ivan has just left this town of pleasure, with a sharp and rich young man called —. He was full of dash and ardour among the Harpies of Montmartre, though terribly afraid of being nap-kidded. I don't know what they would have done with him if they had napped him.

What a glorious hunting season you have had. Fun for you. A Clairvoyante told me the other day that you would be married before this year is sped. Don't be too hasty; choose someone with a comfortable character and enormous riches. Money is terribly important, especially in this wicked city.

Very best love.

Let me know your plans, and what you think about mine.

Yours ever,

BILLY.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THAT was a very happy Summer, 1914, of lovely weather. One very hot May day, Monica and her mother motored with Mr. Balfour to spend the day with Millie Sutherland and Rosemary at Roehampton, and played tennis there with Mr. Wilding and Mr. Hunter. Mr. Wilding often came to stay at Taplow, and was a great friend of all the family. Billy liked him especially. There were many happy visits to Ivo at Eton, and a very complete 'Fourth of June' there, with Mr. Ainger and Mr. Luxmoore, and all the Manners family. Monica went to a delightful Sutton Sunday alone (her parents were staying with Lord Milner). They went to Welbeck for three days in June, for the King and Queen's visit there; and there were a great many Water-parties and Saturday-to-Monday parties at Taplow, and a big Garden-party for the Imperial Chambers of Commerce. Billy came back from Paris the middle of June, but was very little in London, as he had a charming French professor of history working with him at Taplow, called Monsieur Fautier. The Eton-and-Harrow Match (with Ivo) took place in lovely weather. They had a dinner-party of fifteen people at Chesterfield Street, and all went on to Rachel Dudley's ever-remembered 'Eton Cotillon'—from which they returned at 3 a.m., nine in the motor, laden with Persian kittens and white mice for Imogen. There was a big party at Taplow for Sunday, with Mr. Balfour, Lord Kitchener, the Portlands and Vera and Morven, the Sutherlands, Tommy Maguires, Salisburys and Moucher, Mollie



IMOGEN GRENFELL, AGED 9, AND "BORIS."

Sneyd, Aubrey and Mary Herbert, Soveral, John Revelstoke, Titchfield, Bobbety, Charlie Mills, Jack Althorp, Dick Sutton, and B. Carr—and they all went on the river after dinner both evenings.

Monica went to 40 Balls! Panshanger was finished, for the time being, and let for the Summer to the Almeric Pagets. The family meant to begin to live there the following autumn, and the King and Queen were coming there in December for the pheasant-shooting.

Two very sad things happened that Summer: Mr. Hamel was wrecked in his aeroplane, and drowned, while flying over the Channel from France; and Denny Anson was drowned in the Thames, coming back from a dinner-party at Greenwich.

On July 25th there was the last Saturday-to-Monday party of the Summer at Taplow. People were absorbed in the subject of the Dublin Riots; but the first murmurs about graver causes of anxiety had begun. On the Monday, Imogen and her mother went to see Ivo at Eton. It was a strange hot oppressive day. They all three walked to the Copper Horse; Ivo was questioning his mother very eagerly as to what she had heard about the possibilities of European War. Then the sun came out, and they went to have ices at Leyton's, and the dark chances seemed very far away. Monica and her parents dined that night with Mr. and Mrs. Maguire, to meet Lord Kitchener and Mr. Balfour, and they all went to Earl's Court.

The next day, July 28th, War was declared between Austria and Servia; Monica's parents met Lord Lansdowne and Mr. Balfour at a small dinner-party at John Revelstoke's; they sat at dinner till past 12.

On July 29th, Monica and her mother went to Hatfield, and dined there, and motored back at midnight with Desmond FitzGerald. The tension was

increasing steadily with the days. The next day they went to luncheon at the Asquiths'. Sir Edward Grey was there. The news was very bad. They went to the Gallery of the House of Commons, where Mr. Asquith announced the postponement of the Amending Bill (to the Home Rule Bill), in view of the gravity of the situation; in intense silence and stillness. Willie dined alone with Lord Kitchener.

July 31st was a day of very great anxiety and excitement. Lord Kitchener and Major FitzGerald (who were just starting for Egypt), Mr. Balfour, Alice Salisbury, and several others, dined at Chesterfield Street. The next day, Saturday, August 1st, they left Chesterfield Street for good. Billy went to the Sutherlands at Lilleshall, Monica to Badminton, and their mother to Grimsthorpe until Tuesday. She and their father went to see Mr. Balfour in the morning, and she went to luncheon at 10, Downing Street, where the Asquiths were alone.

On Monday, August 3rd, the news came that the Germans were in Belgium, and the mobilization of the Army began. On Tuesday, August 4th, Mr. Asquith read the Ultimatum to Germany in the House of Commons. The House was again very silent and still. Lord Kitchener came to John Revelstoke's (where their parents were staying) before dinner; also Hugh Cecil, Maurice Baring, and Major FitzGerald; and Mr. Balfour dined there. The Ultimatum to Germany expired at 11 p.m. and the state of War began. There was a curious sound of the tramping of crowds of people through London all that night,—and very early in the morning the heavy Army waggons began to go past. A great many people came to Carlton House Terrace in the morning; and Lord Kitchener was at a luncheon at the Salisburys'. He had been brought back when he was literally on the steamer, to return to Egypt, but did not then know

for what reason. They went to Mansfield House to say goodbye to John Manners, and to the House of Commons to hear Mr. Asquith's statement. At 6.30 Margot telephoned that Lord Kitchener was made Minister for War. General Pulteney (in command of the 3rd Army) came to say Goodbye, and Ivan Hay. They motored down to dinner at Esher, with Count Benckendorff and Louis Mallet, (dashing back to Constantinople) and got to Taplow at 1 a.m., where they found Ivo sent home from the Eton Volunteers Camp on account of the War, Monica back from Badminton, and Billy from Lilleshall. Monsieur Fautier had rushed back to France the day the French Army began to mobilise; Willie helped him to pack, and saw him off; giving him his best field-glasses.

On Friday, August 7th, Billy went up to the War Office to apply for a commission in the Army, and Monica to the London Hospital to see how soon she could be taken as a Probationer. Those days were very full of organising and starting local War-work, and of the thought of Julian.

The possibility was put before Billy of waiting to join the Army until the All Souls Examination in the Autumn was over (for which he had worked so very hard and persistently). But he could not contemplate this for a single moment—nor indeed could it have been expected that he should, at that time when it was thought that the whole War might be a matter of months, or even weeks.

They were very strange Summer Holidays, 'lived on emotions, agonies, joys, and alarms.' Billy was an enormous help and comfort through the weeks until he was called up. Ivo and Imogen were so very good, putting up with everyone being so busy, and helping all they could. Many goodbyes were said to soldiers, and many had to go off too quickly for goodbyes. Desmond FitzGerald could not leave London, and

they went up to see him at Wellington Barracks, the evening before the Irish Guards went out. George Monckton and Ivan Hay were among the first to go; and Ivan was one of the first Prisoners-of-war, at the Battle of Mons; he rode back, after a charge, to pick up his sergeant, whose horse was shot; then Ivan's horse was shot, and both he and the sergeant were taken. The sergeant was badly wounded.

Monica went into the London Hospital as a Probationer on August 19th.

On Sept. 8th the news came that Desmond was wounded, John Manners and George Cecil missing, Valentine Castlerosse and Aubrey Herbert wounded and missing. John Manners and George Cecil were never heard of again. Darling John was last seen by a brother-officer, 'fighting like a tiger.' This was a translation by Billy of a Latin Poem about him by Mr. Headlam. John had always been like another brother to Billy, they had a most tender and devoted affection for one another.

TO JOHN.

O heart-and-soul and careless played
 Our little band of brothers,
 And never recked the time would come
 To change our games for others.
 It's joy for those who played with you
 To picture now what grace
 Was in your mind and single heart
 And in your radiant face.
 Your light-foot strength by flood and field
 For England keener glowed;
 To whatsoever things are fair
 We know, through you, the road;
 Nor is our grief the less thereby;
 O swift and strong and dear, Goodbye.

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Percy Wyndham and Archer Clive were killed too very early in the War; Percy was one of the most loved of all his generation. Soon afterwards came the news that Volly Heath was killed. They had met him riding his charger down Albemarle Street, just before the Blues started, in his beautiful peace-uniform, in the hot sunshine.

On September 14th, Billy got his commission, as 2nd Lieutenant in the 8th Battalion of the Rifle Brigade, and went into Camp at Churn. Ivo went back to Eton on September 18th, and Imogen began to go to classes every morning at Miss Roberts', with Rachel Serocold and Marjorie Du Pre. Julian was not allowed to cable from South Africa, but Lord Kitchener told his parents that his Regiment was on its way home, on the 'Dunluce Castle,' and due to reach England about September 20th.

These were some of his letters that Summer.—

Potchefstroom, May 20, 1914.

Writing before the mail this week, as we are out at cock-crow tomorrow morning; so I can't catch your letter before writing. I suppose you are at the grand new house in London Town? Are you having fun? And are you well? I *loved* the Belloc 'Tristan and Iseult' book; I love the way they shift the onus of blame, when they say, after having employed the most flagrant deceit for years and years, that *nobody* can accuse them of not having behaved most honourably, considering how much they were in love with each other, and how deeply they had fallen under the spell. It would be so easy that way.

I haven't read the Connie Lytton book on prisons yet. Is it good? Have you been reading anything good, or have you been too busy? Have you been doing any jolly things since Paris? I've heard from Daddy and Casie, who both seem frightfully happy. No news here much. I did my 'C' exam. (promotion) practical tactics on the ground, on Monday. I did best of all, and got 'Distinguished.' The Captains do the same exam for

promotion to major, and I beat all of them too. But it wasn't much, because I knew the country like the back of my hand, every bush and every fence (having poached hares on each acre of it). We've got a polo tournament on, squadron teams—We played the ante-final today, and won, after a fearful game, in choking dust, 3-2. We play the final on Friday, and stand a chance.

Goodbye, darling. It's very strenuous here now; every minute occupied, which I suppose is the happiest way really. All all love to the family, and you.

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Potchefstroom : May 28, 1914.

Thanks awfully for your letter. London sounds fun, and the new little house in Chesterfield Street. I heard from Dad too, and he seems very happy. When does Billa go up for his All Souls? He seems to have been a long time in training; but I expect I have forgotten, and everyone goes up two or three years after going down? Are you very well and happy? Have you read anything, or does your practical life crowd out your theoretical? It does with me now; every day is twelve hours too short to 'get through'; and I never know whether it really is so, or only appears so through excessive laziness. Of course half the ploys are play; but playing with horses is after all my business in that state of life into which it has pleased God to call me.

We've just finished Squadron Training, to-day. Yesterday the cable came that we go home this trooping season—October-March. Our polo final is still unplayed—it rained all last week. My polo-ponies are really things of wonder; they play in tournaments two days a week, and turn out and win a race on the third day. They are race-horses in the morning, and do their gallops; in the afternoon they become polo-ponies, and play their two chukkers. 'Mallingham' won the Pony and Galloway Handicap at Ventersdorp last week, with one of our sergeants (an ex-jockey) up.

The big hurdle-race at Pretoria is on Monday—£150 and Cup. I'm afraid that all the best horses in Africa will

be having a cut; so unless they fall, my two won't stand much chance.

We've got three new boys this year, all toppers—all from Eton, and one from Cambridge. Henderson, Browne, and Watkin Wynn.

No more news, Mummie darling; but a very happy life. I've never felt so well, thankful, and propitiatory towards the Gods before.

I loved Diana Manners' letter to you.

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Potchefstroom: 4th of June, 1914.

Are you razzle-dazzling with Vovo to-day? Thank you awfully for your letter. You seem to be having great fun? It's very sad about Hamel. What a tiger he must have been? I'm sorry little Marjorie is looking ill.

No news much out here. I'm getting a lot of riding over hurdles, which, as you know, I adore. Whenever I get up, the papers call attention to 'perfect horsemanship,' which is unfortunate, as I'm always falling out of the horrible little saddles which I have to ride in, (to do the weight.) You should see them—a small bit of rag, a paper girth, and two stirrups, loosely tied together. Why am I not a nice *likka* boy, when I could have reflected some credit on you?

We got disgracefully whacked in the final of the polo yesterday: everything went wrong. We go out into camp in a fortnight, for about ten days. It's *bitter* cold here now; but gorgeous hot sun in the middle of the day. I don't know when we come home—probably not until Christmas, but I'll try to get leave August or September.

Give my best love to the family. When do you move to the Ancestral Home in Herts? Is Taplow looking lovely?

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Potchefstroom: June 11, 1914.

Thank you awfully for your letter. You must have had a wonderful May in England. You are the greatest weather-worshipper in the world, aren't you? And it is,

after all, the nearest manifestation of God. Milner's place sounds lovely; and I adore his 'Tua Domus Mea' motto. I don't know Basil Blackwood well, but I think his quietness and gentleness have extraordinary charm. He is coming out here on some job, isn't he? I had the most amusing letter from Bill in Paris. Nobody can write letters like him; such terrible concentration of wit and irony.

The weather out here is like iced champagne. Next week is our big festival—Waterloo week—frock coats and ceremonial parades in the morning, and assaults at arms and polo in the afternoons.

No more news about going home: I should think it would be November or December. But I don't know whether they will not send me back sooner, for a course or something. Everything is unsettled just at present. O Mummie, I can't tell you the daily joy of my glorious thoroughbred polo-ponies—new every morning, like the sun. They *are* fit and fierce and beautiful. I let them out loose in the mornings, and they gallop and play about with the greyhounds in the sun.

How is the Likky Man? And Mogsy? Give them all my love. Tell Moggy I am bringing her a tiger and three diamond bracelets, if 'Dancing Wave' wins the Handicap tomorrow.

I *do* want to see you again.

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Potchefstroom, June 18, 1914.

No time to write this week, except to send you oceans of love and blessings, and to thank you tremendously for your letter. We've just had our 'Waterloo Day' parade, with all the gewgaws, and the German Consul presenting a wreath from the German Emperor, etc. etc. Of course the awful thing happened, and the horse with the man carrying the standard kicked, bucked, and bolted. Awful scene. The standard had to be handed over to another man. All this week is a glorified show; parades, and balls, and polo, and all sorts. I wish I had been born in the Fiji islands, with a nice brown loin-cloth, and nothing else.

You seem to be having the greatest fun, in the 'ight of the season'; and you *do* sound well?

I am sorry about poor Hamel.

We come home November, by the latest rumour. I'm going to have a shoot in Rhodesia before that.

I'm awfully well, and I do want to see you.

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Camp, Mooi River: June 25th, 1914.

Thank you awfully for your letter. Your Hackwood must have been the most glorious fun: and Likkie's Fourth of June. I thought of you at Eton that day. I'm glad that Moggie's 'pets is all well': please give her my very best love.

We are out in camp here, five officers and a hundred men. Rather a jolly place, by a tiny little reedy river, like a drain, very narrow and very deep. We are not roughing it by any means, having an enormous marquee, besides ordinary tents, and seas of drink. It is much too grand; I had much rather be out with my Scouts, and no tents nor nuffink. No exact news about when we come home; betting on November. I don't think I shall get leave home before that, so I shall go lion-hunting out here for a bit. They won't give me leave for the Durban Show, next month, because we shall be on regimental training: which is a pity, because the Buck and I might have done some good there.

When does Billa-boy go up for his All Souls exam? I hope he is well? Please give him my very best love. How is Bron? Have you seen anything of him?

I *am* longing to see you again.

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Potchefstroom: Thursday, July 2nd, 1914.

I loved your letter, and I'm thrilled by the scandals in high life. What a far far better thing it is not to get married. Marriage is such a short-odds gamble; and the funny thing is that the real gamblers and chancers have the sense to leave it alone, knowing that it is a bad bet; while the careful ones, who know neither the form nor the

Potchefstroom: July 15, 1914.

Thank you awfully for your 'Ascot' letter. It must have been good for you, getting a bit of sun again. Yes, the American polo was good, wasn't it, and what good reading the accounts were, especially the 'Times' one; that last chukker must have been one of the most exciting things that ever were. Mouse* must have played quite brilliantly; I suppose he was the best man they could ever have got, for that game, as No. 1—with his wonderful strength on a horse, and his dash and bitterness. I've seen him come into a man and knock him clean over, pony and all. How is Billa-boy? Have you read anything good? I've read 'General John Regan.'

I've quite settled up about my leave now; I'm going to hunt lions in Rhodesia (*not* British East) in August, very soon; and then I'm coming home (in October) by British East and the Red Sea. Then I'm going to the Flying School at Netheravon; and up for the Staff College Exam in June 1915. In March I am going to the Polo at the Panama Exhibition; and next year I will stand for Parliament.

Goodbye, Mummie darling. It *will* be fun seeing you again.

Potchefstroom: July 22, 1914.

Thank you awfully for your last week's letter, after Welbeck. Writing again before your mail arrives this week, as we are out for a big field day with the 'feet' tomorrow. Your Welbeck sounds fun. What is going to happen about Ulster? Billa-boy sounds well and happy? Hamel really must have been (and be) a most wonderful person: I wish I had known him; I like so tremendously everything that I've heard about him. He sounded so 'outstanding,' without trying in the least for that effect. Yes, Longmore does sound a dree place, doesn't it? But then there are so many alternatives for me—Cavalry School—Staff College, for which the Colonel says I may go up next year, if I promise to work—Somaliland, fighting the inky cannibals—East Coast of Africa—

* Captain Tomkinson, Royal Dragoons.

West Coast of Africa—politico-militario job in the further forests of India; I wish you could get me that. What's the good of your being in with the Heads, if you can't get that sort of thing for a deserving son?—ranching in Texas—ranching in Bucks—ranching in Herts—and cotton growing in British East. I have at last settled my plans, pro tem., for the remainder of the year. In a week's time I go to Southern Rhodesia, to hunt the wily lion (as I've said before). As a matter of fact, that will probably mean living a riotous life in some small Rhodesian town, and riding in third-rate steeplechases; for the thought of a lion fills me with dread untold. Then in October I return to England and the Old Country, via the East Coast or the West Coast and British New Guinea; arriving before Christmas, if possible. It will be fun seeing you.

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Potchefstroom: July 28, 1914.

Thank you awfully for your last week's letter. Also for your kind cable re lions—pore little blasteds, as my troop-sergeant would say. We are most terribly overworked and underpaid here just now—out from dawn till dusk, doing manœuvres with the foot-sloggers from Pretoria and Pietermaritzburg. We start before daylight tomorrow, and sleep on the bare ground tomorrow night. So I've got to write tonight.

On Friday that ever is I start off for my shoot. I'm going to Gwelo, Southern Rhodesia. Everybody always produce with unction the names of the desert places to which they are going to venture, knowing perfectly well that their friends and relations are no whit the wiser. It 'delights the ladies, but does not deceive the rowing men,' as Jonah used to say about people who groaned and rolled about and fainted in the boat after rowing a course.

Oh Mummie, it *will* be fun seeing you again; in October or November. You've had great fun this year? Isn't it an exciting age, with Ireland, and Austria, and the Servs, the Serbs, and Slabs? What is going to happen?

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Potchefstroom : August 6th, 1914.

Things have gone pretty quickly this last week, haven't they? There was hardly a breath of war here when I wrote last week. Then the next day (Thursday) we were called back in the middle of a big manoeuvre battle, post-haste, and told we must be ready to start at any minute. It is horrible being tucked away here at a time like this. We only get the merest dribblets of news, and can only wait, knowing that the biggest battles of the world are going on at every and any moment; and without any word of what they are going to do with us—Europe, Egypt, India, or just stopping here.

It must be wonderful in England now. I suppose the excitement is beyond all words? Didn't you think that it was a *wonderful* speech of Grey's? Of course when this letter gets to you, (if it ever does, which seems doubtful,) all these things will be swallowed up in bigger things, and forgotten. And don't you think it has been a wonderful and almost incredible, rally to the Empire; with Redmond and the Hindus and Will Crooks and the Boers and the South Fiji Islanders all aching to come and throw stones at the Germans. It reinforces one's failing belief in the Old Flag and the Mother Country and the Heavy Brigade and the Thin Red Line, and all the Imperial Idea, which gets rather shadowy in peace time, don't you think? But this has proved it to be a real enough thing.

Today came the news that the Turks have joined the Germans. I wonder how long it will last? Isn't it bad luck, that it should come when we are at Potchefstroom? Or do you think that they will fetch us over in time? One thing is that there is absolutely nothing for us to do here.

We heard about the French airman and the Zeppelin; the best thing ever done in the world, wasn't it?

They seem to think here that the Turks having joined in will make it more likely for us to go to Egypt.

Your Lord's week must have been great fun, and very strenuous. I *am* glad that you are so well, eyes and all. Who is Frank Tinney? I've never heard tell of him. It was awful about poor Denny Anson; and it read so terribly the 'Idle Rich' in the newspapers, didn't it? It's such a

waste: a man like that, who was just the man for doing a big dash, or leading a forlorn hope, chucked away because he could find nothing exciting enough to do in the ordinary things. Those fellows ought all to be sent out into the wilds, and not allowed near London.

I wonder if they have mobilised the army yet in England; and where they are going to send it? You must be living a stirring life now, I wonder where we shall next meet.

Goodbye, and bless you. I *do* want to see you again, *soon*.

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Potchefstroom: Thursday, August 6th.

MY DARLING CASIE,—Thank you awfully for your letter. It was *terrible* about poor Denny Anson, wasn't it. I liked him awfully; what a real Berserker wasted. Your nerve must be almost broken, those two accidents one after the other. Oh, I wish we were in England now; just think of being here, when the biggest thing in the world is going on. We get no news here, practically: and we do not in the very least know what they are going to do with us. Now that the Turks have joined in with Germany, I should think that it would be most likely that we should go to Egypt.

Wasn't it the best thing you ever heard, that French airman and the Zeppelin? Aren't you all almost wild with excitement at home?

We don't even know here whether they have mobilised the army at home yet. Vague news coming in about a sea-fight off Flamborough Head.

I wonder if this letter will ever get to you? It is just to take you *all* my love. Did you have fun at Lord's? And are you well?

Bless you,

JULIAN.

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Potchefstroom: Aug. 13, 1914.

Thank you awfully for your letter, with no breath of war in it. I suppose your next letter will be the war one.

Aren't you mad with excitement about it? What are you going to do about plans now? Are you still going to take up residence at Panshanger? Is Billa-boy going to fight? Have they taken 'Poor Denis' and 'Dynamite' and 'Schoolgirl' to be pore troop-'osses? Don't let them take 'Poor Denis,' because he is a steeplechase 'oss, and would be no good as a fighting 'oss. The midnight water-party at Taplow sounds the greatest fun; and all the end of the season bust-ups. I love Belloc's poem. I wonder what news you've got in England now? We heard that the Germans had been defeated and driven back at Liège with 25,000 loss, and at Mulhausen with 30,000 loss; but today again comes the news that they have got past both Liège and Mulhausen. We heard that the German fleet had been wiped out in the North Sea; and today they say that it has not put out of harbour yet. We have been 'standing to' now for a week, with all our baggage down at the station. They seem to think now that we shall go straight to England; but nobody seems really to know. Do you think this war is going to be a long thing, or very short? We have no news at all yet of any movement of our troops from England. Anyhow, every day that we wait here is a day to the bad. I don't know why they have not sent us sooner; whether they have not got the transport ready, or whether they are waiting until something happens at sea. It is horrible to have to wait here, with nothing to do, except just wait.

If we come to England we shall have to stay there for a day or two, anyhow; because our horses will be fit for nothing, after three weeks sea, and we shall probably pick up a fresh lot, which will take time. So I shall probably see you again soon, which will be great and good.

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Potchefstroom : Aug. 19, 1914.

At last we have got orders. We go to Cape Town the day after tomorrow, and sail on the 'Dunluce Castle' on the 24th. For England? For German West Africa? Nobody seems to have the least idea. It is good to get some definite news, after waiting here for a week with none

at all. But they change the orders every day, so that there is no betting on it even now.

This evening the news came about the English Expeditionary Force having landed at Boulogne. I suppose that is right? But all the news about the thousands of Germans killed in Alsace and at Liège was so vague and so often contradicted that it looked like pure invention or exaggeration?

I don't think they can keep us out here, do you think? Provided, of course, that the sea is safe. German South West makes so little difference to anyone; if we win, we shall walk in and take it; and if we lose, we shall not have it. And the country here seems pretty quiet—the blacks fairly peaceful, and the Boers wonderfully loyal, and dying to have a slap at someone. So there does not seem to be much occupation for us out here.

It's extraordinary to think that I may see you almost as soon as this letter arrives; I can't believe it, though. It is fatal to believe anything, in this state of affairs. I'm writing this before your letter arrives—the first war letter from you, so I'll leave it open till tomorrow.

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Aug. 20th.

Your letter arrived, with all the exciting doubts and probabilities just before war. Yes, how good Grey was. But why haven't they sent the English Force straight to Belgium, instead of to Boulogne? It looks rather as if the Germans had got Belgium by now? Don't you hate the hysteria of the newspapers? It drives me mad to read them.

I wonder if they will let me cable to you when we get to Cape Town, or if the Censors will stop it? I'll try, anyhow. But I'm not in the least sanguine yet that we will start.

I *am* sorry about poor Bron, and I hope it won't be bad. Isn't he the most gallant thing there ever was? I love little Babs' little letter: but 'Niece' is such a distant and uninteresting relationship for *her*, of all the firebrands on the earth, to choose.

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Written by Julian on the way home from South Africa,
September, 1914.

SHORT HISTORICAL SURVEY OF THE GERMANIC PEOPLE.

When God on high created Man,
He made the Hun barbarian,
He made the Vandal, and the Goth,
A great gross beast inclined to wrath;
The Goths were ever barbarous,
Since Cæsar fought Arminius.

The ancient Goth, so Cæsar says,
Was heavy in his speech and ways,
Was gross and mannerless at table,
And ate as much as he was able,
And drank as much as he could hold,
And beat his wife when she grew old.
His soul was filled with heavy pride,
His gait was heavy, his inside
Was heavy; he had neck as full,
And eye as sluggish, as the bull.

(You say that Cæsar never said
These things? Well, then, he should have.—Ed.)

The Goths and Huns are now called 'German';
'Arminius' is changed to 'Hermann.'
But Germans of the present day
Are just as savage as were they.
The present German is a scandal
As great as ever was the Vandal.
The Germans are barbarians;
(And so are the Hungarians);
And therefore it is for the best
That they are shortly going West.
But one thing only makes me fear—
When there are no more Germans here,
Where shall we get our Munich Beer?

CHAPTER XXIX.

THESE were some letters from Julian to Willie during the Spring and Summer, 1914.

Potchefstroom : Feb. 1914.

MY DEAREST DAD,—I am glad to see that Du Pre got in so well for South Bucks; and Scatters! Please give Scatters my very best love.

I hope that you are fit and well. I suppose that you are doing a tremendous lot of work as usual! I am so sorry that there was a muddle about my horse 'Poor Denis,' but it was entirely due to the South African postal arrangements, as I wrote you a long letter about him, at the same time as I wrote to Hartigan telling him to send the horse over.

Anyhow I am very sorry, as it must have been a great shock to you to find the horse arriving suddenly like that, without warning. Could you please summer him for me somewhere, and get him taken up in August, and put into slow work, so as to get him fit for the Chasing season! I think he ought to fetch a good price, as he is a fast horse, and very well bred, by 'Tredennis' out of 'Poor Fur.'

It was good work getting £35 for 'The Other Girl,' as she seems to have been very unsound.

I shall be home in the Autumn, whether the Regiment comes or not. Everything going very well here. Best love.

JULIAN.

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Potchefstroom : March 26th, 1914.

MY DARLING DAD,—Thank you very much indeed for your letters. Two I got this mail. It is very good of you to turn 'Poor Denis' out at Panshanger. I am sure that

is the best thing. Do you think he could be taken up, and put into slow work, early in the Autumn?

I wrote two letters to you about him; they must have been appropriated by the Post Office here.

I am so glad that Panshanger is let for the summer, and that the drains are now like whirlpools! It is very good hearing that you have got the new trout in. How are the Short-horn kine doing?

I *love* the 'Westminster' verses about the Covenanters, and it makes me prouder than ever of having you for my father; but it always makes me terribly jealous and envious too, and it is strictly contrary to the Christian religion to be jealous of one's father! We are all very busy here, with the training season just coming on, and I am working hard for my Promotion Exam. next month. I like the life here enormously. I can hardly contemplate becoming a Spring Captain! I have got some A.I. ponies, and I get a ride over hurdles at Johannesburg about once a month.

I hope Likky Man had a good exeat. Please give him and the family my very best love. It will be fun seeing you again in the Autumn. Good-bye and best love.

From your degenerate and inferior son,

JULIAN.

Potchefstroom: April 9th, 1914.

MY DEAREST DAD,—I got your cable yesterday, saying that you would pay £110 into Cox's for me. Thank you awfully. It is *awfully* good of you.

Everything is going very well with me here. We, B. Squadron, have just finished our yearly musketry course, and we passed out the best squadron. I got 'Marksman,' by the skin of my teeth. Then yesterday we won the squadron Cricket Cup, beating the favourites on the post. It was an extraordinary game. We went in first and made 299, then they made 371, then we made 384, and then they cracked up for 70. Never has the like of it been heard of before, because 120 is a big score for squadron cricket. I got 89, (three 6's) and 36 (two 6's) which was also almost unbelievable!

Next week is the big Horse Show at Johannesburg. I have got two horses jumping. There are four jumping competitions each day, so they get pretty well fed up with it by the end. The week after next I am in for my Promotion Exam.

I loved the F.C.G. Cartoon in the 'Westminster,' of you encouraging the Covenanters to swim Niagara. There has been a pretty good mess about the Home Rule Bill, hasn't there? Does it look anything more like a settlement now?

I hope that you are fit and well. It will be great fun seeing you again this Autumn. I do hope that Mummie will have fun in Constantinople. How is the egregious Mog?

Best love and many grateful thanks,

From
JULIAN.

Potchefstroom: April 30th, 1914.

MY DEAREST DAD,—How are you? I hope fit and well. What is going to happen over the Ulster business now? I did well with my horses at the big Show at Johannesburg. I won three jumping competitions, which made me very happy; as there were 30-40 entries for each of them, and all the best horses from all over the country. My 'Kangaroo' cleared 6 foot 5 inches in the high jump, over the brick wall, which is a record for this country, the previous record being 6 foot 1 inch. I should think it is the world's record for a horse with over 13 stone up!

We are just starting squadron training and regimental training now, and it is getting very cold. Mummie seems to have had great adventures by road and rail in the Balkans. How is Billa-boy? How are the new prize cattle doing at Panshanger? I hear that 'Poor Denis' is looking well. Are the trout in yet? Everything most flourishing here. I have just finished my Promotion Exam. Good-bye, Best love.

From
JULIAN.

Potchefstroom : May 14th, 1914.

MY DARLING DAD,—Thank you awfully for your letter. I am glad that Panshanger is getting straight now. I hope the trout will not get disease. The Taplow tulip-garden sounds *lovely*, but it is a great pity about the cedar. Mummie seems to have had a regular tamâsha in Paris with the King and Queen.

Everything is going well here, and we are just starting our training. I had a great day at Springs Races yesterday, and won four races out of six. Everything came off all right. I rode two winners, and had a really good man riding for me when I could not do the weight. I rode 11 stone 10 (in a 2 lb. saddle) by dint of a day's starving. I got £87 out of the Bookies, besides the stake money. It was almost too good to be true. Good-bye, Daddy, it *will* be fun seeing you again soon.

Best love, From
JULIAN.

Potchefstroom : July 15th, 1914.

MY DEAREST DAD,—Thank you very much for your letter. It must have been an envious task judging the teams after the Coaching Marathon. The family sounds most flourishing. It will be great fun to see you all again. I have got six months' leave from August 1st, and I am going for a shoot in Rhodesia, and then coming home in October. I am sending four Polo ponies home next month with a man. Do you think you could keep them for me until I come home? They will arrive in September, and I should think that they will soon get their winter coats, so that they can run out to grass all the winter, if there is some shed or place where they can turn in and keep warm for the nights? Can they be turned out at Panshanger, do you think? I ought to have written to you earlier about this, but do manage to fix them up somewhere till I arrive? I would be awfully obliged if you could. I will let you know later when they are due, and I will tell the man to wire to you when he arrives in England for directions where to take them. They are good ponies, heavy weight

and thorough-bred, and I think they ought to fetch good money in England.

Everything goes very well here, but after sixteen months solid, I shall be glad of a change. We are doing regimental training and manœuvres now. It is a wonderful climate here now. Cold nights and hot sunny days. I think the regiment is in a very flourishing state. I hope you are fit, Daddy, and having fun. It will be good to see you again soon.

Good-bye, All love, From
JULIAN.

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Potchefstroom : August 6th, 1914.

MY DARLING DAD,—Thank you very much for your letter. You must be having an exciting time at home now with the War. We get very little news here. Rumours arrive now 'A sea fight going on off Flamborough Head.' I wonder if this letter will reach you. We do not know in the least what they are going to do with us. People seem to think to-day, now that the Turks have joined Germany, that we shall be sent to Egypt. It is hateful being away in a corner here at this time. I suppose that the whole thing will be over in a very short time? I only hope that they will move us quickly, and that we get somewhere in time for something!

It was sad that all the English crews got beaten at Henley. You must have had great fun with the Likky Man at Lord's. Did you go with Lord K. to see the Carpentier-Bell fight? Good-bye, Daddy, and very best love. I am quite flourishing here, but I do wish we were in England. It must be an extraordinary time to live through at home now.

JULIAN.

P.S.—I shall get a man to keep my four ponies in Johannesburg, if we move off suddenly. Of course it is no good thinking of sending them home at present.

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Potchefstroom : August 13th, 1914.

MY DEAREST DAD,—I got your cable about not sending my ponies home, and stopped them at once. I am going to leave them with a Dutch farmer out here. The worst of it is that I do not know if they will not commandeer all the horses in this country too !

I wonder if you have got more news at home than we have here? because we are absolutely in the dark. We heard of the German navy crushed in the North Sea, 25,000 German casualties at Liège, and 30,000 at Mulhausen; but to-day all that is denied again.

We are waiting here, all packed up and ready to start. They seem to think for England, in which case I shall see you, as they will have to keep us for a day or two until our horses get fit again or until they give us a fresh lot.

No news here of any movements of troops from England. I do not know why they are keeping us; from lack of transport, or until something happens at sea; but I hope and really believe that they will move us any day now.

I wonder if 'Poor Denis' and 'Dynamite' and 'School-girl' have been taken yet? Good-bye and all love.

From
JULIAN.

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Potchefstroom : August 20th, 1914.

MY DEAR DAD,—Thank you very much for your letter. We are starting for Capetown to-morrow, with orders to sail by the 'Dunluce Castle' on the 25th, but where we are going nobody seems to know. There is a lot of talk about German West Africa, but I do not see that it would be much good to us to take that now, and it cannot do any harm to us out here. I suppose that there is a chance of Egypt; but I think that most likely we shall go home to be a sort of stuffing for the second Army. Anyhow it is good news to get *some* orders, after a week of nothing at all, but everything is so uncertain that we are expecting to get the 'Stand To' again at any moment. I am leaving my ponies out here on a farm, where I do hope they will not be commandeered.

I am so glad that you have done great things with the Panshanger Short-horns. It is wonderful for so short a time. Good-bye, Daddy. Here's hoping to see you in a month. All love.

From
JULIAN.

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On the evening of September 20th, Julian arrived in England from South Africa, and went straight to Windmill Hill Camp, on Salisbury Plain, with his Regiment. His mother went off to him at 8.54 the next morning, and had the whole day with him. It was a very sunny hot day, and they spent the whole afternoon on the top of the downs, in the shade of a little wood; a sham-fight was going on, on the plain below. Kid Charrington and Lord Charlie Fitzmaurice were with them for a short time in the morning; both were killed very soon after they got to Flanders. Julian had never looked so well, or seemed so happy. Travelling was very difficult, and the trains were very late, and very crowded with soldiers; his mother travelled most of the way back in the luggage van.

On September 25th, Julian got two days' leave, and came to Taplow. Desmond FitzGerald was there when he arrived, very lame from his wound; they were so pleased to see each other. Imogen was absolutely enchanted with Julian, and trotted after him like a shadow, followed by all her animals. It was most lovely hot weather; Billy, Monica, and Ivo all got leave for Sunday, September 27th, and came to spend it at Taplow with Julian. All seven of the family were together again; a perfectly happy day. They all had to go away again that evening. Willie, Julian, and Billy had shot partridges at Panshanger on the Saturday.

Imogen said to Julian 'It is a good thing that it

is my man-mouse who is left alive, the woman would have been sure to mope.'

On September 30th, Julian got a few hours' leave for shopping in London, and his mother met him there; and on October 2nd his father went to spend the day with him and the Regiment at Windmill Hill.

Early on Sunday morning, October 4th, news came that the Royals would probably start the next day; there were no trains, but Julian's parents motored at once to Windmill Hill, and had several hours with him, helping him to pack. It was again a most beautiful day; that Autumn was very hot and fine, up to the middle of November. They saw Colonel Makins, Colonel Steele, Alastair Leveson-Gower, Hugo Baring, Bunty Hewett, Kid Charrington, Colonel Gordon Wilson, and Lord Charlie Fitzmaurice; all just starting. The Royals started the next night. On October 16th they received Julian's first letter from Flanders.

On October 17th Willie went to open his Hospital at Southend-on-Sea, 350 beds. Two hundred wounded Belgians were already there! Poor Imogen had a bad attack of rheumatism; she went to Brighton after it for a week, with Hawa. When she came back, four baby guinea-pigs had been born (the first arrivals); her mother said to her 'Aren't you surprised?' she said 'Yes, and *mustn't* the parents have been surprised?' She brought a paper-cutter back for Willie, with D. on it, which she said would do for Dad and for Desborough. She was working very hard for the Waifs and Strays, but never could remember what they were called; she first called them the 'Add-a-bits,' then the 'Odds and Ends,' and finally the 'Wastes and Strays.'

On November 7th Ivo came from Eton for Long Leave, and Billy and Monica got home to spend Sunday with him. Billy was at Aldershot then.

On Saturday, November 28th, a telegram came from Julian at 3 o'clock to say that he would arrive at Taplow Station at 5.30 for seventy-two hours' leave. It was an unbelievable and unexpected joy, he had not thought he would get leave for some time. He arrived in the highest spirits and health; the other children again got home to see him, and he told them all about the terrible Ypres fighting, in the smoking room, the floor covered with maps. The report had come home that Julian was killed there.

CHAPTER XXX.

THESE were some of Julian's War-Letters up to that time.

Windmill Hill Camp, Salisbury Plain : Sept. 22nd, 1914.

I don't think I was ever so pleased as when you and Kid Charrington came walking towards me down that hill yesterday—the two people I'd always dreamed of seeing together. How did you find him, or he you? I forgot to ask. Did you love our day on the hill-tops? You looked so exactly the same as when I was a likka boy. I shall never be so much in love with any woman as I have always been and shall always be with you. I am hungering to see Dad and the others, and trust and pray I'll get home on Friday. God bless you.

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Windmill Hill Camp, Salisbury Plain : October 5th, 1914.

Thank you for your letter by Barrett. We got orders to leave at 10 to-night, and entrain at Amesbury (ten miles off) at 1.30 a.m. That was at 5 p.m. Now, at 5.15 p.m. it's cancelled. So my wire to you this morning was right.

Mr. Bart will tell you that Sowter did not send my saddle-bags! But by Heaven's fluke I bought a pair from a man at Tidworth to-day. So tell Sowter not to send others. I also bought a revolver. And I expect my invaluable Burberry coat will arrive to-night, thank you a hundred million times for all the toil. So I'm all right and complete now. Only send an *air-pillow* as soon as you can. I expect we go at dawn anyway. Goodbye, my most darling, and Bless you.

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Windmill Hill Camp : Monday, Oct. 5th, 1914.

MY DARLING DAD,—I got a little cavalry revolver (by a great fluke) today from a man. So I've taken it, as it's easier to carry mounted, and I've sent yours back by Mr. Bart. It was *awfully* good of you to take all that trouble about getting it, and it would have been my salvation if I had not had the luck to get a service one. Goodbye, Daddy, I expect we'll go at dawn. Bless you.

JULIAN.

TELEGRAM FROM SOUTHAMPTON.

Oct. 6th, 1914.

At last. Please recover coat from Burberry and forward abroad. Tell Sowter I don't want saddle-bags now. We embarked here 5 this morning. All love. I am glad.

JULIAN.

Southampton : Tuesday, Oct. 6th, 1914. 5.30 P.M. S.S. 'Indore.'

DARLING MOTHER,—We left Windmill Hill at about 1 a.m. this morning and went ten miles to Amesbury, where we entrained at about 4.30 a.m. Lovely night, with blazing moon, which was lucky. We got here 7.30 a.m. and embarked. *Awful* ship for horses, with steep ramps and low ceilings. However they rose to the occasion, and went in like lambs. They say we are going to outside Dover, to await orders there. I wonder if this will pass the censor?

We first got orders to entrain yesterday afternoon, and we all packed up. Then it was all cancelled, and we seemed no nearer than ever. Then at 10.30 p.m. we got orders to start at 12.30 p.m.

It seems *too* good to be off at last. Everyone is perfectly bird. On this boat are two squadrons of the 2nd Life Guards and two of us. Now we're off. Try to get my Burberry coat,

J.

(The ship in which the Royals crossed to Flanders was narrowly missed by a torpedo.)

Flanders: October 11, 1914.

I've just been censoring all the men's letters, which are the best things ever; they all are on the one formula.

DEAR MARY,—Hoping this finds you as well as it leaves me, I remain,

Your affectionate husband,

J. SMITH.

It is really just as satisfying as a proper letter, and much more restrained and dignified.

We've got within 15 miles of them Germans now, and hope to be at them tomorrow. It's all the best fun one ever dreamed of—and up to now it has only wanted a few shells and a little noise to supply the necessary element of excitement. The uncertainty of it is so good, like a picnic when you don't know where you are going to; and the rush and bustle of trying to settle things in the confusion; unpacking and packing up again, and dumping down men and horses in strange fields or houses or towns, and fighting to get water and food and beds for the men and oneself, when one knows that probably another start will be made long before anything is got. There are really so many things to do at the same moment that one does not bother about things one has forgotten or not done, because there is only time to go on with the actual thing of the moment. And the extraordinary thing is that everything does seem to get done somehow.

We have had quite luck with the weather. It has been warm ever since we landed, and bright sun; except one night, when I was of course on 'inlying picket,' and had to stay outside all night. We bivouac generally, and billet when we can. The people are quite frantic about us, and they line the roads giving beer and fruit and cakes to us as we ride by. They shout 'Ip, Ip, Wherrey,' and 'Olapp' (hold-up?) when a horse stumbles. They have got some of the London Motor-busses out here, carting about supplies and wounded; a great fat red London driver passed us the other day, and shouted at us 'Oxford Street, Bank.' The busses have still got all the London play-bills and advertisements on them. The roads are chock-a-block

with troops and guns and supplies and transport and wounded; and aeroplanes always in the air. It is a wonderfully peaceful looking country here (censored).

Here is a list of things I want in addition to those you said you would send every week.

Goodbye, darling, give Dad my best love, I am frightfully fit and well, and just exactly where I want to be. Are you well? I forgot to say we finally left Southampton in the darkness in the very early morning. Wasn't it luck for me getting saddle-bags like that?

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Flanders: October 15, 1914.

I've just got your letter of October 8th. I hope the Burberry will arrive soon, because it rains like cats and dogs every day, and an ordinary coat just gets and remains sodden. But it doesn't matter when it is constant; it's only harmful when it comes as a shock to the system. And we get indoors every night, in every kind of nook and corner. The inhabitants are really *wonderful*, and take trouble no end. You can imagine the fun it is trying to get a Cavalry Division, man and horse, into a strange town in the dark.

Just got your 'start of War' letter, forwarded from South Africa!

We've been fighting the German Cavalry patrols for the last day or two, but not much damage to either side; we downed one of their aeroplanes yesterday, which was good, and exciting—a sudden tremendous burst of fire, maxims and all. What have done best for us so far are the armoured mitrailleuse motors. You can't possibly hit a man in them, from in front or from behind. So the only thing to do is to get off and into the ditch, the quickest the best. God help a patrol if one of them comes round the corner! Luckily we have not seen one of theirs yet.

The guns go on all day and most of the night—of course it is very hard to follow what is going on; even the squadron leaders know nothing; and one marches and countermarches without end, backwards and forwards, nearer and further, apparently without object. Only the

Christian virtue of Faith emerges triumphant. It is all the most *wonderful* fun; better fun than one could ever imagine. I hope it goes on a nice long time; pig-sticking will be the only possible pursuit after this, or one will die of sheer ennui. The first time one shoots at a man one has the feeling of 'never point a loaded gun at anyone, even in fun'; but very soon it gets like shooting a crocodile, only more exciting, because he shoots back at you. Our horses have stuck it well, so far; of course it was bad to start with unfit horses, but I suppose the same for everyone, as all the cavalry get unfit horses after they lose their first lot of fit ones.

How I loved our day on the top of Windmill Hill, and think of it; it was too good; you and Daddy were wonderful at getting me my things. My equipment was *splendid*, far the best. I think we shall hammer these Germans now. But their men and horses which we have taken are fat and well-liking, which is a disappointment. I've seen hundreds of old friends; it's good to spot one suddenly in the confusion along the roads.

Tell Moggie I adored her letter, and give all my love to all the family. I started this letter thinking I wouldn't have time for more than three words. But as we haven't gone yet I've written a book.

I wrote to you for things three days ago, so I won't give list again. Remember that Mr. Bart took back some things from Windmill Hill, which are in the list to come now.

Goodbye and bless you, dearest dear. How are you? I am *extraordinarily* fit; and grossly fat, or shall be, as I eat everything I lay hands on, and it generally agrees with me.

Now they've started chucking some shells this way, so I expect we'll be shifting. Remember that the man who has my four ponies is Johann Grimbeck, Elandshewiel, Potchefstroom. The man who promised to see them shipped is Mr. Quinlan, Experimental Farm, Potchefstroom.

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Oct. 17, 1914.

We've left the big fight, which we just got into the edge of, and have gone off against another German army. But it's still marching and countermarching, with everything in the entirely vague and non-committal stage of the start. Only patrol and out-post fighting. We've knocked up one or two of their patrols (only two horses and one man of ours wounded). None of us know anything. The Germans seem to be all over the place; and our different allied armies all mixed up. We are going to clear up a forest tomorrow, where there are Germans and three different varieties of allies; so we hope for a fair mixed bag. The worst of this is that when one is coming in or going out on advanced patrols, in the fog and rain, one is just as likely to get shot by the allied forces as by the Huns. That has happened rather too often.

We've had two days complete rest now—to-day, and the day before yesterday—with only advanced-troops and patrols fighting. I haven't been on, worse luck. Yesterday they only marched us up a hill, and then marched a little further back again. We've had two nights in the open, but not really too cold yet. Fog and rain every day. It's always amusing in the morning to see the place one came into in the dark the night before—sometimes a village, sometimes a little outlying field with a cottage or farm. I hope and believe that they have got us ready for our dart now; but each day one says 'to-morrow.'

Our horses are well, and getting better every day. But the German horses we have taken are dashed well too.

I got today my *two* BURBERRYS, one forwarded from Ludgershall and the other one you sent straight here. Thank God they have come. They are toppers. Also an air-cushion. Also a luminous compass. Also some very good waterproof loose leggings. Thank you most awfully, Mummie. I am now the world's completest campaigner. I got no letters today, but I expect they have gone wrong and will turn up. One hundred cigarettes a week will be ample, don't send two hundred. That lamp of yours has been the salvation of the British Army. Your little medicine-case has also been a blessing to many, but so far has

been wasted on my rude health. Hawa's stocking-cap is absolutely *the* thing, like all Hawa's things.

We got a paper to-day (this morning's London paper of all extraordinary things) and saw that the Germans have got Ostend. I wonder what troops we have got up there by the sea? It's a great war whatever. Isn't it luck for me to have been born so as to be just the right age and just in the right place—not too high up to be worried—to enjoy it now.

Oct. 18th.—We are living like fighting-cocks. The Maconochie tin-ration (Meat and vegetables) is delicious when you heat it up. And they give us very good bread and butter in the houses, and also their beds and everything, without worrying very much whether they get paid or not. The only thing is that we are eating and resting too much, and doing too little, just at present. It has been the same lately with all the other cavalry fellows, who have been out here all the time. Most of them have got very fat of late; isn't that unlike one's idea of war? But the all-pervading thrill of interest makes even bivouacking in a field exciting.

Rumours today (18th) of four German destroyers sunk off Ostend, I hope it is right? But how did they get to Ostend?

Best, best love to everyone, and blessings.

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October 24, 1914.

MY DARLING MOTHER AND DAD,—Charlie Burn has just arrived here, so I have got five minutes to write one line for him to take before he goes again. He brought Dad's letter with him.

We have had it pretty hot this last day or two in the trenches. We take to it like ducks to water, and dig *much* better trenches than the infantry, and *far* quicker. We are all awfully well, except those who have stopped something. We have been fighting night and day; first rest today for four days. The worst of it is, no sleep practically. I cannot tell you how wonderful our men were, going straight for the first time into a fierce fire. They surpassed my utmost expectations. I have never been so fit or nearly

so happy in my life before. I adore the fighting, and the continual interest which compensates for every disadvantage. We have only had cavalry these days in this part of the line, and I imagine it has been rather critical, but all goes well. Horses are not much good in this country and in this fighting. The German guns are terribly good. They have spies everywhere, signalling to them by night and day, and they pick you up wherever you go.

No time for more now. I have written to you about things I want. I want another of Hawa's sleeping caps with holes for the ears; I am awfully glad you are so well. You must be frightfully busy with all your things. How is the big Commerce scheme going? All love,

From

J.

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October 24, 1914.

MY DARLING MOTHER,—I got your letter of the 17th., two days ago, and also one of yours from South Africa! and to-day one of Dad's, brought by Charlie Burn. Also two boxes of cigarettes, which were heaven after Belgium cigarettes or nothing.

October 27th.—We have been in the trenches for two days and two nights since I started this, but no excitement except a good dose of shrapnel three times a day, which does one no harm and rather relieves the monotony. I have got half my troop, twelve men, in this trench in a root field, with the rest of the squadron about 100 yards on each side of us, and a farm half knocked down by shells just behind us. We get our rations sent up once a day, in the dark, and two men creep out to cook us tea in the quiet intervals. Tea is the great mainstay of service, as it was in manœuvres and treks. The men are *splendid*, and as happy as school boys.

We have plenty of straw at the bottom of the trench, which is better than any feather-bed. We only had one bad night, when it pelted rain for six hours. It is not *very* cold yet, and we have had two or three fine days.

They have just sent up our mail to us. Two letters

from you, and one from Dad, and one from Casie, dated the 11th and 12th. Also some chocolate. I expect you do not know where we are now? I try to keep as far as I can from the boundary line of censorship. I wonder if we have brought down many of their aeroplanes by rifle fire! They are a constant source of annoyance to us.

We have not seen any of the German infantry from this trench, only one patrol and a sniper or two. Their guns too are out of sight, but only about a mile off, hardly that I believe. The country is so fearfully enclosed. I suppose if any relations knew of our whereabouts it would be instantly traced back to the writer, which would be a terrible thing indeed.

Our first day of real close-up fighting was Monday the 19th. We cavalry went on about a day and a half in front of the infantry. We got into a village, and our advance patrols started fighting hard, with a certain amount of fire from everywhere in front of us. Our advance patrols gained the first groups of houses, and we joined them. Firing came from a farm in front of us, and then a man came out of it and waved a white flag. I yelled '200, white flag, rapid fire,' but Hardwick stopped me shooting. Then the squadron advanced across the root fields towards the farm, and dismounted in open order, and they opened a sharp fire on us from the farm and the next field. We took three prisoners in the roots, and returned to the houses again. That was our first experience of them, the white flag dodge. We lost two, and one wounded. Then I got leave to make a dash across a field for another farm where they were sniping at us. I could only get half way. My sergeant was killed and my corporal hit. We lay down. Luckily it was high roots and we were out of sight. But they had fairly got our range, and the bullets kept knocking up the dirt into one's face and all round. We just lay doggo for about half an hour, and then the firing slackened, and we crawled back to the houses and the rest of the squadron.

I was pleased with my troop under bad fire. They used the most filthy language, talking quite quietly and laughing all the time, even after the men were knocked over

within a yard of them. I longed to be able to say that I liked it, after all one has heard of being under fire for the first time. But it is beastly. I pretended to myself for a bit that I liked it, but it was no good, it only made one careless and unwatchful and self absorbed; but when one acknowledged to oneself that it *was* beastly one became all right again, and cool.

After the firing had slackened, we advanced again a bit into the next group of houses, which were the edge of the village proper. I cannot tell you how *muddling* it is. We did not know which was our Front. We did not know whether our own troops had come round us on the flanks, or whether they had stopped behind and were firing into us. And besides, a lot of German snipers were left in the houses we had come through, and every now and then bullets came singing by from God knows where. Four of us were talking and laughing in the road, when about a dozen bullets came with a whistle. We all dived for the nearest door, and fell over each other, yelling with laughter, into a very dirty outhouse. James Leckie, the Old Old Man, said 'I have a bullet through my best Sandon Twilfette Breeches.' We looked, and he had. It had gone clean through. He did not tell us till two days afterwards that it had gone through him too. None of us knew until he went to the Doctor on Wednesday, but it was like the holes you make to blow an egg, only about 4 inches apart.

We stopped there about two hours; then the Cavalry regiment on our right retired. Then we saw a lot of Germans, among the fires they had lit (they set the houses on fire to mark their lines of advance). They were running from house to house. We were told not to fire, for fear of our own people on the other side. I was the farthest troop out, in a house at the edge of the main village. Then came a lot of them, shouting and singing and advancing down the street through the burning houses. One felt a peculiar hatred for them. I sent back word that I could not stay there, and the squadron retired without losing much. We heard afterwards that there had been a Division of German infantry in front of us. At first we thought there were only one or two patrols of them.

We retired about two miles, and dismounted for action. Soon they began to come up from three sides of us, and we retired again. They were pretty close, advancing higgledy-piggledy across the fields, and firing. They shot *abominably* (nothing like the morning, from the houses, when they had all the ranges marked to a yard). We lost only about 20 horses, no men killed. Watkin Wynn (do you remember 'Hell-fire Herbert' in my story) had his horse shot under him, when they were within about 200 yards. He was the next troop in front of me. He suddenly got complete 'fou rire' when he saw me. I got him a spare horse, and he was still laughing, and saying over and over again with a sort of triumph 'Look at the blasters.' We only *trotted* away. A man in my troop kept raising his cap to the Germans, saying 'Third-class shots, third-class shots!' We retired behind our guns that night, and the infantry came up next day and took up their position.

The next day we went forward to another place and entrenched ourselves against a very big German force, with orders to hold out as long as we could. But they took a long time deploying for attack, and we only had to face their guns. Kid Charrington was killed. They pushed us pretty hard back to our infantry; we were supposed to have done well.

Since that, we have been doing infantry work in the trenches. We have been out-of-work in our trenches, only shrapnel and snipers. Someone described this War as 'Months of boredom punctuated by moments of terror.' It is sad that it is such an impossible place for cavalry. Cavalry work against far superior forces of infantry, like we had the other day, is not good enough. The Germans are dashed good at that house-to-house fighting business. It is *horrible* having to leave one's horse. It feels like leaving half oneself behind, and one feels the dual responsibility all the time. Besides, it depletes our already small numbers, for horse-holders. I hope we get them on the run soon, then will come our chance. They have been having terrific fighting on the line on each side of us, and it has gone well.

I *adore* War. It is like a big picnic without the objectlessness of a picnic. I have never been so well or so happy. Nobody grumbles at one for being dirty. I have only had my boots off once in the last 10 days, and only washed twice. We are up and standing to our rifles by 5 a.m. when doing this infantry work, and saddled up by 4.30 a.m. when with our horses. Our poor horses do not get their saddles off when we are in trenches.

The wretched inhabitants here have got practically no food left. It is miserable to see them leaving their houses, and tracking away, with great bundles and children in their hands. And the dogs and cats left in the deserted villages are piteous.

October 28th.—We were relieved after dark last night. Jack Althorp of the 1st Life Guards relieved me with his troop. We are back here in our old bivouac (where we were shelled out by Jack Johnsons the other night) for a day's rest. I got to-day your letter of the 23rd, also Dad's and Casie's. You are a really great War Mother. All emotion is fatal now. To-day arrived glorious parcels for self and men, and I expect the other things you mention in your letter will arrive in due course. Send me out one big coloured pocket-handkerchief every week, and one khaki shirt.

I cannot make out what has happened to the battle of the Aisne? It seems to have got tired and died!

I wish our Royals had had more fighting. We have been unlucky about trenches, we have always had the quiet ones so far.

Will you show this letter to Bron, because short letters are no good, and I cannot write Times Histories like this to my numerous clientèle of friends.

If you only knew what fun it is out here!

Please give Dad my very best love, and thank him awfully for his letters. My dear Dad, I am only writing one letter to you and Mummie because the A.S.C. do not supply enough paper for two of this sort.

Your ever affectionate,

JULIAN.

P.S.—Good stories. The Indians had two men killed directly. They said 'All Wars are good, but this is a bot utcha War. Now we advance.'

The Colonel of a French regiment on our flank the other day, when the Germans were coming round that flank, was sitting in a pub. in the village. They started their maxim gun. The Colonel and his orderly rushed into the street, and each discharged 10 rounds quick out of their rifles, and then returned to their drinks.

If you could send one bottle of whisky and one bottle of brandy for our little squadron mess, we should be thankful to you for evérmore.

Best of best love. I hope they will hurry up the big guns at Woolwich. It is horrible when they put Jack Johnsons into one's bivouac at night from about 12 miles off. You can hear them coming for about 30 seconds, and judge whether they are coming straight for you or a little to one side.

Good-bye and bless you,
J.

Kid Charrington was Julian's hero, and the man he loved best in the whole Army. His mother knew this, and was unhappy at the thought of the shock his death would be. But it was strange how quickly the men who were fighting gained a new idea of life and death. All Julian's personal grief for Kid seemed to be swallowed up in the sense of triumph for him.

Nov. 2, 1914.

DARLING MOTHER AND DAD,—Here we are, in the burning centre of it all, and I would not be anywhere else for a million pounds and the Queen of Sheba. The only thing is that there's no job for the cavalry. So we have just become infantry, and man the trenches. I believe we're getting entrenching tools, which is good hearing. We

want them. Colonel Burn is taking this, so I've only time to write one word of love.

He's off.

He tells me I was reported dead. But there's life in the old dog yet!

Bless you both. Things arriving splendidly from you; tobacco and socks today. Are you both well? Thank you for your letters today.

JULIAN.

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November 3rd, 1914.

I sent you a scrap of a letter yesterday by Colonel Burn—wasn't it sad about his son, his very first day's soldiering. He was just 19. He only joined us after we came out here.

My things are arriving splendidly. Yesterday came—Holdall (capital).

Lamp refills.

Pipe-lighter (beauty).

Tobacco.

Woollen belts.

Socks.

Methylated spirit (thank Heaven).

Daily Mails.

I enclose list of what I most want now. I asked you to stop the tins of café-au-lait, but please *send* them. They have been very useful just lately. Two a week. They are good, and such a fall-back when one sleeps away from the waggon. Stop sending pipe-tobacco, I've got plenty.

And I am now the most completely outfitted soldier of the Expeditionary Force. I have everything I want. You have been too *wonderful* at sending the right things.

No matter about putties. The sleeping-bag as per picture you send is just exactly what I wanted. It hasn't arrived yet, nor has the map-case.

How splendid about Casie coming out to France, and you coming with her. Please thank her awfully for her darling letters. I wish I had time to write to her, but there really isn't. Also Daddy. Can you show Casie my letters?

The recruiting in England seems to be going splendidly. It will be necessary too, from what one can see.

To carry on my history of my personal exploits in the War, I got in my last letter to our first days in the trenches. The next day we had a real hot time, in a sort of small salient of the line. "A. squadron" was holding it, and held it for five days and nights unrelieved. On the 6th day, I took my troop up to reinforce, and two more troops came up afterwards. The shrapnel was coming about two shells a minute, you could not hear yourself speak; but we were well dug in and we only got hit when a shell burst absolutely *in* the trench. It was almost all gun-fire. The Germans do not use their infantry most days, they are getting tired of that attack in massed battalions. We held on till latish in the afternoon, when our ammunition was almost out, and the German infantry began to mass in front. Then we retired. That was when Burn was killed. We took position again in a wood about a quarter of a mile behind. The Germans did not come on that night. I believe we got great kudos. The Guards relieved us at 1.30 that night, and we got back to our poor horses, who had been standing saddled up all the time, as they do now everyday and all day, and most all the night. There is no work for cavalry, so we are just mobile infantry without any entrenching tools. We form the Corps Reserve. 'Oh, yes, blooming Knight Errants,' said one of our men. 'No, blooming night-and-day errants,' said another. Little Watkin Wynn said (re having no spades) 'the foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests, but the Royal Dragoons have not where to lay their heads.'

I have not washed for a week, or had my boots off for a fortnight. But we cook good hot food in the dark, in the morning before we start, and in the night when we get back to our horses; and we take our good cold rations with us in the day-time. It is all *the* best fun. I have never never felt so well, or so happy, or enjoyed anything so much. It just suits my stolid health, and stolid nerves, and barbaric disposition. The fighting-excitement vitalizes everything, every sight and word and action. One loves one's fellow man so much more when one is bent on killing him. And

picnic-ing in the open day and night (we never see a roof now) is the real method of existence.

There are loads of straw to bed-down on, and one sleeps like a log, and wakes up with the dew on one's face. The stolidity of my nerves surprises myself. I went to sleep the other day when we were lying in the trenches, with the shrapnel bursting within 50 yards all the time and a noise like nothing on earth. The noise is continual and indescribable. The Germans shell the trenches with shrapnel all day and all night; and the Reserves and ground in the rear with Jack Johnsons, which at last one gets to love as old friends. You hear them coming for miles, and everyone imitates the noise; then they burst with a plump and make a great hole in the ground, doing no damage unless they happen to fall into your trench or on to your hat. They burst pretty nearly straight upwards. One landed within 10 yards of me the other day, and only knocked me over and my horse. We both got up and looked at each other, and laughed. It did not even knock the cigarette out of my mouth.

We are all waiting in a wood with our horses (as we do every day until we are called up somewhere). Yesterday we only went out as supports. The day before we relieved the regiment in the firing line. They had been under shrapnel and Jack Johnsons for two days. One will never forget the look on those men's faces, utter weariness and numbness and carelessness.

Our men are splendid, really *splendid*. One marvels at them. We shall beat those German swine by sticking it out.

Alastair had a great story yesterday. A real Alastair. He was told to rally some men and take up position, by a General. He said 'Right you are, General.' and to the men (all of different regiments) 'Follow me, you men.' When he got to the crest, he looked round and found one Scotchman behind him. They waited for some time, discussing together their chances of escape. Suddenly the Germans came in sight all round, and the man said quietly 'That changes ma doot to a cerrtainty; we're doon forr.'

We took a German Officer and some men prisoners in

a wood the other day. One felt hatred for them as one thought of our dead; and as the Officer came by me, I scowled at him, and the men were cursing him. The Officer looked me in the face and saluted me as he passed, and I have never seen a man look so proud and resolute and smart and confident, in his hour of bitterness. It made me feel terribly ashamed of myself.

How are your Work-parties going? The men simply *love* the things. Go on sending quickly, as the real cold has not set in yet. How is your Red Cross going? I wonder if we shall be able to let the Panshanger shooting?

All all love to you and Daddy and Bill and Casie and Mogsie. I think of you always. How is the Likka Man?

We have not been called on to day yet (12 noon).

November 4th.—We did nothing yesterday, stayed in reserve all day, which is a good general sign I suppose, but dashed boring for us. Never mind, I feel in my heart that the time will come when we get right into those grey blue coats, with our swords and horses. I think every man in the regiment is praying for that day.

Arrived to day six 'Daily Mails,' cigarettes (beautiful Balkans from R. Lewis), chocolate, lamp refills. The cigarettes arrived in a china box! Tell Mr. Lewis from me that the Lord did not allot a fair share of intelligence to him, or to his fore-fathers in the creation. Also tell him to get tin boxes next time. I got a letter from Casie dated October 27th. Please thank her awfully.

We sallied out at 2 o'clock this morning, in a blazing moon. All the Division (cavalry), each from his field or wood, to a hole they had made in the line; but it was patched up before we got there, so back we came again for another hour's rest.

I think our papers lie more about the great War than the Germans. Anyhow it is a great War whatever. It is very interesting to hear about South Africa. This morning is the first I have heard about De Wet and Beyers. It was good that they fixed Delarey in time. Botha is some man, isn't he? I told you when I came home that they would fight us, but nobody would believe me. Thank

heaven we got out of the country first, or they would have kept us, and we should have missed this.

Post just going now. What are the Canadians like? The 3rd K.D.G.s are not here yet, but we expect them every day. Good-bye, and bless you all. We are off-saddled now for the first time since I do not know when. I feel terribly clean and uncomfortable, after shaving and washing. How is Mogsie? I hope she has not relapsed from rheumatism into chronic gout. It is the worst of belonging to one of those old port-drinking families. It is extraordinary the different rumours one gets about the War. One day utter despair, and the next triumphant optimism.

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November 6th, 1914.

Another day's rest since I wrote to you last, and last night the regiment left the horses here, at a little farm in the fields, and went out into the trenches to relieve the infantry for 24 hours. They are due back to night. I was left to look after the horses, which I *hated*. We have heard that the regiment came under very heavy shell fire, but lost only one man killed. The whole Cavalry Division went to the trenches. The 3rd K.D.G.s have arrived, and went out too; so now our Brigade is full strength (three regiments). When we go out like this, we leave the horses saddled up, and one Officer and eight men from each squadron with them. It is a hopeless position, because one has not enough men to move the horses if one comes under shell fire. We all sleep out with the horses. The 10th officers and our lot have meals in the farm; leaving only one room to the poor inmates, who are lucky, however, not to have been eaten up by the Germans, or shelled down and burnt up by either side, up to the present.

I sleep like a log of a night-time. Hundreds of blankets, and Daddy's Canadian coat, and two waterproof sheets. The wet is the worst, everything is sodden, although we had two fine days, to-day and yesterday. I am longing for my waterproof sleeping-bag. Could you send me another knitted belt, because I gave one to one of

my men who had bad flu. Also another Sou' Wester hat, exactly like the last, which I left hurriedly in a very hot trench. Also another flask, which I left my old one hurriedly ditto. I am afraid them blasted Germans have got them now.

They seem to think it is going *well* now, after a shaky bit, but one gets terribly little information here, and what one gets is always contradicted the next day. One hears that the Germans are retiring in train loads, and the next minute there is a vicious night-attack.

I am in such a bad temper left behind here; I cannot write any more. It is horrible to think that one might just as well be in Piccadilly Circus for all the good one is doing, and much better for all the pleasure one is getting! Are you well, Mummie? Is it true that the Canadians are absolutely untrained?

The French troops here say that 'les Hindus' cannot stand shell fire; but that is probably pure invention like everything else.

Good-bye, all all love.

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In Trenches : November 13th, 1914.

Thank you awfully for your letters, three I think since I wrote to you last, and a *lot* of things.

In a house !! : November 15th, 1914.

I have made a list of all the things that have arrived, as far as I can remember them, and all the things I want. You do not know how wonderful the whisky was in this cold. If you could have seen the look on the faces of B. Squadron when I said I had got some, you would feel as 10 to 1 compared with the Good Samaritan.

I gave the cigarettes to the men. Also the writing-paper. Mufflers, gloves, and woolly waistcoats are the things they want most. I like getting the things for my own troop *myself*, as it is nice to be able to give them things oneself, and it makes sure of their getting them. My goodness, they will want warm things now!

It is our first morning of snow to-day. It has been

raining a lot lately, and the roads and fields and even the insides of the houses are 2 inches deep in slush; while the trenches of course are just muck-pits. We have been doing all shell trench-work lately, and it is horrible. You just lie there hunched up, and all day long the shells burst. Just outside the trenches if you are lucky, and just inside if you are unlucky. Anyhow the noise is appalling, and one's head is rocking with it by the end of the day. They generally start about 8 and go on till 4.30 p.m.

In the same house: November 18th, 1914.

They had us out again for 48 hours trenches while I was writing the above. About the shells, after a day of them, one's nerves are really absolutely beaten down. I can understand now why our infantry have to retreat sometimes; a sight which came as a shock to one at first, after being brought up in the belief that the English infantry cannot retreat.

These last two days we had quite a different kind of trench, in a dripping sodden wood, with the German trench in some places 40 yards ahead. Too close for them to shell us. Dead Germans lying all along the front. Most of the trees (fir trees) cut down by bullets and shrapnel, and piled along the ground with the branches sticking up over the ground.

We had been worried by their snipers all along, and I had always been asking for leave to go out and have a try myself. Well, on Tuesday the 16th, the day before yesterday, they gave me leave. Only after great difficulty. They told me to take a section with me, and I said I would sooner cut my throat and have done with it. So they let me go alone. Off I crawled through sodden clay and trenches, going about a yard a minute, and listening and looking as I thought it was not possible to look and listen. I went out to the right of our lines, where the 10th were, and where the Germans were nearest. I took about 30 minutes to do 30 yards, then I saw the Hun trench, and I waited there a long time, but could see or hear nothing. It was about 10 yards from me. Then I heard some Germans talking, and saw one put his head up over some

bushes, about 10 yards behind the trench. I could not get a shot at him, I was too low down, and of course I could not get up. So I crawled on again very slowly to the parapet of their trench. It was very exciting. I was not *sure* that there might not have been someone there, or a little further along the trench. I peered through their loop-hole and saw nobody in the trench. Then the German behind put his head up again. He was laughing and talking. I saw his teeth glistening against my foresight, and I pulled the trigger very slowly. He just grunted, and crumpled up. The others got up and whispered to each other. I do not know which were most frightened, them or me. I think there were four or five of them. They could not trace the shot, I was flat behind their parapet and hidden. I just had the nerve not to move a muscle and stay there. My heart was fairly hammering. They did not come forward, and I could not see them, as they were behind some bushes and trees, so I crept back inch by inch.

I went out again in the afternoon, in front of our bit of the line. About 60 yards off I found their trench again, empty again. I waited there for an hour, but saw nobody. Then I went back, because I did not want to get inside some of their patrols who might have been placed forward. I reported the trench empty.

The next day, just before dawn, I crawled out there again, and found it empty again. Then a single German came through the woods towards the trench. I saw him 50 yards off. He was coming along upright and careless, making a great noise. I heard him before I saw him. I let him get within 25 yards, and shot him in the heart. He never made a sound. Nothing for 10 minutes, and then there was a noise and talking, and a lot of them came along, through the wood behind the trench about 40 yards from me. I counted about 20, and there were more coming. They halted in front, and I picked out the one I thought was the officer, or sergeant. He stood facing the other way, and I had a steady shot at him behind the shoulders. He went down, and that was all I saw. I went back at a sort of galloping crawl to our lines, and sent a message to

the 10th that the Germans were moving up their way in some numbers. Half an hour afterwards, they attacked the 10th and our right, in massed formation, advancing slowly to within 10 yards of the trenches. We simply mowed them down. It was rather horrible. I was too far to the left. They did not attack our part of the line, but the 10th told me in the evening that they counted 200 dead in a little bit of the line, and the 10th and us only lost ten.

They have made quite a ridiculous fuss about me stalking, and getting the message through. I believe they are going to send me up to our General and all sorts. It was only up to someone to do it, instead of leaving it all to the Germans, and losing two officers a day through snipers. All our men have started it now. It is the popular amusement.

We were relieved by Territorials last night at 9 p.m., and got back here at 2 a.m., to food and bed, tired out. I carried this letter and paper in my pocket all through my crawls, hence the artistic edges. The men sleep in a barn. The poor horses outside still, in a pitiless frost. Reliefs in the dark are rather wonderful. The new line creep up and pop into the trenches, as the old line pop out, with the snipers shooting away at you all the time, and probably the German trenches too.

I got your letters of the 10th yesterday, and your's and Dad's and Mogsie's of the 14th by messenger to-day. Thank them and you frightfully. The fleecy waterproof-helmet from Cording's is the best rain-proof and mud-proof ever seen. I love it.

How awfully good of Putty. I will write to him tomorrow. Of course, it is the best kind of staff-job that I could possibly get. But

(a) I feel I am doing far more good as a fighting-line soldier, than I ever would on the staff.

(b) I should not like it nearly so well as roughing it out here with my own friends and my own men.

(c) Even if I wanted to go the Colonel would never let me, because we are now so woefully short of Officers. I asked him to-night, just as a matter of curiosity.

(d) I should have to be clean and well mannered, which has now become a matter of impossibility to me. But I do think that it is good of Putty. I will write to him saying that you have told me of the *chance*.

I believe that we have really worn most of the heart out of these Huns now, and that sooner or later, perhaps sooner, we will have our slap back at them, and work after our own hearts.

I never know how much I can say because of the censor. I expect I keep far too wide of the dividing line.

Mother darling, promise me that you won't publish any extracts from my letters, because I think that news which one can write in a letter, looks somehow vainglorious and swaggery when it is in print.

They are talking of taking us back a bit for a week, to rest and refit. We have certainly had a hardish go.

Best of all love to the family. How is Billa-boy? It is too angelic of Hawa and the servants to send things for my men. I have 35 in my troop, and 150 in the squadron. Send them to *me*. A lot of clothes arrived from you for the regiment to day. I will write to the editor of the 'Maidenhead Advertiser,' and enclose it to you. I do think it good of the Maidenhead people to have made the things for us, and never were things of greater use and blessing. Good-bye, and bless you. Send me a good novel. Is there a good Chesterton, since the 'Flying Inn,' or a good new Wells? I might have time now, and one does want a switch-off for the mind. The writing-case is just the right size and shape. You are a genius at getting the *right* things. My soldier-servant loves the things you send specially to him.

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November 22nd, 1914.

MY DARLING DAD,—Thank you so much for all your letters. You have been very good in writing so many, and I have simply loved getting them. I expect you are most frightfully busy too. I hope that Germany is getting no more copper!

I wrote Mother a long letter two days ago, when we

came out of the trenches. Our last day there was really most exciting. Now we have come back 20 miles, to rest and refit, for a week, they say, or ten days. There is about one inch of snow, and hard frosts every night, but sun in the day time; and altogether much better weather than the rain and slush which we had before. I think our men are very fit. Our losses in Officers have been very heavy, as you will have seen. I would not think of the Staff when the regiment wants Officers so badly, but it was very kind of Putty to suggest it.

Our horses have stuck it wonderfully. Just think what it means for them to stand out all night now, with only one very small blanket. There does not seem to be much prospect of Cavalry work for us just at present.

From what I can see of it, the German heavy guns are excellent, and their spy system very thorough. Their Jack Johnsons just follow you about, even when you are two or three miles behind the firing line. But their infantry tactics are extraordinary. I think we must have rather knocked the heart out of them here now. The 10th, who were nearest us in the trenches the other day, were standing on the top of their parapet, yelling for them to come on, just before their infantry attacked. Then they simply mowed them down. They were all big men; I think it must have been their Guards. I saw them within 40 yards, when I was out sniping just before they attacked.

We are living in a farm house now, very comfortable, with the men sleeping in barns. I have never felt so fit in my life, but I like the fighting part better than the resting part. Your Canadian coat is the admiration of all beholders, and does me very well. How are the prize herds of kine! I hope you are fit and well, and that all the family is flourishing. It was *great* fun for me to see you all again for a little, before coming out.

Good-bye, Very best love,

From
JULIAN.

This was a letter to Willie from Major Philip Hardwick, Royal Dragoons.

November 18th, 1914.

DEAR LORD DESBOROUGH,—I thought you might like to hear how Julian is getting on from an independent source. He is doing very well indeed, as I always knew he would, but it is more especially what he has done the last two days that I thought might interest you. We were in the trenches on a 48 hours' turn of duty, and where we were, in a wood, less than 100 yards from the German trenches, we were very much bothered by snipers, who were doing a lot of damage.

The day before yesterday, Julian crept through the undergrowth, right up to one of the German trenches, and shot one of them dead through his own loop-hole. Yesterday he crawled out in the same direction and found the trench evacuated, so he crept on some little way beyond. He put two more Germans in the bag, and then came back with the most useful information that the Germans were advancing. Within half-an-hour they attacked the line very heavily, and were repulsed with great loss. Both acts were not only extremely plucky, but showed great resource and presence of mind, not to say cunning. I have reported the matter to the Colonel, who will send it on. Julian is very well and fit and cheery, in spite of the many unpleasant conditions. I won't let him do anything too rash, but so far he has shown that he is quite capable of looking after himself, and more than a match for a whole lot of Germans.

Believe me,

Yours sincerely,

P. E. HARDWICK.

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General Campbell, Commanding 6th Cavalry Brigade, wrote to young Francis Grenfell on November 20th, 1914.

Julian Grenfell has done awfully well. On the 16th, he crawled through a wood and shot a German through the

loop-hole of his own trench! Then he went out again from the trenches and shot two Germans, and found them concentrating for an attack and brought in warning. The Royals are really toppers. Likewise the 10th. I am glad I am not to lose the former.

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Letter from Mrs. Byng on December 4th, 1914.

'My husband (General Julian Byng) tells me how splendidly your son has done. He says he is a most gallant boy and an excellent Officer.'

(General Byng commanded the 3rd Cavalry Division.)

Mrs. Steele wrote on November 28th, 1914.

'George (Colonel Steele, commanding the Royals) told me that Julian had done excellently, and that he was very much pleased with him.'

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Telegram from Julian from Folkestone.

November 28th, 1914.

Arriving Taplow station 5.35 to night. All love,
JULIAN.

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ARMY ORDER. NOVEMBER 12TH, 1914.

*To the 1st Division, 2nd Division, 3rd Division,
1st Cavalry Division, and 3rd Cavalry Division.*

The Commander in chief has asked me to convey to the troops under my command his congratulations and hearty thanks for the splendid resistance to the German attack yesterday.

This attack was delivered by some fifteen first battalions of the German Guards Corps, which had been specially brought up to carry out the task in which so many other corps had failed, viz: to crush the British and force a way through Ypres.

Since its arrival in this neighbourhood, the 1st Corps, assisted by the 3rd Cavalry Division, 7th Division, and troops from the 2nd Corps, has met and defeated the 23rd, 26th, and 27th German Reserve Corps, the 13th Active Corps, and finally the Guards Corps.

It is doubtful whether the annals of the British Army contain any finer record than this.

(Signed) DOUGLAS HAIG.

Lieutenant General, Commanding 1st Army Corps.

(The Royal Dragoons formed part of the 3rd Cavalry Division.)

This was a letter from George Monckton-Arundell.

November 9th, 1914.

At 3 a.m. on November 1st our trenches were taken by the Germans, who drove our men out after a heroic resistance. — ordered them to retake the trench. Edward Wyndham, in command, was just leading the attack when he was shot through both lungs, but getting up he called to the men to follow him, and headed a bayonet charge which got back the trench and captured 50 Germans.

The midshipman-son of some Taplow neighbours, aged 17, wrote to his parents.

‘It is awful for Reg being kept at Harrow while this is going on, but I have written to try and cheer him up by saying the War is certain to last two years, by which time he will be able to join in. I do hope that you and Father will tell him this too, *whatever you may think.*’

Another midshipman wrote.

‘Just think, if I had been three months younger I should have been still at Dartmouth. Tell Dad there never was such a chance. I am the youngest server in the British Navy.’

CHAPTER XXXI.

ON December 3rd, 1914, Monica, who had finished her three training-months of work at the London Hospital, was accepted as a probationer at the British Hospital at Wimereux, close to Boulogne. (Sir Henry and Lady Norman's Hospital.)

On December 5th Ivo was Confirmed in Eton Chapel; it was a beautiful day, bitterly cold. He and his mother went for a long walk in Windsor Park, which was quite full of soldiers. There was a wonderful frosty sunset.

'Ivanhoe' and 'Moonfleet' were read to Imogen that Autumn. Four thousand soldiers (of the New Army) were billeted in Maidenhead, which meant a great deal of work there; a Hospital was opened, with 38 beds, and seven Soldiers' Clubs.

This was a letter from Billy to Imogen:—

Grayshott: December, 1914.

MY DEAR MOGS,—Thank you awfully for the lovely books for my men. They LOVED them.

This is Julian having a shot at *you know who* (picture of the Kaiser and Julian) from behind a Christmas-tree. I do hope he gets him.

Your guinea-pigs worth a guinea each? Yes, I don't think!

This is a picture of me and my true love in Tipperary,
Love from
BILLY.

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The Working-Party at Taplow Court sent 955 garments to the Hospitals and the soldiers abroad, up to December 11th. On December 12th, Monica and her parents went over to France, and Monica took up her work at the British Hospital. Monica was then the only Probationer, all the rest of the staff were fully-trained. There were 123 beds. Her parents stayed at a tiny 'pension' close by, for a few days. Mr. Lister, the oculist, was at Boulogne, attending to the eye-cases in fourteen Hospitals: his brother was at Monica's Hospital. Sir Bertrand Dawson was also out there.

This was a letter from their mother from Wimereux:—

Wimereux: December, 1914.

There are eight hospitals in and about this small village. The ambulances go off at break-neck speed to the Railway Station, three miles away, and come back very, very slowly. No mud ever encountered before seems real: here it permeates all life, with a cold clinging persistence, and penetrates into the houses and up the creaky wooden stairs. 'The trenches,' every one says and thinks all day long. Surely no country can attain to such pewter-greyness of land sea and sky as France when she is so inclined? The rain pours down all and every day, and the wind never seems to drop or vary. 'That sea looks a clear joke' said a soldier in the hospital today, and indeed it did. The hospitals are all in summer hotels or villas, queer frail ramshackle places, with pathetic reminiscences of gaiety, and windows that have a tendency to blow in completely, if the shutters are unfastened. At the big hospital up on the hill they always have to keep the shutters up on the windy side.

The French people are very sad, sadder than almost any in England. Nearly all the women here are in mourning. The two in the little shop, mother and daughter, were carrying on the usual polyglot talk with three British orderlies. 'It is one franc and fivepence, but to you, soldiers, one franc, two pence half.' The English boys

were in good spirits and laughing, and the women laughed too, but suddenly they looked at each other, and there were tears in their eyes. The pretty daughter's husband is fighting in Alsace; she has heard nothing for six weeks. Every evening at 5 o'clock there are war prayers in the little church by the river. It is crowded to the doors every night, and a sprinkling of Khaki-clad soldiers and orderlies. They have beautiful prayers, in French, and a sort of short Litany, and sometimes a very short sermon of about five minutes. The priest has a fine voice and preaches very well—more warlike I think than anything that would be heard in church in England. At the end there is a very beautiful chant, often repeated 'O Sainte Marie, Priez pour nous, priez pour la France.' It is sung by the whole congregation.

In this little pension there are seven Belgians: and some of the nurses from the Hospital opposite come in for their meals. The Belgians use a small room with immovable stained-glass windows. The nurses now carry their food into the little front room, shut the folding doors, and open the two windows. One of them was evidently afraid of seeming exclusive—'Nous Anglais aimons beaucoup air,' she explained to the Belgians, with a smile that would have mended any French. The house is quite indescribably cold, smelly, and stuffy; one of the most revolting features is a very dirty tame white rabbit, which lopes about the rooms and up and down stairs.

The nurses' talk seems to be a great deal about quarrels, 'She said to me. I soon said to her'—a curious trait in such untiring workers for comfort and soothing, but perhaps merely the outlet of the fighting-spirit. Their courage and cheerfulness are absolutely amazing, never does the dark side of life even obtain a hearing. The same ubiquitous spirit possesses the patients. 'I feel a treat today,' a boy said who had had his leg off yesterday. Another, very ill, said 'I am just like a king in here, my wife would jump right up in the air to see me.' One man was too ill to speak, but held out a picture-postcard of his wife and baby, with indescribable happiness, and patted a high pile of letters by his side. A German boy was in that

hospital, very badly wounded, 'Sehr schlecht, sehr schlecht' ('very bad') he said. Some chocolate had been given to an English soldier at the other side of the ward; half of it was handed back with great secrecy. 'Just take it over to poor Martens, the German, he's been very bad all morning.' An Irish soldier had lost one leg and the other foot. 'Still got my arms to shoot with!'—a bit of bravado sad enough to procure its own pardon. The ambulances backed against the hospital doors are such a usual sight that no one stops now to peep or peer. The soldiers' funerals go down the village street, the Union Jack covering the coffin, and a very small party following behind. Does anyone know the origin or meaning of the soldiers' curious phrase for death—'Going West'?

The order came in last night to clear every possible bed, and all day long the ambulances have been passing to Boulogne, and the hospital-ships. The storm is still raging, but this evening up on the cliffs there was a sudden break in the clouds, and one instant of glorious flame-coloured sunset before they closed in again. The country is as ugly as anything can be that includes cliffs and sea; the poor little village could hardly be more squalid and tawdry—it looks so singularly unfitted for this weight that it is suddenly called upon to bear.

These were some of Billy's letters that Autumn.

TO MONICA AT THE LONDON HOSPITAL.

Taplow: August 26th, 1914.

DARLING CASIE,—How are you, and how are your poor feet?

The news of the Allies' retirement is disgusting, but you must not be depressed by it. There are still three lines of forts between the Germans and the Champs Élysées; and with God's help, and the standing luck of the British Army, we shall still get them on the run. All say that the English behaved with *wonderful* coolness and gallantry; their losses are not nearly so severe as was feared at first.

I have heard nothing definite about joining, but it may be any day now.

Best love. Keep the flag flying. Honour the King. And the rich but not the poor Jews.

Yours ever,
BILLY.

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The Officers' Club, Aldershot :
October, 1914.

DARLING MUMMIE,—Thank you a million times for your most brave and delicious letter. Darling Judy! Of *course* he must go. Glory is his province and his deserts. And we can only hope and pray earnestly, and believe in his star.

Maclachlan, our Colonel, is an angel; and we are working double tides now, and under immense difficulties; space, time, noise, smells, discomfort. Every sense assailed.

I know what you must be feeling about Judy, and *how* brave you are and will be. All all love,

Your own,
BILLY.

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Kingswood Firs, Grayshott : November, 1914.

DARLING,—We are just in here and getting straight, so I shan't get away this Sunday. It is our first taste of the actualities of War, the invasion and occupation of this peaceful and moral village.

I am quite isolated with my Regimental Scouts, in a rural Demesne and a Pine wood one mile square.

The present occupants are such a very kindly couple, wonderfully read and cultivated, named Mowatt. A mine of conversation and information. I have a bedroom, sitting room, and bath room, so am in clover, after the herding of brother-officers at Aldershot. I have power of life and death over the Scouts, sixteen charming men, one cook, and two scallywags, whom I was going to sack, but

one of them has just deserted, and the pursuit is about to commence.

The Scouts have to know everything about reconnaissance, and map-reading, and entrenching, and scouting, and reporting by night and day, so I have more than enough to do. They will be responsible for the safety of the whole battalion when we get out there. It is angelic of you to say you will send them things. They would particularly like woolly gloves, and waistcoats, and knitted belts. Also books, magazines, indoor games etc., if you have any to spare.

They also want compasses and field glasses; which are expensive items. I wonder if it would be possible to beg or steal some, or do raise some oof for them? I could contribute a pound or two myself, now that my Army-pay has been raised to the princely sum of 7/6 per diem.

Young Mowatt is attached to the 2nd Life Guards. They had a bad time, and are now resting completely, so I do trust Julian is also.

I do believe that the Russians have retrieved a second Moscow. It would be too glorious.

How are you, and how is darling Mogs, and everything? Please give them all my best love. Please send my purple dressing-gown and any socks that may be about.

All love,

From

BILLY.

Kingswood Firs, Grayshott : December, 1914.

A thousand thanks for the 'Green Curve,' and warm comforts, and the Bellocs. All most welcome. It was wonderful to see Julian, so radiantly happy and successful. A tonic for the heart and eyes. Young Mowatt (attached to the 10th Hussars and subsequently to the 2nd Life Guards) has been here for four days. A strong silent modest nice man, cut out for night-work in the trenches. He added a little unconscious picturesque-detail to our knowledge of the War, which I will tell you. Mrs. Mowatt and I are now inseparable. She is so brave, kind, and cultivated.

The Scouts are very well and happy. They do not flag in the attack against skeleton or non-existent enemy, up steep and cold hill-sides. 'Toujours de l'audace' is their motto. They are to learn conversational French and German. I suggested that they should begin with Sanscrit, Greek, and Latin, and make a clean job of it; but the C.O. thinks a few formulæ will suffice.

Do send me some of those illuminating little Manuals for travellers, English one side, French or German the other? Sold I think at Thomas Cook's London Offices. Half a Dozen of each will suffice.

I believe we are to have a holiday December 23rd to 26th. I will write directly I know, and perhaps Daddy could arrange a shoot! It would be too glorious.

How exciting about Casie and the Boulogne Hospital.

The attention of England is now fixed on Dad's Volunteer Defence Force. There is not much to report from this Front. The Chaplain showed some activity this morning, but was silenced by a single shot at the Church steeple.

The men simply loved the gloves and mittens. They would also like jam, chocolate, and cigarettes. I am a glutton for chocolate myself.

Very best love,

From

BILLY.

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Kingswood Firs, Grayshott: December 15th, 1914.

I had a little bust in London last Saturday, and enjoyed myself. Mostly with the remnants of our little clique, Raymond and Katherine, Pat, Duff, and Diana; the latter looking very handsome. There is a sort of 'Lights-Out' and 'Eyes-Right' air about London which makes merry-making incongruous. Though why should one not cull the fruit of the days that may yet remain! I think I enjoyed most talking to Anne Islington, who was inimitable, though very sad; so perhaps I am not so light hearted as I suppose.

But I think this curious, humdrum, military life, and the fact of being one amongst millions of pugnacious

rabbits, does make one curiously indifferent to one's own future.

The men here never grow weary of their unreal and unproductive labours, sham-fights, and dummy-trenches, etc.; and are longing to be killed in earnest, as they will be to their hearts' content, unless they learn that caution which is necessary to the soldier. I feel now like a happy and healthy vegetable, and have quite given up thinking. I ran them for miles along a road the other day, and was not tired, though some of the men were sick.

The Cavalry in Belgium are not fighting, it appears. Thirty of them had a paper chase after a dummy-Kaiser. Rex, no doubt!

Remark that the Russians are now precisely where they were in August! But this does not for a moment detract from their invincibility.

I do hope that you and Casie are proceeding successfully at Wimereux. She is doing a good and great work.

Very many thanks to you and Mogs for the books and note-books etc. The men are delighted. I get leave from the 24th to the 30th of Dec. We *must* have a shoot.

Kingswood Firs, Grayshott: December 20th, 1914.

Many thanks for your letter. I was longing to hear about France and Casie. The Scouts are eagerly awaiting your plum-puddings. They are very flourishing, and a pleasant, if reckless, band.

The Mowatts become kinder every day. I come home on Thursday morning, as matters now stand. Get me some barbaric beads or gewgaws to satisfy Mogs. There are no shops to speak of here.

It will be too glorious to shoot at Panshanger again.

This was a letter from a Prisoner-of-War, a friend of theirs.

Germany: December, 1914.

You ask about money; they provide lights and firing and all the men's food. The officers get 10/- a week, and

buy their own. Quite sufficient, as it is cheap. I have learnt German fairly quickly, and do interpreter now in the shop for the men, though I am afraid 'tant mal que bien.' One of the officials here used to be a professor, and is very kind trying to teach us. Thanks for the warm underclothes, and most awfully for the footballs. We have quite good matches, some of the men are very good. Could you possibly send some German books; there are hardly any here except plays? I do hate them, but struggle along. But they are all by classical coves like Schiller. It is very cold indeed here now, and bitter cold nights. Every one is cheerful, only sometimes the loneliness and uselessness and bitterness come breaking over one like a wave. But we steady our hearts, and keep 'eyes front.' It is awful not knowing if anyone is alive or dead, as all news of the Army in letters to us is cut out, or else the letter destroyed. It is better not to try to send any public news of any kind from England; people have been stupid trying to smuggle letters in cakes and things, and it only makes trouble for every one. We may write one letter and one post-card every fortnight. The men are quite splendid, and simply never grouse.

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Monica's parents returned to Taplow for Ivo's Christmas holidays, and Billy arrived on Christmas Eve. It was the first Christmas without 'Acting' at Taplow; but they had the Christmas Tea for the people on the place, and Imogen was a witch, in a little snow-cottage, and gave the presents; and they had a Lottery. Billy, Harry Good, and George Grantham, were all in uniform, home on Leave; and Julian, Alfred Williams, and Jack Williams, were serving, away. It seemed only a short time since the Christmas's when they were all there, as very little boys.

Julian and Monica were sadly missed. Imogen sat up to dinner on Christmas Day, and played at

‘Slippery Dick’ afterwards. Willie, Billy, and Ivo had two very happy days shooting at Panshanger.

Maurice Baring, home on leave from the War, came to Taplow; and on December 30th Julian appeared, for a week’s Leave, with the D.S.O. ribbon pinned on to his coat! Imogen said ‘I wouldn’t have gone to stay with Lord Lucas now, even if I *had* been asked.’ (Ivo had gone to stay with Bron at Wrest, for two days’ shooting; where he met Sir Edward Grey, Sir Ian Hamilton, and Mr. Belloc! Wrest had been a hospital ever since the outbreak of the War.)

Julian looked even better and happier than the first time he came home on leave. The next day, New Year’s Day, his D.S.O. was in the newspapers, and showers of telegrams and letters began to arrive.

DISTINGUISHED SERVICE.

Awards to Officers.

LIEUTENANT THE HON. JULIAN HENRY FRANCIS GRENFELL,
1ST ROYAL DRAGOONS.

On November 17 he succeeded in reaching a point behind the enemy’s trenches and making an excellent reconnaissance; furnishing early information of a pending attack by the enemy.

The Times, January 1st, 1915.

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Willie, Julian, Ivo, Bron, Rex Benson, and Alan Graham (the two latter also home on a week’s Leave) all shot at Panshanger, and Bron came back to stay at Taplow. Billy could only come for one night, to see Julian. On January 6th, Julian went back to the War, with three Greyhounds! His parents and Ivo saw him off at Victoria; and returned there in the afternoon to meet poor Monica (whose train literally

passed Julian's) who had been sent home with a very bad septic-poisoned hand; caught, in spite of all precautions, in dressing the terribly septic wounds abroad. She could not nurse again for some weeks.

Ivo said to Imogen that she really ought to be able to tell the time. She got very red, and said 'Well, everybody tells it different.' She acted, very well, in a little Play at Lady de Bunsen's, and was the 'Court Chamberlain,' in a white satin and silver suit, with a pink cape edged with silver.

Colonel FitzGerald came to Taplow, and Lord Milner; and George Monckton, and Evan Charteris, and Charlie Londonderry, all home on Leave from the War.

On January 25th, Julian came home again for a week. It was his last Leave, and almost the happiest of all. He had two days' hunting with Bron in the New Forest, and a very good day with the Leo Rothschild's, which he enjoyed quite enormously. He and his mother and Monica motored over to spend the day at Calcot with Rosemary and Alastair (also home on Leave), and they went to see Ivo at Eton. Julian and Ivo measured against each other. Julian was 6 ft. 2½ in. and Ivo, though only sixteen and a half, was 6 ft.

This was the last time that Julian saw his most dearly loved 'Likka Man' and Imogen, and his home.

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CHAPTER XXXII.

From the 'Times' of February 18th, 1915.

MENTIONS IN DISPATCHES.

SIR JOHN FRENCH'S LIST. GALLANT CONDUCT IN THE FIELD.

War Office: Feb. 17th, 1915.

The following dispatch has been received by the Secretary of State for War from the Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief, British Forces in the Field.

January 14th, 1915.

MY LORD,—In accordance with the last paragraph of my Dispatch, I have the honour to bring to notice names of those whom I recommend for gallant and distinguished service in the field,

I have the honour to be

Your Lordship's most obedient servant,

J. D. P. FRENCH,
Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief,
The British Army in the Field.

1ST ROYAL DRAGOONS.—GRENFELL, CAPTAIN HONBLE.
J. H. F., D.S.O.

Imogen said she had done a very good dictation at her class, only she put 'mompany' instead of 'company.' She said 'I opened the door a crack, and that Boris just scimpered through.'

Monica was returning to the Hospital at Wimereux on February 23rd, but the passenger-boats to Boulogne were stopped for a time, so she went back to the London Hospital for one month; where they were very short of help for nursing the wounded, as so many of the Staff were down with influenza.

On March 1st their Mother went to London for a fortnight's Waiting, and Imogen went to stay with Mary Fox-Strangways at Melbury, for a radiant twelve days.

This was a poem that Julian wrote that Spring.

PRAYER FOR THOSE ON THE STAFF.

Fighting in mud, we turn to Thee,
In these dread times of battle, Lord,
To keep us safe, if so may be,
From shrapnel, snipers, shell, and sword.

But not on us, for we are men
Of meaner clay, who fight in clay,
But on the Staff, the Upper Ten,
Depends the issue of the Day.

The Staff is working with its brains,
While we are sitting in the trench;
The Staff the universe ordains
(Subject to Thee and General French).

God help the Staff—especially
The young ones, many of them sprung
From our high aristocracy;
Their task is hard, and they are young.

*O Lord, who mad'st all things to be,
And madest some things very good,
Please keep the extra A.D.C.
From horrid scenes, and sight of blood.*

See that his eggs are newly laid,
Not tinged as some of them—with green;
And let no nasty draughts invade
The windows of his Limousine.

When he forgets to buy the bread,
When there are no more minerals,
Preserve his smooth well-oiled head
From wrath of caustic Generals.

*O Lord, who mad'st all things to be,
And hatest nothing thou hast made,
Please keep the extra A.D.C.
Out of the sun and in the shade.*

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These were some letters from Julian that winter.

December 4th, 1914.

DARLING MOTHER,—Weren't our three days awful fun? I have never loved three days better. It was absolutely perfect, and better from being so unexpected. What news have you got? Everyone here seems to think that we are going to wait here till the Spring, as the French have no intention of moving one inch forwards (or backwards). If this is so, the rate-payers ought to raise Tally-whack and Tandem; and think of the awful boredom of it for us!

Meanwhile, great fittings-up and reorganisations are going on here. We are being taught new ways of digging trenches, and of taking trenches, and of retaking trenches. The Scouts now lead everything, under the newest régime. Hurrah! I am now the second most important person to Lord K. and Sir John French. Next in magnitude to the Scouts, come the Snipers, and I have been made Organiser and General-in-chief of the Regimental Corps of Snipers. So I am working day and night, making men crawl through the mud, steering by the stars. The new idea is that Scouts lead night attacks right in front, so that, unless shot by the blasted Huns, we get bayoneted (with much cheering) by the sons of the Empire,

which will all be great fun, and down with all Little Englanders.

I thought—no I didn't. . . .

Your stove has arrived. A most glorious thing. If I can get it into the trenches, I will use it as a mortar for night attacks. Also a pair of huge fur-gauntlets. I retract everything I said against them. They are perfect, beautiful, and useful. I never take them off. They are really the best things ever. Why does not everyone wear them? They are warm, and you can slip them off directly. Thank you awfully too for gloves, mufflers, and cummerbunds, for my men.

Your cake will be *glorious* for the Mess. And remember how invaluable whisky and brandy are, labelled 'Medical comforts.' I am sending this by James Leckie, he is going on leave. Fearful rush. Bless you. I *did* love seeing you, as indeed you know.

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December 8th, 1914.

Two letters from you to-day, one dated December 2nd, with a wrist-compass, for which many thanks; and one brought by Evan, dated December 5th. I have also got the towels, and the Christmas Numbers for the Sergeants' Mess. Also a splendid cake from you, and lovely 'Marquis' chocolate from Casie. Also cigarettes, and long waterproof overalls. Send more methylated spirit. I have given your beautiful woolly waistcoat, with your love, to my Scout-sergeant. Please send the following list ———

What a terrible begging and thanking letter!

The Russian victory wasn't much? Here we are doing nothing. We are absolutely refitted now, and our horses are pretty well fit again. We are practising and learning different things, but it is all terribly dull compared to fighting. I am trying to organise a Brigade steeple-chase, on our poor horses! Rex came to see me yesterday. What a darling he is. He brought his mouth-organ with him, but I could not get him to play it. He is doing just the same as us, nothing. Cannot you get the British rate-payer to revolt against paying for an idle Army? There

seems to be no prospect of us moving till May or June 1915, or 1916. I know we can hammer those Germans now.

Give my best love to Daddy, Casie, Bill-boy, Vovo, and Mog. When is Casie coming out to Wimereux? Philip Hardwick was awfully pleased with Dad's letter.

I did love seeing you. You know *how* much.

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December 16th, 1914.

Thank you awfully for two letters and all the glorious things.

December 17th, 1914.

Two more letters come, and the wonderful list of things which you sent for the regiment. I hope I shall be able to snaffle some of the cherry-jam for our own Mess. We are so sick of the eternal ration plum-and-apple. It is a *glorious* list, with all the right things.

How exciting that you are all in this country now. I long to hear what sort of time you have there. What a hustle you must have had your last day or two before you left. Where are you living? In the Hospital, or near by? What a wonderful experience it will be.

Here we are still stuck in the mud, very comfortable and excessively dull. We had an excitement on Sunday when we were told to be ready to turn out of all our different farms and cottages at a moment's notice. We turned out in the dark hours of Monday morning, and marched (the whole Division of Cavalry) to within sight of the good old shells again. But we only stayed there for four hours, and then came back three miles to the town, where we put the horses out in fields, and slept ourselves in some enormous glass grape green-houses, dry, but coldish. We stopped two nights in the green-houses, and then returned here to our farms and mud. It is a beastly existence here. You know how I hate it. It feels so wrong to be comfortable when the others are in the trenches. One got the right feeling again when we moved out, and we all thought it was at last the Grande Attaque. But now people are beginning to talk about Leave home again, and about

our settling down here for the winter, which I simply cannot believe, can you? We are absolutely fitted-out now and ready to move, and the horses are fit.

It was good to have got those Pacific German ships wiped out, wasn't it?

I am writing this to the address Casie gave me at Wimereux. Do write and tell me all about it there. Are you all well? There was a rumour of Dad coming up here last Saturday. I do wish he could. I got Casie's letter written just before you started. How is little Mogsie?

I hate being a Captain. I would like to be either a General or a Lieutenant. I have had *such* fun as a Lieutenant. I wonder if we shall get Leave? It would be very good to see you again.

All love, Mummie darling.

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December 19th, 1914.

MY DARLING CASIE,—It is fearfully exciting to think of you next door to us at Wimereux-sur-Mer! Are you having fun? Do write me a long letter and tell me all about it. I got a letter from you, written just before you started. Have you started nursing straight-away? Or are you just living the life of the idle rich for a little before starting-away? Have you seen Angela Forbes and all the other inhabitants? We had a brisk game of Poker with them on our return from leave. But I expect you are working like blazes really.

I thought it was such a funny scene, when all us boys came back to the wars; when we boarded the train at Victoria, with all the relations who were seeing-off (except all of you) in copious tears, and all the being-seen-off soldier boys playing a game of romps! As a matter of fact, we have done absolutely nothing since we came back, except to sit in ease and comfort in farms, 10 miles distant from the firing line. Who would be Cavalry in this war? Their occupation has gone, like Othello's. That is unless we get these Huns on the run. And as they have got separate lines of trenches now every half-mile between here and the Rhine, it will not be much better then.

To day I went to the Flying Corps, and asked if they would take me as observer. The man looked askance at me, and asked how much did I weigh? I replied, with singular cunning I thought, '9 stone 6, Sir.' But when I found out that they would only take observers who would leave their regiment and go to them for good, I cried off.

We sleep in *beds* now, and eat in a *room* in a farm house; and the horses are under cover by sections in different barns and shanties, and the men sleep in rooms and barns, section by section.

Good-bye, darling. It *was* fun seeing you for a bit at home. I wish I could get to Boulogne. Bless you.
J.

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Christmas Eve, 1914.

Thank you awfully for your letter of December 17th, which I got yesterday. Your Boulogne must have been most interesting, and tremendously worth while. I am glad you saw all those hospitals. I was always rather doubtful whether the Fates would let you come up here. I could have got to Putty's luncheon in half-an-hour. What fun it would have been.

However, I get Leave again (things being in statu quo) on Tuesday next, December 30th, and a *week* this time, which we don't deserve in the very least, having done nothing quite persistently ever since I can remember. Messenger off. I have just caught him with this one line. Please give Dad my love and thank him for his letter. Also Mogsie.

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Telegram from Folkestone: December 30th, 1914.

Arrive Taplow station 8.30 to-night. JULIAN.

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January 10th, 1915.

MY DEAREST DAD,—I hope that you are well and flourishing. Little Watkin Wynn of the regiment is very keen to get into the Bath Club, and I told him that you would probably be able to get him in quick. I asked him

to write down his full name and description, and his father's name and his address. He handed me the enclosed screed. I like 'C. of E. Christian'! It is at least an exaggeration, as is also his following statement. He was educated at Eton, and Trinity, Cambridge. He is a real good boy.

I hope that your one million Army are going strong, and will make good shooting with the .470 rifles. The heads here seem to think that the War will be over by May or June, but I do not see how that *can* happen, do you?

I met to-day the man on whose parents Billy is billeted. He is attached to the 10th Hussars. He is just going home, I expect he will be surprised when he sees Bill!

My dogs are all well, and have killed up to date one white leghorn cock, one Royston crow, one hare.

Basil Brooke, in the 10th, has got a lurcher, and we went out to-day and killed a hare, after much running over ploughed fields, which was good exercise anyhow. But the country is terribly wet here, mostly under water in fact.

I hope that Moggie's gout is better, and that Benjamin Bunny is all right? I am glad that Casie's hand is not very bad. Please give them both my best love. I *did* enjoy my days last week. Best love, From

JULIAN.

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January 17th, 1915.

DARLING MOTHER,—Thank you awfully for your two letters. I am sorry not to have written before, but I have only had one eye this week, having stopped a good big punch with the other, and it is an awful nuisance to write with one eye.

I am so glad that Casie's hand is not really as bad as you feared at first. Please thank her very much indeed for her letter. It was bad luck us two just missing like that! You must have been delighted when you saw her not very bad. I know you were terrified, and I *hated* having to leave you.

I loved your Gazette letter of the sayings of the great. It is the first time that I have actually seen it stated that it was going to be a terrible long war. I had always

wondered myself, with a great wonder, at the people who said it was going to end in May, June, or July; because it was impossible to imagine what could make it end then? I believe that they really thought at the Stock Exchange that it would end this summer? and think so now?

It is very interesting, but not convincing, that they say there will be lots of work for the miserable, over-fed Cavalry. I am applying for an A.S.C. job myself, because I am so interested in food.

The life here gets idler as days go on (although the long dogs have been a real saving clause). One would not mind 'waiting' in the least, if only one could feel sure that there would be a good fat piece of work at the end of the wait. But what I feel about it is, that we shall have to wait *years* and then (possibly) get a thin piece of work. If the Germans do have to go a long way back to their next line, then we shall, probably, get some good Cavalry work for a little. But otherwise, our job will only be to do dirty little bits of infantry work, if they are hustled again, and are forced to put us in the trenches. I wish I was in the Grenadier Guards.

They had a boxing-show the other night in the Town Hall. Feeling war-like, I got them to issue a challenge (anonymous) to anyone in the room. The boxers had not been very good, and I hoped for a soft job. But a *very* large private in the A.S.C. immediately put up his gigantic hand, and said he was only too ready to fight! Imagine my chagrin and horror, especially when I was told that the man was a boxing pro, who had joined for the War! He closed my left eye right up in the first round, and they wanted to stop the fight, because it was bad. But I told them I was all right; and in the second round I caught him a beauty, and they had to carry him out to hospital. It was a terrific fight while it lasted. I *had* to make the pace, because I was so unfit. My eye is all right now, and a glorious colour. Purple shot with green. And the man is all right too.

The dogs have been the greatest fun. Basil Brooke has got a very good dog, and plenty of hares at his place. Hugo Baring, who used to be in that squadron of the 10th,

has gone to the Intelligence Corps. All your magnificent things arrived while I was at home. I found them waiting for me here, when I got back; and the sponges from Ivo, and the lovely handkerchiefs from Moggie. Please thank them both tremendously. Also for their letters, two from Moggie, and one from Ivo.

Please tell Dad that I saw Alan and Rex yesterday. And that they were still talking about how much they had enjoyed their shoot at Panshanger. What we would simply love for our Mess here every week, is a big cake, some of your home-made jam, and a bottle of port wine. Can you send me a good big block of writing-paper? These pads are fiddling work. I am frightfully short of handkerchiefs again. Good-bye and bless you. *Leave* again soon. Hurrah! Are you well?

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Folkestone : January 25th, 1915.

Leave. Will come Taplow dinner to-night if you are at home. Wire Bath Club. JULIAN.

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February 15th, 1915.

I could not write before, because directly I came back, we went up for five days, and then five days in the trenches. We are just back, and I am writing this one line to catch James, who goes on Leave to night, and will take it. We had an easy time, only one man killed in the regiment. He was in my troop, poor fellow, and *such* a good man. We were in the same wood where I used to crawl about before, only farther to the left. Germans 30 yards off. I will write to-day to tell you all about it. Best of best love. I do hope you are all well. Is Moggie better? Give my love to Daddy, and thank him *awfully* for his present.

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February 15th, 1915.

I wrote you just one line to day for James to take, to get to you quicker, because I have not been able to write since I saw you last. I forgot whether I told you that

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Philip Hardwick had heard that the regiment had moved, probably up to the trenches? No, I didn't tell you, because I didn't know myself till after I started. Well, I arrived in France on Tuesday, not knowing where to go, or how to go, and only knowing that Charlie Burn had been out for two days the week before, and had neither been able to find the regiment, nor to discover where they were! A cheerful look out. If Burn could not find them with a motor in two days, how could I with no motor in five hours? However, Rex and Alan came over with me to Boulogne, and Rex, of course, had got a motor waiting for him. We went to G.H.Q. at St. Omer, and there I bearded G.H.Q. and found out that the regiment had moved back a bit, but were going up into trenches early next day. Rex and Alan angelically took me out of their way to our place, and when we got there at 11 p.m. everyone was in bed, and nobody knew where the Royals were billeted! After wandering about with the motor for about two hours, knocking up sleeping French in the farms, I gave it up, and sent them on in the motor, poor dears. A kind, but sleepy, French woman at a farm, gave me a bed, and coffee at 5 a.m. and a cart to take me on when it was light, on my explorations.

Luckily I found the regiment at 8 a.m. and, still more luckily, found out that we were not starting till 1 p.m. that day.

We all went up the 30 odd miles in London. Motor-buses, 22 to a bus, and arrived at our new billets in the town where the young lady was riddled by snipers, after dark, at about 11 p.m. We went into good billets in the town for five days. Every other house has a shell through it, and they put about 20 shells in every night, while we were there. It was the most lovely town in the world before they battered it. I had not seen it since it was badly knocked about. It was very sad to see it in its present state. But the people, the townspeople, were as happy as grigs, charging 500% profit for everything, and enjoying themselves hugely. Many of them had stopped in the town the whole time. The girls, some of them really lovely, were splendid about it. One of them said to me

'Oui, c'est terrible, la Guerre, mais je n'ai jamais eu autant de plaisir que pendant cette Guerre!'

Then we went into trenches for five days, in the same wood where I got into the Boches. Very good trenches, with the German trenches 15 yards off, at one or two places, and generally 50 yards. The drawback to our trenches was that, in odd places in the parapet, there were buried, very very shallow, poor dead Huns, and French, and English, whose bodies were periodically resurrected by the rain, and bombs, and bullets. We took over at dead of night, as usual. We had a quiet time, but every night the Germans dug and dug, and every morning one saw a new German trench, a little nearer our own. We did nothing; but I will reserve criticisms till I see you again. One afternoon they fired five bombs at us, out of a trench mortar. I was off duty and asleep when the first arrived. I did not know what in Hell it was. I ran out, with your mackintosh bed-roll round my feet, like a man in a sack-race, and found the men all roaring with laughter, because the bomb had landed near old Sammy Smith's dug-out, and had pretty near buried old Sammy. Old Sammy was pulled out from the débris by the feet, uninjured, except in self-respect. Then they all shouted 'Look out, boys,' and we looked up and saw the next bomb coming. That just missed the trench too. Then I got our rifle bombs, and started shooting back at them. They sent three more close to our trench, but not into it. I shot three at them, and must have been on one of my lucky days, because I burst all three slap into their trench; and then they stopped and left us in peace ever afterwards. The Somerset Yeomanry, who were opposite when they fired the mortar, told us afterwards that all our three landed absolutely plum into their trench.

The nights were the best. Flares going up from each side all the time, and lighting up the pines like a wood in a pantomime, and intermittent rifle-firing the whole time, right along the line. We were relieved about 12 o'clock, marched back $4\frac{1}{2}$ miles, laden with all our stuff, and got into our motor-buses again, getting back here at 7.30 a.m. They were good trenches, with dug-outs all along, and

wood at the bottom, like this beautiful drawing. Ours were dry, but C. squadron had one 2 foot deep in water. It rained and snowed and froze, but we had whale-oil for our men's feet, which is a great thing. It was very good to get an experience of this sedentary, non-aggressive, fighting; but what nonsense it is. I want to talk *lots* about it to you.

I got one letter from you. A very good one. Also the glorious big handkerchiefs, which have been a great God-send, and cherry-jam and cakes. The cakes were awfully good, the richest one the best. The billy was a God-send. I made hot cocoa for myself and Philip and our men, at all hours of the night, and small morning.

I did love my last Leave. It was *absolutely* perfect. The Russian news sounds none too good? Do write and tell me everything you think about everything, and what people are saying. How is Daddy? and how is darling Casie? Give her my best best love.

I am sending you a photograph done in London with my D.S.O., as a surprise for you. How I wish I looked like that. The man who did it should have painted sunsets. It is such a pity to waste creative genius of that calibre upon photography!

You should have seen our men setting out from here for the trenches. Absolutely radiant with excitement and joy, at getting back to fight again! I do love fighting, even sedentary fighting; but I wish I was a foot-slogger now.

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February 19th, 1915.

MY DARLING CASIE,—Thank you awfully for your letter. Are you back at Wimereux now? Are you quite right again? You will like getting back to work, but that was a proper dose of septic poisoning that you had.

Spring weather, real spring weather at last, and isn't it wonderful! We came back here from the trenches to our first spring day. It is rather a good billet, and on a hill, for which thank God. The water no longer oozes into the cellar and into the rare vintages of this country. I told Mother about my eventful drive all over France with Rex



JULIAN GRENFELL WITH D.S.O. RIBBON, JANUARY 1915.

and Alan in their motor, on the night when I came back from Leave.

We had five days in the trenches, and only lost one man. We were within 30 yards of the Boches in one place. They started firing silly little sticks of nitro-picric-high-explosive-fire-and-brimstone-glycerine at us, out of a trench gun. I was asleep, when suddenly there was a deafening crash, and half of the dug-out roof fell on to my face. I ran out, and found old Sammy being pulled by the legs from under the ruin of his dug-out, amid yells of ribald laughter. Then someone said 'Look-out,' and another blasted stick came over like a rocketing pheasant. After that I started rapid fire with our rifle grenades, and, by great luck, pitched the first three plum into their trench. Then they stopped, by a sort of mutual agreement on both sides to remain inactive and comfortable, so long as each knew that the other side was able to retaliate if provoked.

It was *fun* to get on to a horse again. Even after five days staying in trenches, I felt as if I hadn't ridden for years. I ride bare-back always. I am going to see Hubert Hartigan to-morrow, and I will give him your love.

Good-bye, darling,

J.

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February 20th, 1915.

MOST DARLING MOTHER,—Thank you awfully for your letter of the 17th. How quick letters are now. I got another one from you two days ago. Do send me the novels, I am longing for stuff to read. Yes, isn't the Russian news terrifying? But, of course, it is only a feint, like that very good early feint of theirs up there, when they lost three Army Corps! What did they say about things at Peperharow? How good that you heard direct from the heads good Cavalry news, and that they said we had done well in the trenches.

All goes well here, and real spring weather, which is wonderful. I had forgotten that it *could* be warmer than it has been this winter in non-sun countries. We have got such good billets, up on the hill, about six miles farther

back than our last ones. I was inoculated to-day, the second time. The first time was at Ludgershall. It always gives me gyp. Now about things for the men. (Here follows list.) For our Mess, cakes and cherry-jam are always most acceptable. I haven't seen anyone 'outside' lately, since we came back from the trenches. How nice Stanley in the 1st Life Guards looks? I saw Titchfield up at Ypres. I am going off to-morrow for 10 days, with two more of our officers, and 100 men to look after the — Cavalry Brigade horses, while they are in the trenches. Good-bye, Mummie darling. I am looking forward to seeing you again. Perhaps in three weeks' time, as Leave still seems to be going on.

I have a real 'Spring Running' on me. I wish they would let me go and fight the Boches on my own.

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February 26th, 1915.

Could you please send me a luminous wrist-watch, with strap, as soon as possible? Mine has gone bust, and they are so absolutely necessary. We are here for 10 days, 100 men and three Officers, looking after the 11th Hussars' horses, while they are in the trenches. They took all their men up, and only left one Officer a squadron. Each of us takes over a squadron's horses. About four horses to one of our men, so they exercise and groom all day.

An order has come round the Cavalry, asking for volunteer Officers for the Foot Guards, for the War only. This, of course, was a Heaven-sent opportunity for me. You know that I have never believed in the possibility of any *extensive* Cavalry work out here, nothing more than a dash now and then. Perhaps I am quite wrong; but this does seem to be a golden opportunity in every way. There must be a real pressing need there for Officers, and if one is to go foot-slogging, who could one go to better than the Guards? and who could do anything but approve of one's going on an appeal like that?

I never really hesitated, though I thought it over hard for a day and a night. Then I wrote to the Colonel to-day, by mounted orderly, asking him to put in my name. I

wonder if he will be angry about it? I do hope he won't.

It will be a great step for me, because I expect they will give me, sooner or later, a job of my own. I don't quite know *how* short of Officers they are? But it is obviously the right thing to do. And just think of the incredible glory of being a Guardee, and being privileged to create an uproar in a box at 'Floradora,' and to marry a chorus girl, not only with impunity, but with added lustre!

Of course, the disadvantages are equally clear. Giving up something one knows by heart, for something one knows nothing about; giving up people one loves for people one knows nothing about, and horses for feet, and men who know one for men who don't. It has almost broken my heart already. And I am so bad at picking up new things. But think, too, of all the fun of starting a new thing in the middle!

I am longing and hungering to know what you think? And I'd got some other *thrilling* war news to tell you, but I am afraid I shan't be able to now, because they have stopped Leave from March 1st.

I heard from Casie. How is Daddy? How is Moggie? When does Billa-boy think he is coming out?

Do send out some more of your good cakes, and some more port wine. You don't know how much they were appreciated last time. Are you well? How well the family is bearing up and 'staying' through this great European War, isn't it? Do write and tell me any bits of news. Tell Moggie that I wish I'd been a Militiaman if it would have pleased her!

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February 24th, 1915.

MY DARLING DAD,—I hope you are well and flourishing. I am over here in the next billets to Rex, looking after some horses for a regiment that has gone into the trenches. I had dinner with Rex two nights ago, and he was in great form, with his Military Cross, and his mouth-organ. They are in trenches now. I have put in my name to-day for the Foot Guards, during the War. They sent round to the

Cavalry, for names of Cavalry Officers willing to serve. I hate leaving the regiment, but there should be great chances of doing well, and of getting on, with the Foot Guards. But I had never regarded myself as a possible Guardee! Neither do I know how many men there are in a platoon. The only thing I know about a platoon is from the poets. 'Then down from off the mountain came the squadrons and platoons, with twenty thousand fighting-men, and a thousand bold dragoons.' Anyhow, I will write and tell you all about platoons in a short time! *Do* write and tell me what you think of this scheme, and tell me any news you have got at home. Good-bye and very best love.

From

JULIAN.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THESE were some letters from Billy that Winter.

Kingswood Firs, Grayshott: January 8th, 1915.

MY POOR CASIE.—*What* ill-luck, in the middle of your most heroic and splendid work, for which I humbly admire you. I would come to see you if I possibly could get away, but some say we are pushing off on the 14th. On the other hand, life in billets is so complicated that a bullet would sometimes be more than welcome.

I do hope your poisoned hand is really getting on, and not hurting you dreadfully.

Write.

BILLY.

Kingswood Firs, Grayshott: January 8th, 1915.

MY DARLING MUMMIE,—What execrable luck for poor Casie. I do hope she is not bad. So brave and Nightingale-ish of her to be out there.

No one knows or cares about when our 'K' army goes out. Some say March; some say next Thursday, when the trains are held up for us till the following Monday; so it may be true.

Je m'en fiche; but on the other hand there is no harm in being warmly clad, so if you are in London *please* order me one Cording waterproof lined with fleece, the largest they have; two sets of Jaeger underclothing the largest and most protective-coloured they have; two pairs of Fortnum & Mason's best marching patent boots, size 13, if they can be made; some form of Prismatic field-glasses; also some pairs *if possible* for my Scouts, if you really could provide them?

Oh, Lordy! this organization; one would rather be shot

quick. So sorry to bother you, but we cannot reach London ourselves. B.

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Kingswood Firs, Grayshott : January 16th, 1915.

A thousand thanks for your letter and the magnificent article from Cording. The troop-trains last week were meant for two divisions of troops from India (white not black) and not for 'K's' army, which will not start, we are informed, till April or thereabouts. I cannot pretend to be grievously disappointed. I would liefer stand in warmer slush in the trenches, and we shall have plenty of time to exhaust the pleasures of war before entering Unter den Linden.

The men are a trifle impatient, which is a good sign, but they are not really slim enough to face German machinations at present. I did not press to come away this Sunday, as I have had so much leave lately. I daresay I could get away for next Sunday. Will Casie still be with you? I am so glad she is better, poor child. However it is a privilege to suffer for our Common Cause.

We had a hard week, and I am glad of a rest. Furious sham fights by day and night; rather fun. My brother-officers become even more light-hearted as time progresses. We shall at least be able to campaign with a constant eye to the humorous side.

The Manners' family are quite devastated, as one expected, but I never saw such Spartan and stoical bravery. It was both pathetic and uplifting to see them. If Con had six Johns she would give them all; she is a wonderful being, and the Twins are towers of strength.

I have been reading 'La Débâcle,' by Gorgon Zola; most realistic.

Very very best love.

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Kingswood Firs, Grayshott : February 5th, 1915.

Thank you for your amusing news. It was too sad missing Julian, but I shall see the dear boy soon in one of our military centres in France.

I have changed my Command, and now lead a Platoon, of sixty-four unlicked ruffians, in place of the Scouts, who have been decorated and returned with honour to their several Companies.

I do hope we shall go soon now; the men are full of ardour and are getting tired of dummy fights. I gather that we return next week to Aldershot for a fortnight's musketry, and proceed thence sooner or later to Flanders.

I do hope Sir Ian's prognostics are justified. There is no reason why not, if they pour in the new material at the psychological moment and with the necessary abandon.

Colonel Maclachlan is a ripper, I do love him.

I was sorry to lose the Scouts, who were angels of docility and goodness; but a Platoon is more educational. I will come next Sunday if humanly possible.

I cannot determine why — has not buried — in the moat years ago. The neighbours would never miss her, as they did la belle Elmore, and she is a skid on any wheel.

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Kingswood Firs, Grayshott: February 15th, 1915.

I have received many parcels from you, for which profuse thanks, but not the Indian cashmeres, which I cannot trace at all; perhaps they are still on the road, the Army posts grind exceedingly slow.

We are now practically equipped, and move to Bordon (five miles from here) for musketry on Thursday next.

Please send me a silver gift for the Mowatts if you have time. *Something nice*. They have been so very very kind. Telegraph if you are unable to do this, and I will forage in the neighbourhood.

Nothing doing here. My platoon are a sad lot of scallywags, but they are perfectly splendid. We shall be out by the end of March. I do hope we shall give the Huns a push. But how happy they sound in Berlin, and what hay they are making of the honest Moujik.

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Kingswood Firs, Grayshott: February 21st, 1915.

I tried very hard to get into communication with you at Peperharow this morning, but it was no good. It is

almost incredible that the 'House of a Peer' should be without a telephone. There was no motor to be had, nor any other form of road traction, so there it was. I wish I could have come, if only for a bath and a civilized dinner. These are the blankest, coldest barracks you ever saw, with endless successions of beef-faced reservists and discordant bugles. We are firing the musketry-course next week.

The Mowatts really liked the candlesticks, which were indeed handsome. I think they were really sorry when I went away, as indeed I was. The Moujiks are being well trounced, are they not? I wish I could have heard St. John on the subject!

I fear we *may* be firing next Sunday, but pray God I can get away.

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Billy got home for several Saturday nights that Spring, going back on Sunday night. Monica returned from the London Hospital on March 25th, and Ivo came home the next day for the Easter Holidays. On April 2nd, Good Friday, Monica went back to the British Hospital at Wimereux, with Sir Henry Norman; she took over a motor-bicycle which Willie had given her. The next day the rest of the family motored over to Panshanger for ten days, to spend Easter there. Billy got there for two happy days' leave, and they all played lawn tennis on the new En-Tout-Cas Court.

On April 16th Desmond FitzGerald came home on five days' Leave, and Ivo and Imogen went to London with their mother to have luncheon with him at the Ritz. It was the first time either of them had ever been there. Imogen polished her nails all the morning in preparation! They went to the Cinematograph with Evan in the afternoon, and to Picket with Bron in the evening for two perfect days. Bron and Ivo fished all the time for salmon; but alas they had no luck. They spent a long day at Avon on the way home.

Billy came to Taplow for three days' Leave, and Maurice Baring (home on Leave from the War) and Evan and Bron came for one night, and they had magnificent drawing-games.

On Sunday, April 25th, Willie and Ivo motored over to Aldershot to see Billy, and had luncheon with him and his beloved Colonel Maclachlan. It was most beautiful weather, in late April and May. They had a picnic in the beech-woods on the last day of the holidays, and finished reading 'Robbery Under Arms' there. Ivo said to Imogen, 'Oh, Moggie, *do* leave Boris settled down'; she said 'But he's settled *on the cake!*'

Julian went down from the Front to see Monica at the Wimereux Hospital.

This was an extract from the 'Times' that month.

THE 8TH RIFLE BRIGADE SPORTS.

'The 8th Rifle Brigade held an evening Sports Meeting on the Old Army Athletic Ground, at Aldershot, on Saturday. The results were as follows: Half-mile Race—Lieut. The Honble. W. H. Grenfell ("D" Co.), 1; Rifleman Britland ("C" Co.), 2; Rifleman Jenn ("C" Co.), 3; won by nine yards; time two minutes four seconds.'

On Sunday, May 2nd, a most lovely day of piercing green, Billy came over from Aldershot, and they played golf at Burnham Beeches, and Imogen brought tea out to the woods. Billy and his mother walked home through the bluebell woods. Their mother went to London next day for a fortnight's Waiting.

Imogen came to London for the day, to buy her Summer trousseau, and Evan took her to the Zoo in the afternoon. Their mother went to Esher for Sunday, May 9th, and Billy came there for the day.

They were busy that next week getting their permits and passports to go and stay near Monica at

Wimereux. Julian sent his mother this poem, which he had just written.

INTO BATTLE.

The naked earth is warm with Spring,
And with green grass and bursting trees
Leans to the sun's gaze glorying,
And quivers in the sunny breeze;
And Life is Colour and Warmth and Light,
And a striving evermore for these;
And he is dead who will not fight;
And who dies fighting has increase.

The fighting man shall from the sun
Take warmth, and life from the glowing earth;
Speed with the light-foot winds to run,
And with the trees to newer birth;
And find, when fighting shall be done,
Great rest, and fullness after dearth.

All the bright company of Heaven
Hold him in their high comradeship,
The Dog-Star and the Sisters Seven,
Orion's Belt and sworded hip.

The woodland trees that stand together,
They stand to him each one a friend,
They gently speak in the windy weather;
They guide to valley and ridges' end.

The kestrel hovering by day,
And the little owls that call by night,
Bid him be swift and keen as they,
As keen of ear, as swift of sight.

The blackbird sings to him 'Brother, brother,
'If this be the last song you shall sing
'Sing well, for you may not sing another;
'Brother, sing.'

In dreary, doubtful, waiting hours,
Before the brazen frenzy starts,
The horses show him nobler powers;
O patient eyes, courageous hearts!

And when the burning moment breaks,
 And all things else are out of mind,
 And only Joy of Battle takes
 Him by the throat, and makes him blind.

Through joy and blindness he shall know,
 Not caring much to know, that still
 Nor lead nor steel shall reach him, so
 That it be not the Destined Will.

The thundering line of battle stands,
 And in the air Death moans and sings;
 But Day shall clasp him with strong hands,
 And Night shall fold him in soft wings.

J. G.

Flanders, April, 1915.

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These were some of Billy's letters that Spring.

Guadeloupe Barracks, Bordon : March 1st, 1915.

Many thanks for your interesting letter. How thrilling for Patrick and his amphibious compeers !

We have had rather a good week's shooting; long, cold, sunny days. Everyone here is very cheerful, if a trifle hectic. We all hope so much to go to Byzantium or Nish rather than to bloodstained Belgium. I have hundreds of things to get : I *must* have a day with you in the Metropolis soon. Have you read 'Sinister Street' Vol. II?—Part I an adequate study of aimless Oxford, and a little eye-wash about grey towers; Part II a curious essay on Mia's. I hope to get away soon, it is a long time since I have seen you. What a curious life, narcotic to the mind and bracing to the muscles; very satisfying on the whole.

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Bordon : March 23rd, 1915.

Very many thanks for your letter, and account of conversations with 'distinguished friends.' The Rifle Brigade suffered very severely in the attack at Neuve Chapelle. It appears that the — Division, which should have

converged in front, diverged, and left them in the air, their chief connection with terra-firma being the Huns' wire entanglements. Still one cannot but count it a success all the same. Their dash was wonderful, after the cabbage-like inaction of four months.

The First Army is mobilising at Aldershot. We go into huts there on Saturday next, our last move no doubt. The men will improve no more until they come under shell fire, which will liven them up considerable.

How are the Dardanelles going, and the Egyptians, and the Roumanians?

I hope to the Lord they will open up a new theatre for us. Belgium must be full of decomposing Huns, and no field of war for a gentleman. We shan't get away next Sunday; you might come down and interview me here? It would be the greatest fun. My brother officers are in splendid form, but oh we are weary of our preparatory work.

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Good Friday, April 2nd, 1915.

Your birthday present is I believe anxiously awaiting me at the station. It will be most welcome in this Spartan life; icy canvas covering, illuminated by smoky Bunsen burners. It drives the young British officer into a life of reckless gaiety in the inns and theatres of Aldershot. I fear I shall not get leave for Easter Sunday alas, but the next Sunday D.V. there is an excellent chance.

I hope we shall get a move on soon. The men are tired of endless Field-Days, and weekly sermons on 'Five Minutes after Death.' Has Casie started? It was luck for me to catch her.

The war is very stale-mate-ish just now, but I suppose there is a deal going on behind the scenes. This is a tranquillising life, no opportunity for reading without frost-bite, but any amount of pedestrianism. I won a silver medal value 2/6 last Saturday, and am representing the Battalion in the Mile tomorrow. Dear Panshanger, it would be a joy to revisit it. Do still be there next Sunday? Very best love

from BILL.

Aldershot : April 18th, 1915.

DARLING MOTHER,—It is too wonderful of you to say that you will pay up for my follies, and one with your goodness to me always. It is a grief to me to have been so foolish; however, 'l-Espérance' is the word which must float on our banner while it has a flutter left in it, and you can help and have helped me like no other towards 'forgetting those things which are behind, and seeking those which are before, we press forward to the prize of our high calling.' There is complete uncertainty as to when we take our departure; I have quite ceased to speculate. Meanwhile there is no leave, but plenty of sunshine, and quiet fun among the Officer-boys. Will you come and see me here, if we don't get away next week? I should advise sending your comforts to the Royals, as our need will be much greater later on.

Very best love,

B.

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These were some letters from Julian that Spring.

March 3rd, 1915.

MY DEAREST DAD,—Thank you very much for your letter. You must be having a tremendous lot of work with the Volunteers. It is a good thing they are taking over the bridges, etc., and it will relieve a lot of men for the other thing. But it must be a great undertaking to have to deal with so many of them. They certainly ought to make you a General. Why haven't they?

Life has been very quiet for us here. I went to see General Putty yesterday, and found him in great form; also Charlie Londonderry, who was charming. They were devising bombs and infernal machines of all sorts for the Boches. Putty said he would help me about getting into the Foot Guards; because I had written to George Paynter to get me into his Battalion (2nd Scots Guards), and they are in Putty's Army.

I wish I had brought out your .303 rifle with the telescopic sight, which you said that I might take. Do you think you could possibly get it out to me? Leave being

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stopped now makes it rather hard to get it out. But perhaps Colonel Charlie Burn, or one of the despatch-carriers, could bring it out to me? I would be *awfully* glad to have it, and to have it soon. It is just what one wants for shooting at their loop-holes, now that we are close up. I suppose it will take this Government ammunition all right?

I have also written to Mr. Bart to send out my little Colt Repeating pistol, and some extra ammunition for it. Could you please tell Mr. Bart where to get the ammunition?

I hope that you are fit and well, Daddy? I suppose that Casie is hard at work again at the London Hospital. I am very fit and longing to get at it again.

Best love from

JULIAN.

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Sunday, March 7th, 1915.

DARLING MOTHER,—Thank you awfully for all your letters. Although I agree absolutely with a lot that you say, I really never had a moment's *doubt* about volunteering for the Foot Guards. However, they have now cancelled the whole scheme, so the Gods have settled it. They said that the Cavalry had only sent in their rubbish (which I believe was quite true in a lot of cases); anyhow, for that or some other reason, they have called it off.

When I first heard of the scheme I thought that it was really Amen to any Cavalry work in the near future, or they surely would never have done it. Besides it was so obviously the right thing to do to volunteer. After all, loyalty to the Army must override loyalty to the Regiment. I never really hesitated, though fully realizing the big big objections.

I love thinking of your Arabian Nights schemes for the Cavalry, and I think that the stopping of this transference certainly shortens the odds against them.

Putty was such a darling about helping me. I went once to luncheon and once to tea with him. I *do* like him, and his cheerfulness, and his laugh, and his straight watchful eye. He wrote to Billy Lambton about it.

Another man who was awfully nice about it was George Paynter, who moved Heaven and Earth to get me into his Battalion.

If they still try to get me now, I shall *not* go; because it is a very different thing when the Army *asks* for volunteers, to leaving one's Regiment more or less on one's own bat.

I am back here now with jolly old 'B.' Squadron, after our time with the 11th Hussars. It is certainly good to get back to one's own kith and kin. How is your Waiting going? I heard from Charlie Lister that you got him in all right. How splendid, and what a good job for him. I do love him; I will write to him. Your Peperharow and Stanway Sundays sound great fun. I am glad that Casie is back to her slogging. I got Rupert Brooke's poem, and liked it very much; *awfully*. I am sending you under separate cover a poem of mine.* Don't shew it to —. How nice he is, and why shouldn't people drive about in Limousines? they probably like it as much as we like being in the trenches. And to each man his job.

I have got the luminous watch, and 'Columbine.' Thank you awfully; and a cake has just arrived, and splendid cigarettes for my men; they do thank you. They also loved the shirts and socks, they were badly needed; also the pipe-lighters.

How is Billa-boy, and when does he come out? There are rumours here of tremendous transportations of New Army already. I never dare tell you any news because of the censor, and I am simply bursting with news; largely critical. Are you well, Mother? I knew I should get a splendid letter from you about the Foot Guards! Do you agree with me or not? I mean could you possibly imagine my position as sound from my point of view? because one can only say that a judgment is right when it is according to one's own standard and point of view, whether it is right or wrong.

Good bye and bless you.

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* 'Prayer for Those on the Staff.'

March 9th, 1915.

MY DEAREST DAD,—I have been asked by the Brigade to get hold of some 'Nottingham' fishing reels to be used by snipers. When they go out of the trench they take the line out with them, and tie it up at a place about fifty yards out. Then, when they want to come back, they jerk the end of the line, and that clicks the reel, and warns the sentry in the trench that they are coming back, and he tells the others not to shoot.

Do you think you could get me a couple of reels, with a good long length of line on them?

Rex has just been here in his motor, with Alan and Hubert Hartigan, all in great form.

Best of all love, from

JULIAN.

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March 9th, 1915.

DARLING MOTHER,—Could you please send me two *footballs* for the men as soon as possible. I am sending this letter to you for Charles Lister. Could you forward it to him? Please send me a large pad of writing paper, twice the size of this sheet, and envelopes.

All love
J.

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March 10th, 1915.

Could you please send me out my old Diary, which I gave you some time ago to lock up? I want to write out my War Diary, as it is a very good opportunity now that there is nothing to do. Can you send it soon? bind it up carefully, as it is nearly in bits. Also please send another map-measurer, mine broke. Rex and Alan have just been here, in great form.

All all love and blessing. How is Moggie?

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March 14th, 1915.

I got your splendid letters to-day of March 10th and 12th, with your capital news about Constantinople. But

do you know, I was talking to a man here the other day, and he said that the great idea was to disguise the Cavalry Corps as reindeer, and to send them up to Norway, and into Germany that way. The only thing I am afraid of is that our African horses will be discouraged by another and still colder move.

Two cakes and two bottles of Port-wine arrived from you to-day, and were awfully good; also pipe-lighters and underclothes for my men.

We moved up on Thursday, as reserve to the attack last week, and billeted behind there for two days, listening to the guns. It was horrible to sit there doing nothing while the foot-sloggers were running into machine-guns. We came back here again yesterday. Our whole atmosphere was filled throughout with rumours and almost expectations of the wild joy-ride into the Huns; schemes which do sound ridiculous and impossible in the crude form in which we get them. Philip said we should get so much quicker to the Rhine *by train*, when also the restaurant cars would do away with the difficulty about supplies!

All the horse-soldiers I have seen are boiling with indignation at the idea of being treated as an experimentum in corpore vili, and prefer the Norway idea infinitely.

I am glad you like the 'Staff' poem.

Are you in Waiting now? Please give my best love to Dad, and tell him that the pistol arrived quite safe. Please thank him very much, and ask him if he can send another box of the same ammunition.

Poor George Paynter has been hit at last. He has commanded that Battalion practically all through.

Please send me 'Land and Water' every week.

All love and blessing.

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March 20th, 1915.

Thank you awfully for your letter, and all the things you sent, and my diary. I wish I could write to you more about things, but I simply dare not. But certainly all

they wished was not achieved; very far from it. And really what a waste it seems, doesn't it, when really nothing is gained. Because nothing *was* gained.

I love Bill's poem about John.

I am simply bursting with news to tell you, and it does seem hard not to be able to. I wish I could have any optimism about your Dardanelles theory. Did you see that Army Corps Order that they published in yesterday's (or the day before's) newspapers, having got it through Berlin; that was actually published, and distributed right through. Wasn't it *the* worst? I do not think myself that we shall ever make a hole through their line, simply because of the impossibility of attack under these conditions. If they could not get through our line at Ypres, how shall we get through theirs now? that is, of course, if conditions remain more or less the same as now.

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March 22nd, 1915.

MY DEAREST DAD,—Thank you so very much for your letters, and for the Nottingham reels, which are splendid, and just what I wanted.

You must have had great fun with the Épée at Folkestone. Did you have a pool, and did you win?

It is very good of you to send me some more cartridges for my automatic pistol. I have been practising a lot with the revolver lately, to the personal danger of all the French villagers, and I have now become fairly accurate. It is simply a matter of practice, isn't it. About the telescopic rifle, as we are apparently not to go into the trenches at present there would be no good in having it; but if we do go into trenches again, it would be invaluable.

I wish I could have seen Frederick as an Artilleryman. I expect he is very good.

I wonder when the Durhams and Yorkshires and the rest of the New Army are coming out? Do they shoot well at the Boathouse Range? That is the only thing I feel nervous about with them; because shooting is so tremendously a matter of practice, and it is the thing which all the Regulars have done most thoroughly of all.

You must have put in a tremendous lot of work with the Volunteers to get them on so far and so quick.

I very much doubt any move of us from this sphere of operations, but probably that is because I know nothing about it.

George Paynter was hit very badly in the lungs the other day, but I heard to-day from a doctor that he is going on well.

We are living a very lazy life again here, but the country has dried up wonderfully, and one can get about now and do things.

Best of all love, from

JULIAN.

March 24th, 1915.

MY DARLING MOTHER,—Thank you awfully for your letter, also for the two splendid maps which were just what we wanted. You always send *just* the things that I want. Also arrived today kit-bag, towels, tooth-powder, shaving soap, labels, nails for boots, matches, soap, and 'Land and Water.' Also Moggie's good letter about 'The knew gunes (new guinea-pigs), two white ones and a black, that makes seven.' She ought to be in the Army Intelligence Department for estimating German casualties.

It is splendid about the Russians taking Pchemise isn't it? It does look as if salvation were coming from the East.

You will have had fun staying with Marie. Do give her my love.

Is the new Maurice Hewlett novel good? Do send it to me.

We have had a wonderful boiling hot Spring week with all the birds shouting. It makes me feel terribly restless. Goodbye, Mummie darling. I wish I could see you. What urgent 'business' reason can I give to get another week's Leave? Do get a new gown for when I come, like that one made of lace that you had for my last Fourth of June at Eton; when you came over from Versailles for the day, and got great 'marks' for it from me and Billa.

March 28th, 1915.

Thank you awfully for your birthday letter and the very good birthday cake and Tiptree jam; also chocolate from Casie, and bottle of Port-wine from Moggie. Also 3,000 cigarettes have arrived from you for the men today, to their great delight.

You must have had a very good Sunday at Ascott with A. J. B. Yes, I love the country between Taplow and Aylesbury. It is much prettier than the real hunting country in the Vale.

Moggie did write me a good letter. She seems to have had a great joust at Melbury.

Can you make out why the people in England, and the Generals here, think that the war is going to end directly? I cannot for the life of me make out how or why, can you? I think it would be too awful to leave them where they are, without having the big go at them for which we have been waiting and reserving ourselves all along.

I do so agree with you anti the grouzers; although I think that there are a good many large and obvious criticisms that could be made.

Life here rather dull, and varied only by sudden spasms of peace-soldiering energy. I am exercising the Scouts again now, but for a long time we have done nothing but exercise the horses for a short time every morning. We had four wonderful hot Spring days, and now again bitter cold.

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April 2nd, 1915.

MY DARLING DAD,—Thank you so much for your letters. I should like to have seen the Moran-Wells fight, but I think that Wells is always rather a poor creature, don't you?

Your Volunteers have indeed been the most successful undertaking. The Bradford meeting must have been magnificent. As to — I must say that I think he got no more than he deserved. What call 'ad 'e (as Barnes says) to talk about politics, about which he knows nothing? And the pathetic part is that his critics tell him to get back to his Greek, about which he knows, if possible, still less.

Things are rather quiet here, and we do all the regular peace-soldiering things, and grumble at the men if their spur-buckles are dirty; rather ridiculous when the real thing is going on 15 miles away.

I cannot help wishing that I were fighting now with the foot-sloggers, especially when there is quite a chance of us doing nothing more.

We have got a boxing-show on here tomorrow. I wonder if I shall find an opponent.

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April 5th, 1915.

DARLING MOTHER,—Thank you awfully for your letters and the enclosures. Can you send me some more refills for the electric torches? The Scouts love them, as well as my troop, just like children with toys, and they are so really useful too. We have had *boiling* hot weather lately, and no snow at all. In fact it is rather trying weather, with Winter trench-clothes, and no outlet for one's energy.

I wonder if you are at Panshanger now?

Margot seems to be in terrific form. I should think she was just one of the people who are at their best in War-time.

Diana Wyndham and Rosemary motored up to a place quite close here last week, and Alastair and I went over and spent the day with them. It was very amusing; Alastair in his best 'My dear girl' form. Yesterday Alastair and I went over to Dunkirk, in Millie's motor, which she sent for us. It was great fun. All the picture post-card celebrities were there—Wilding, Bend Or, Millie, Lady Dorothy Feilding, and Colonel Bridges. Millie looking too lovely, lovelier than anything I have ever seen. How much prettier she is than any of the younger generation, and how fascinating. I simply loved seeing her. She looks radiantly happy.

We had a boxing-show on Saturday, and an A.S.C. private volunteered to fight me, called Hay. When we went into the Ring, in deadly silence, a loud voice suddenly came from the back of the room (from one of his friends) 'Pore old 'Ay.' It was rather a good omen for me, and I landed him a terrific thump with my second punch, which

shook him up so that I outed him in the second round. The same voice came again 'OO's the next?' I wish I could find out who it was, he would be a very good man to hire as a bravo, to give me moral support whenever I fight.

I love Moggie's letters and Vo-vo's. I wish I could see the Panshanger Broadwater, and all those trees thick and brown with Spring. I do love that warm Spring brown of the trees, don't you?

Another glorious cake arrived the other day, and a bottle of Port-wine, and a bottle of brandy today. Could you send me more cocoa and chocolate for my men?

All love and blessing.

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April 15th, 1915.

Thank you awfully for your letter. Colonel Bridges looks too thrilling and amusing and devilish. The cakes are just right and we love them. Do send some more, and the wonderful Tiptree jams.

We have moved billets again, but only a little way, into rather a good village, but off the hill where we were before, and down on to the flat again. We are billeted with an old mother and a lovely daughter. We have a lot more military work now, which is a good thing. Walter Hodgson has just come back to the Regiment, from the Yeomanry. He is a great man. He has not come to this Squadron, but to 'A.,' where he has charge of Watkin and Alf. — lost £600 to a sapper on the National, and the sapper came over today to collect it, — saw him coming, and got into a ditch, thinking he was unobserved; but he rounded him up eventually. He had won £1200 on the Lincolnshire, so he is all right.

I do love the Spring, don't you? How is Bill-boy? Who was at Picket with you, anyone else? Best of best love. I do wish I could see you.

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April 30th, 1915.

DARLING MOTHER,—I haven't written to you for days. I went to Paris for two days, and saw Casie on the way

back; and then we have been up here to assist at the fighting. We have been up just a week doing Fire-Brigade, which means lying all day in fields with the horses, in the most wonderful hot Summer sun; except for the first two days which were as cold as anything we have had for the whole Winter. We only once left our horses, and went up into support for two days, when we got shelled a bit, but nothing much. The 'Greys' had taken their horses right up there, and the horses were in the field next us with a few men (the rest being in trenches). Three or four shells suddenly came from the blue into the middle of them. They stampeded, and the few 'Greys' men, helped by our men, were wonderfully good, and got them all away, riding one horse and leading about four, through all the Pandemonium. They were shelling the road pretty hot at the time, and waggons were galloping down it, and the usual amount of people had lost their heads. We only had two men hit, and two horses. We 'made' a mule, which was immediately put in with the other three horses to pull our limber, and off they went as happy as anything, looking irresistibly comic. We also had an aeroplane bomb into our garden that day, which got two men. It was a funny mixture in that house, just off the big road—Canadians and Doctors and Refugees and Scots Greys and Yeomanry and all our Officers, all crammed together anyhow.

The road itself was really a wonderful sight all those two days; wounded in ambulances going back, wounded walking back, (Turcos, Zouaves, Indians, Canadians, French, and our men) supplies going up and reinforcements, Doctors and Generals and ambulances to and fro, and the constant piteous stream of refugees, old women and old men and young children carrying all they can, with little carts and trolleys pulled by themselves and their dogs, flowing back all the time. The road was shelled intermittently.

I was asleep in the sun when they started the heavy bit of shelling, and they ragged me terribly because they said I slept through the first three shells that fell in the garden. I don't believe I did. Anyhow, when I got up, a man staggered into me, very white and jibbering, saying he had

been hit in the legs. I carried him to a doctor. I never heard what happened to him. Our men were very good, they fell in outside their barn and began betting where the next shell would pitch. We were turned out quickly that night to go to a gap, but after half-an-hour we got a message to say that things were better, and that we were not wanted. The next day we marched back the six miles to our horses.

It has been such glorious hot sun these four days. It has been *tremendous* fighting.

I did love seeing Casie. I have never seen her looking so well and radiant and pretty, and we had the greatest fun. She was so good with the wounded Tommies, who all seemed to love her. She was just exactly 'right there' with them. I was tremendously impressed by the cheerfulness and comfortableness of the Hospital, and by the happiness and easiness of the Tommies there—they seemed so absolutely contented and at home. And Paris! I cannot imagine how I have lived so long without being there. I was absolutely fascinated by the whole thing. I had two divine Spring days there. Isn't it gloriously light and gay and beautiful? The view down from the Arc de Triomphe to the Champs Élysées is as good as anything in the world, isn't it? I loved Versailles too. What I liked most about Paris was the light-heartedness of it all, the complete *joie-de-vivre* of the place and the people. They are so much lighter of heart than anything of ours, and really much more natural; and such artists in fun. Isn't the Sunday crowd good, walking about and watching each other and enjoying each other? Aren't the *Revue*s witty and amusing and unlike ours? And the tremendous tension of War running through all the gaiety, and throwing it into relief. I saw a bit of everything—High Society, and the artists, and the Racing Set, and the boxers, and the nuts, and the actresses, and all the different very strictly defined classes in their own particular places. I had the two best possible Cook's Guides (quite by chance), Hubert Hartigan, of the 9th Lancers, also on leave, who knows Paris like a book from racing there; and Henri Bardac, who used to be at Oxford, and who is convalescing from

seven wounds, poor fellow. It was the biggest experience of New Things I have ever had in my life; bigger than India, because it is more like our things, and more comparable; but really how much further removed from anything of ours! I do like the French people.

No more paper, as you see, and I have got such oceans more to say. All our baggage is left behind. I do love and adore getting your letters, and you have been awfully good in writing such a lot. I got another tonight dated 27th; and the shirts and socks, which my men *loved*, and wanted badly. How happy your Stanway and Grims-thorpe Sundays must have been.

Here is a poem, if you can read it.* I rather like it? Can you send me a typed copy, and a typed copy of the 'Staff' one. How sad about Rupert Brooke. Goodbye, Mummie darling. Best love to Dad, and to all the family.

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May 5th, 1915.

MY DARLING DAD,—Thank you very much for your letters, also for the Port-wine.

It must have been very interesting to see Bill's lot. I expect they are jolly good. I wish they would hurry up and get them out quickly. It would be great fun to meet Bill suddenly at the corner of the road somewhere.

The wounded Canadians are very comfortable at Cliveden, I expect. They seem to have fought most awfully well up here. We are still up here near handy. We have twice been put in support since we arrived here, and we are shelled a bit, but nothing to matter. Tonight we are going up again to dig trenches. It has been the most lovely warm sunny weather.

They are dashed good, these Huns. I wish that we didn't lie so much in all our reports. It is difficult to see the point of it?

Will you please thank Mother for the electric torches, chocolate, cigarettes, and pipe-lighters, for my men, and the gas respirators, which all arrived quite safely. We are all tremendously fit and well. It is astonishing what a difference the weather makes to men and horses. The

* 'Into Battle.'

horses are looking fit and hard for the first time since Africa. I sleep out every night now.

I hope the Likky-Man had good Holidays? I saw Casie at Wimereux the other day, looking so well and happy. I had two days leave in Paris, which was great fun, and did me a world of good. I just got back in time for this show.

I hope that you are fit and well, Daddy. I wish I could see you again soon. All love and blessings

from JULIAN.

P.S. I have got a great big horse now, thoroughbred, a sort of cross between 'Buccaneer' and your old bay 'Goliath.'

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May 8th, 1915.

MY DEAREST DAD,—Thank you very much for your letter. The Gibbs rifle arrived today with the telescopic sight. It is fun having it. I shot with it this afternoon at 150 yards, 20 shots. Nobody would believe me when I showed them the target, all the shots in a 4 in. ring, and most of them cutting each other. What a wonderful thing it is, the telescopic sight. Mr. Gibbs said on his directions that it shot 1 in. high at 100, but I thought that it shot dead at 150. Thank you very much for sending it, it will be just the thing for loophole shooting, waiting till the face appears and drawing a bead. I shall carry it on my back, could you send me a good broad sling for it? It is deliciously light too, after the Service rifle.

You will have great fun with Casie at Wimereux. I *must* manage to get down to see you. It would be splendid if you could come up to Putty. I am glad that the Volunteers are going so well.

We got back to our old billets in the middle of last night, after 15 days wandering. But we never got up to the first-line trenches, which was disappointing. Goodbye Daddy. I *do* hope we shall meet this month.

All love
from JULIAN.

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May 8th, 1915.

MY DARLING MOTHER,—Thank you awfully for your letters. You will be finishing your fortnight's Waiting now? Stanway must have been delicious. How interesting to see all the 'Heads' in London during this bad time. The men did love your things so much, the lighters and the lamps and the chocolate and the cigarettes. They arrived while we were 'up' at different places, and I just had time to throw them at the troop as we were starting off somewhere, mounted or dismounted, and loaded up with every kind of weapon and ammunition. They said 'O Lord, we'll have to put these in our mouths,' but always managed to stow them away somewhere. Cigarettes are what they really want always. We went up once more since I wrote to you, to dig second-line trenches all through the night. We were billeted a good distance away, and it made quite a long expedition going up on the horses, and then leaving them, and then walking on with two bandoliers of cartridges (150 rounds, and you cannot imagine *how* heavy) cutting into one's shoulders. I stayed to look after the horses this last time, the first time I have done it; they shelled round them but never into them. There were some of our big guns in the next field, blazing away all night. They said that our men dug too wonderfully on their empty stomachs, poor dears, (we had left at 2 p.m.) from 9 p.m. till 1 a.m. The sappers say that 1 Cavalry man digs more than 2½ Infantry men. They got shelled a bit, but we were lucky again, and we only lost one man hit. We got back to our farm at 6.30 a.m. on a lovely Spring morning, with nightingales singing round us all the way home. And yesterday we did our 20 miles back here, in the rain, to our old billets.

It is great fun to wander about the Country with no baggage or impedimenta, not knowing or caring where you are going, or how you are going to fetch up; a great feeling of independence, and no personal property to tie one down, which Plato said is the ideal state. We had left all our belongings (including my dogs and the puppies) here, and we were utterly uncertain whether we should ever return or see them again. I really like the wandering

existence and sleeping in fields better than standing billets, or anything else, but I do not imagine that we shall stay here for long.

It will be the greatest fun if you get up to Putty, or if I can get down to Boulogne, but I imagine it will be difficult to get leave from now onwards. But we *must* manage it somehow. Poor Casie, I expect she is working plenty just now. How happy it will be for you being out here with her. I am so glad that you like the 'Into Battle' verses. Send them to the 'Times' if you like, but not with my name.

The long dogs were very good when I got back here. A kind woman at the farm had kept and fed them for me. One had been run over by a motor-bus, but was none the worse. We arrived in the middle of the night, and when they heard my voice they came out of the yard like shrapnel bursting. 'Comrade' jumped up on to my horse's shoulder, and when he fell back they all started fighting like Hell from sheer joy!

I went into one of the 'forward dressing stations' that night when I stayed with the horses. A tiny hovel of a farm, 5 doctors, and the bad cases coming in and going out on the stretchers, everything chock-a-block. How *marvellously* brave and cheerful the wounded English Tommy is. And what a fine class of men the Territorial Tommy, quite different to our men of course.

Bless you. J.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

It was settled that Billy's Battalion of the Rifle Brigade was to start for France on Saturday, May 15th; and his parents were going over the same day, to stay at Wimereux, close to Monica's Hospital. But, at the last moment, the start of Billy's Battalion was put off until May 18th, and they put off going too, so as to spend his last Sunday in England with him. His mother went for the day to Aldershot on Saturday the 15th, and saw his Battalion drilling, and spent one of the most happy of all afternoons with Billy in the lovely pine-woods. He was enchanted to be going out at last, and very happy; they talked a great deal about the War, and about all the possibilities. They went to see Colonel and Mrs. Maclachlan; and saw the Adjutant there, Captain Parker, of whom Billy was very fond, and who was killed on the same day that he was. Billy's father had been with him at Aldershot just before, and he motored over that evening, and saw Billy, and took his mother back to Taplow. Billy was coming there early the next day, to spend his last Sunday in England with them.

Late that evening, at Taplow, at eleven o'clock, their parents received a telegram from Monica to say that Julian had been slightly wounded in the head, near Ypres, on Thursday, May 13th, and was in No. 7 General Hospital at Boulogne, and she with him. That he was going on well, and would probably be moved to England the next day, in the hospital-ship; and that she would telegraph the place and time

of his arrival. The strain of the previous fortnight, when they had known that Julian's Regiment was in the centre of the terrible fighting, had been so great that they almost felt relief at the telegram, and to hear that he was slightly wounded, and would be in safety and with them for a short time.

The next morning, Sunday the 16th, there came a letter from Julian himself, written on May 14th, from No. 10 Casualty Clearing Station. It was stained with blood, but very strongly and clearly written.

May 14, 1915.

DARLING MOTHER,—Isn't it wonderful and glorious that at last after long waiting the Cavalry have put it across the Boches on their flat feet, and have pulled the frying-pan out of the fire for the second time? Good old 'iron ration.' We are practically wiped out; but we charged and took the Hun trenches yesterday. I stopped a Jack Johnson with my head, and my skull is slightly cracked. But I'm getting on splendidly. They said I did well. To-day I go down to Wimereux, to hospital, shall you be there? *All all love—*

JULIAN OF THE HARD HEAD.

Longing to see you and *talk*. Bless you.

This letter was enclosed in one from the Army-Chaplain, which follows.

No. 10 Casualty Clearing Station, B.E.F. :

May 14, 1915.

DEAR MADAM,—Your son gave me the enclosed to post, and I was obliged to put it into an envelope, as it was not safe for post as he gave it to me. You may be glad to know that Sir Anthony Bowlby saw him here this afternoon, and at once said that he could go on to Boulogne without any risk.

Yours very truly
(Archdeacon) H. K. SOUTHWELL, C.F.

Billy came to Taplow from Aldershot at 12 that Sunday morning, and Ivo from Eton—to say good-bye to him. It was a lovely day; they were happy, and hourly expecting a telegram to say when and where Julian's ship would arrive; and ready to start instantly to meet him. But at four o'clock in the afternoon there came a telegram from the Commandant of the Boulogne Hospital saying 'Your son here wounded in head. Better come. Use this as permit.'

There was no ordinary boat to France until the next day, but by the kindness of the Admiralty (to whom they telephoned at once) they were allowed to go over that night, in an ammunition boat, carrying high explosives. Luckily their passports were all ready, as they had been going in any case the next day. They left Taplow in the motor seven minutes after receiving the Admiralty permission, and just very barely caught the only train to Newhaven at Victoria. Billy, Ivo, and Imogen were most brave and calm; the thought of their faces was often a help in the hours to come. That was Billy's last day at Taplow.

Evan Charteris got another telegram from Monica through to them at Newhaven that night. It sounded slightly more reassuring, saying that they thought Julian had better not travel yet, and that she knew that their parents would go there on the Monday as had been previously arranged. The little boat, guarded by destroyers, left Newhaven at 11 p.m. and they got to Boulogne at 5 the next morning, Monday, May 17th, and went straight to the Hospital. Monica was there, never having left Julian since he arrived on Saturday morning. He had begged to be taken to her hospital, at Wimereux, but it was terribly overfull already, with men lying on the floor.

Julian had been x-rayed on the previous morning, Sunday, before being allowed to start for

England. They discovered extensive fracture of the inner-skull, and severe laceration of the brain; a splinter had penetrated $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches into the brain. He was seen by Sir George Makins, Colonel Sargent, and Colonel Holmes, and an immediate operation was found necessary. Colonel Sargent operated; Colonel Lister (the oculist) who never left Julian and Monica through those hours, said that no operation had ever been more perfectly performed, and that nowhere could he have been in more skilled hands than those three possessed. They said that he was doing well, that his strength was wonderful, but that he could not be out of grave danger for eleven days.

His parents saw him twice that day, but were not allowed to stay long, as he wished so much to talk to them, and that was bad for him. He was in a tiny room, with two other officers, both very ill indeed too. There was just room to pass between the beds. He was perfectly conscious, and so pleased to see them, saying to Monica 'Wasn't it like them to get here eight hours before we thought they possibly could?' He had appeared so well, and in such good spirits, when he first came into hospital, that it took in everyone. Even Monica, who knew him so well, did not feel very anxious when she first saw him, and sent off the good telegram, as directed by the doctors, with perfect confidence. But he told his mother that the journey down from the Front had been terrible to endure. Even then, people who travelled down with him were almost deceived by his being so cheerful and brave.

They gradually pieced together, from Julian and from others, what had happened on his last day's fighting, May 13th, 1915. The Royals were near the Ypres-Menin road, near Belgaarde Lake; there was one small hill, it was being shelled very heavily. Julian spoke of it as the little hill of death. Julian

went up there to try to take some observations; he was knocked over by a shell, but it only cut his coat and bruised his shoulder. He said 'I was observing so well.' He took his news down to the Colonel, George Steele (who died of terrible wounds in the head just before Julian). Julian said, 'The Colonel was pleased with me. He went and got me a whisky-and-soda himself.' Then Julian volunteered to try to get through with a message to the Somerset Yeomanry, and he got through with it, and got a message back to the Brigadier-General. (Campbell).

Wilfrid Ricardo, of the Somerset Yeomanry, had only seen Julian once, and did not recognise him. He said that he saw a figure walking in very coolly, under very heavy fire, who said to him, 'You once gave me a very good mount with the Belvoir Hounds.'

When Julian got back again with the return-message, (these messages were of great importance, and were what he said he thought 'turned the situation') he went up the little hill again with General Campbell. This was when he was finally hit, about 12.30 noon, by a splinter of shell, in the head. He said that he felt his feet going cold, and said to the General 'Go down, Sir, don't bother about me, I'm done.' The General helped to carry Julian down, and, in doing so, was slightly wounded himself.

Julian revived wonderfully quickly; but his parents heard (not at first hand) that he said to a brother-officer, quite cheerfully, 'Do you know, I think I shall die.' The other said Nonsense, or something of that sort, but Julian said 'Well, you see if I don't.'

It was said that Julian walked about after the wound in his head, but that was not so. They must have meant after he was first knocked down by the first shell, that same morning, Thursday, May 13th.

Edward Horner was lying desperately ill from

internal wounds in the same Hospital, No. 7 General. Bob Wendover died there on May 19th; his courage and gaiety never failed for an instant. Rex Benson was brought in with a shattered arm, and suffering from severe gas-poisoning.

On Thursday, May 20th, the three transports and their escort conveying the Rifle Brigade Battalions came into Boulogne Harbour at dawn; the men were 'rested' for that day in a camp close to Boulogne, and Billy was able to spend the whole day with his parents and Monica. He saw Julian, who was thought a shade stronger that day; but Billy thought him very ill, and was terribly overcome after seeing him. Julian was so pleased to see Billy. He said several times afterwards 'How well he looks,' and once, 'I am glad there was no gap.' It was thought that he meant that just when he fell out of the ranks, Billy marched in.

They motored out to beyond Wimereux with Billy, and walked on the cliffs by the sea, and picked some of the wild sea-pinks for Julian. Billy had to leave them at 6 o'clock, and he went up to the Front that evening. This was a letter from him written the next day—

Friday, May 21, 1915.

DARLING MOTHER,—It was a joy to see you yesterday, so wonderfully brave and calm and strong. One feels that Judy must repose now on the strength of those who love him as much as on his own, and that all the strangling influence of fear or misgiving should be cleared away from him. It was sad to see his 'dear delightful head' brought so low, but I *really do* feel the most complete confidence and trustfulness.

Casie is so marvellous. A tower of strength—and Daddy too. Give them my very dearest love. We are just within earshot of the Belgian guns. We started at midnight, arrived at 5 a.m., and marched out six miles loaded like tinkers' donkeys. A lovely morning, but

stiff going breakfastless. The Low Countries appear positively mountainous.

I am with Sheep and Woodroffe in a farm; the platoon in a nice clean barn with a few nice cows. They are very happy. I am firm with them re shaving, telling them about the men wot fought at Minden.

Very very best love, my darling, and all my thoughts and hopes and prayers.

Your

BILLY.

P.S.—Moreton-in-the-Marsh is about 20 miles S.W. of York, and about 6 miles W. of St. Albans, as far as I remember, but I have no map.

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May 23rd, 1915.

So pleased and happy and delighted to get your *good* account of Julian to-day.

We vegetate here for five days or so. You might send me a few concentrated food-stuffs, and somebody's extract of beef-tea, and some chocolate and cigarettes for the men; but there is no hurry, as we are all getting fatty degeneration of the heart at present.

Such an amusing Patrick from Gallipoli, which I enclose.

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May 24th, 1915.

DARLING M.,—I have not heard from Boulogne since I last wrote, we have been on trek, which is no doubt the reason. We left M. at 5 a.m. yesterday morning, and reached a delicious little town on a hill last night. We billeted in a huge farm-house, two companies and officers. The proprietor had left in August, hearing the hammer of the Uhlans; the wily villagers stripped his substance, and replaced it with piles of straw; Huns, Frogs, British, Senegalese, Indians, Scotch, and spiders, have completed the ruin.

We shopped all the afternoon among the windmills, battled with the bull-frogs, and feasted with the cock-roaches—such a smoke-tea!*

* Ivo's name for a picnic, when he was a baby.

To-day Sir Ernest is nearing home, about 4 miles from my late Oxford College. It has been such glorious golden weather; Hobbema's on every side as we march along. The men are in splendid fighting spirits, I fear they will be disappointed if they do not carry Berlin in a fortnight. The officers have been charming too, such a happy picnic spirit, and the Colonel has been so delightful; he asks about Julian constantly. He is so very fond of him.

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May 25th, 1915.

MY DARLING DADDY,—I got your second letter to-day with the less good account of dear Judy. The issue lies with God alone, and He will decide it for the best. I pray to Him to be with you all in these days, and to uphold the splendid courage that you have shown through all.

I thank Him too for having allowed our dear boy to show his glorious valour to all the world, before he was struck down. What better fate could one desire for a beloved one—'Sed miles, sed pro patria.'

We are still here, for some days, I imagine; the guns go on all day long. The men are in the highest spirits. All all love to you and Mummie and Casie.

Your BILLY.

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Tuesday, May 25th, 1915.

DARLING,—Just one word of blessing and good hope. I know how strong you have been and will be. How can we feel anything but serenity about our darling Julian, whether the trumpets sound for him on this side or the other.

Your

B.

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All those days, until Whit-Sunday, May 23rd, Julian seemed to be growing a shade stronger. He had such a good tea on the Saturday evening, of Devonshire-cream which Rachel Dudley brought for him, and 'brioches,' and Edward Horner's special

brand of tea—which he sent to Julian, and which made him laugh! His mother was feeding him, and he said to her, very slowly, for his voice was weak, ‘The right way to eat is to swallow enormous mouthfuls of food, washed down by huge gulps of liquid.’ When she did not contradict him, he was rather disappointed, and said ‘Why don’t you *argue*, Mummie?’ It was then that he said ‘I would not give up one of our ructions.’ He said several times that he felt much better. His only sorrow was at being begged not to talk; there was so much that he longed to tell them about the fighting, and he was always asking about the War, and when he could go back. He always so loved Monica to be with him, and was constantly asking for her. He liked her to do things for him, and to move his head, with her trained skilful hands, better than anyone. One morning, when she came in, he said ‘Here is the girl with the sunshine in her hair, the sunshine lingering in her hair.’ And he said to his mother ‘Hasn’t our Casie got a lovely neck, and a lovely face?’ He often said his father’s name, and when Willie answered, Julian said ‘Good.’ He seemed very contented when he knew that he was near him.

An officer in the same room as Julian had Holy Communion early on Thursday morning, May 20th, and Julian had it too. And on Whit-Sunday morning, May 23rd, his father and mother and sister had it with him, at 7 a.m., and also another officer in his room, Lieutenant Phillimore, who was desperately ill. Julian had then been moved into a little room with only two beds. It was very hot weather.

Julian had had a very good night, and seemed a shade better that Sunday morning; but when the doctors saw him at 9.30 a.m. they found further mischief and inflammation of the brain. It was, all through, a fight between his marvellous constitution

and health and strength and youth, and the deadly septic poison of the wound in the brain. They said that a second operation might give him just a narrow chance of recovery, and it was performed at 11 o'clock a.m. He was terribly ill all that day and night, and in terrible pain. He was moved into a room by himself after the second operation; and they never left him again, night or day, until the end came on Wednesday afternoon. He was always perfectly conscious and sensible, and loved them to be with him. The next morning, Monday, May 24th, the four doctors came back with happy faces after examining him, and said that he was a shade better; and they had a ray of hope. And all through the day he seemed to grow better, and was quite out of pain. He asked if the doctors had thought he was dying the day before—'Did they think I was going off the rocker?' His mother said that she did not know if they thought that, but they were very anxious, and were much happier now. Julian said 'I thought I was; but now I've never been so well, and I've *never* been so happy.'

He had said to his father the day before, 'It will soon be over now; only two or three days.' Willie said, 'Oh, rubbish, Juju, here you are with all the best doctors in the world. And you will like to fish again?' Julian seemed quite contented either way, and said 'Oh, then that's all right.'

He said to Monica on the Monday 'That second operation was very nearly the end of I.'

He had such a happy day on the Monday; he talked of the fighting, and said 'I think getting the messages through that last day turned the situation. The General was pleased.'

He talked a little of plans, and said 'What I should really like would be to get some real good fishing with Bron.' They told him of the lovely

forest by the sea at Hardelot, and that they would try to move him there as soon as possible, and he was very happy at that idea.

They one day spoke of Katie Cowper, whom he had loved so much; his mother said that it was difficult to think of her as merely at rest, that she must be at work too. Julian said, with very deep conviction—‘Oh, I am *sure* that it is an immense activity.’

He clasped his mother’s hand tightly; she said ‘That is what you do when you are asleep, and think that I am going away.’ He said ‘No, it is only affection.’ He could move his left arm that day (which had been paralysed) and was very much pleased about that. He used to like his father to rub it, and said ‘Take my paralysed hand in your two strong hands, and rub my poor arm.’ He groaned a little sometimes, but said ‘It is only contentment.’ He liked poetry to be said to him, and asked for ‘Fleet foot on the corrie,’ and repeated to himself the verses from ‘Hippolytus’—‘O take me to the Mountain’; and he said the whole of his Fighting-Boar poem, and was very happy indeed that his parents liked ‘Into Battle.’

He asked after Barnes and Panshanger, just before his second operation, and talked of the Mimram, just below the waterfall, where he had so often fished, and how it rippled round the tree-trunks. He also spoke of Assynt, and Murdo Keir, and his little boat; and the big Skate they caught; and of the seaweed looking golden on the islands. When he was coming round from the operation, he asked about Colonel Steele and Philip Hardwick. He said that once he was sitting with Major Hardwick under terrific shell-fire, and that Major Hardwick said that if he sat there much longer he would get wet, as the grass was damp.

He prayed a great deal all those days, probably not

knowing that he was speaking aloud, and spoke often then of his family and of their being with him, and of his home. And he prayed sometimes to be able to bear the pain. He liked the psalms and hymns of his childhood to be said to him, and some of the George Herbert poems. The thought that he was dying seemed to go and come, but he always seemed radiantly happy, and he never saw any of the people he loved look sad. Never once through all those days did he say one word of complaint or depression.

On Tuesday, May 25th, he was less well; he talked a little in the morning; he said 'Goodbye, Casie,' and to his mother 'Hold my hand until I go.' A shaft of sunlight came in at the darkened window and fell across his feet; he smiled at his mother, and said 'Phœbus Apollo.' After that he did not speak again, except once, about 2.30, to say his father's name. He snapped his fingers for a cigarette, but could not smoke it. General Campbell and Philip Hardwick came down to see him that morning, but he was too ill. His beloved Colonel (Colonel Steele) had died of wounds the day before, and John Bigge had been killed. When Julian knew that he was dying, they told him about those two, and about Clem Mitford, and others who had been killed since he was wounded; and he looked pleased, as if they had been starting on a journey together. He slept peacefully on Tuesday night, and looked very happy. At 7.30 on Wednesday morning, May 26th, they thought that he was dying, but he lived on till 20 minutes to 4 in the afternoon. He knew them till the very end, and moved his mother's hand to his lips. At the moment that he died, he opened his eyes a little, with the most radiant smile that they had ever seen even on his face.

His parents and Monica went to the forest of Hardelot, close by, for four days. Julian was buried on May 28th, in the soldiers' cemetery, on the hill

above Boulogne, looking over to the battlefields. His grave was lined and filled with the wild-flowers from the forest, and the green oak-leaves which had just come out. Imogen's last letter to him and the flowers from her garden were buried with him. It was a very windy day, he had always loved the wind. Only his father and mother and sister, and the very few friends who were at Boulogne, were there, and no one wore mourning. No mourning was ever worn for Julian or Billy. All the surgeons who had attended Julian came to his funeral; it was the only time that they had left the Hospitals in all those terrible weeks. The skill and devotion of all those who tried to save him were beyond telling, and of the Army Sisters who nursed him. Sister Knight hardly ever left him.

The next day, Saturday, May 29th, their mother was in the forest, trying to begin to write to Billy, when suddenly she looked up, and he was there. It was almost like seeing a vision. He had been in the trenches until that morning, and had then got their telegrams, and Charlie Londonderry had lent him a motor, and he came straight down to them. Julian and he had been like one person, but he did not seem to have a thought that was not of faith and triumph. He was with them for three hours, and then had to go back. It was almost impossible to let him go. They never saw him again.

Monica and her parents went back to Taplow on Monday, May 31st; Ivo met them at Victoria. This was his letter to them on May 27th, from Taplow.

DARLINGEST DADDY AND MUMMIE,—We have just got your telegram and we know now that darling Juju is at peace. God bless him for all his wonderful life on earth, and for the joy he has been to us all. He died, as I am sure he wished to die, for his country. And he has left a life behind that none can equal. Everybody has been so kind, and I have been allowed to come here from Eton.

My dearest dearest love to you all, you know how I am thinking of you, and I know how brave you are.

We are all trying to follow Julian's glorious example of courage here, and we know what he would wish us to do. Moggie and Hawa are too brave and good. We long to see you on Monday. Goodbye,

Your ever loving, Ivo.

Love conquers all.

Taplow : May 28.

MY DARLING DADDY,—I have just got your letter, and I know you are right about darling Juju. I do do hope you won't think I have done wrong in coming home for these few days, but I thought I could comfort Mogsie, and I don't think I could have done my work. I have been over every day to do the rowing, as I knew Juju would wish that, and you too. You know how much we are thinking of you and Mummie and Ca here, and how we are sending you our dearest dearest love. Juju would not wish us to grieve, but only to think of him in his peace and great glory. We are all trying to think of him here as we know he would wish us to think, and you know how we long to help you and Mummie all we can. Julian lived and died so so gloriously, and no one will ever be like him again. Everybody is so kind here, and so brave. I do do hope *darling* Mummie is better? I know how brave and wonderful she is. I am longing to see you all on Monday, and to hear all about our Juju. If we could only all live and die like him, how beautiful a place the world would be.

My dearest dearest love,
Your Ivo.

Little Imogen would not allow anyone to see her letter to her father and mother, she went away quite alone to write it.

DARLINGS, DAD AND MUM,—I am so sorry, it is really to awfull to be true, but I must try to be brave for your

sakes, and I am glad that he is in peace, and he did his duty.

Please give my best love to darling Ca.

Mogs.

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Ivo had been over to Eton every night to row in the Junior House Fours, for his house. They said he had sometimes been shaking from head to foot, and utterly unfit to go—but his boat made a bump each of the four nights.

This was a letter from Billy to his mother, of June 1st, 1915.

DARLING,—The more I think of darling Julian, the more I seem to realise the nothingness of death. He has just passed on, outsoared the shadow of our night, 'here where men sit and hear each other groan,' and how could one pass on better than in the full tide of strength and glory and fearlessness. So that there is no interruption even in the work which God has for him. Our grief for him can only be grief for ourselves.

How beautiful his poem is. It perfectly expresses the unity and continuity of all created things in their Maker. I pray that one tenth of his gay spirit may descend on me.

I hope that you are well and strong, my darling, as I know you are without repining. You will like to think of what you did for him, all his life, and at the end.

We are just off to the trenches again, loaded with good hopes and life-preservers. I was out with a working-party yesterday, in support trenches. Two British Aeroplanes were in the azure, with little snowballs of shrapnel all round them. We had a few stray bullets. One man had one between his legs, and shouted out 'Stop that throwing.'

Send us a few more shells.

Very very best love, from

BILLY.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THIS sonnet to Julian came out in the 'Times' on June 5th. His parents did not know who had written it, but found afterwards that it was Maurice Baring.

JULIAN GRENFELL.

Because of you we will be glad and gay,
Remembering you, we will be brave and strong;
And hail the advent of each dangerous day,
And meet the great adventure with a song;
And, as you proudly gave your jewelled gift,
We'll give our lesser offering with a smile,
Nor falter on that path where, all too swift,
You led the way and leapt the golden stile.
Whether new seas, new heights to climb, you find,
Or gallop through the unfooted asphodel,
We know you know we shall not lag behind,
Nor halt to waste a moment on a tear;
And you will speed us onward with a cheer,
And wave beyond the stars that all is well.

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On June 11th the following sonnet came out in the 'Westminster,' about Julian's poem; the writer did not know Julian or his family.

'OUT OF BATTLE.'

*'Sing well, for you may not sing another;
Brother, sing.'*—J. G.

So let his life continue—born anew
From deeps of battle to become a star!
The soul of Adonais from afar
Beacons, the Adonaides are not few.

Sing, blackbird boy, the blackbird sang for you
 Unwitting: her soft notes the parents are
 To your pure lay's melodious avatar,
 That from shut mouth rings on unstopt and true.
 Out of the void waste places, fresh and free,
 The blackbird's song. A wiser world shall listen,
 While upon soldier-eyes of strangers glisten
 The tears of praise; and your songs sung shall be
 Things to make men like kings—nay, better make
 Men's hearts like birds' hearts (for the blackbird's sake).

WILLIAM M. HARDINGE.

Many hundreds of letters were received about Julian. Extracts from a few of them follow.

FROM LORD KITCHENER.

War Office, Whitehall, S.W. : May 26th, 1915.

MY DEAR WILLY,—I grieve with you both. I loved dear Julian, and feel his loss badly. He was a splendid soldier, and served his country right well.

Yours always,
 K.

TELEGRAM FROM FIELD MARSHAL SIR JOHN FRENCH.

General Head Quarters : May 28, 1915.

May I express my deepest sympathy with you and Lady Desborough at the loss of your gallant son whom we all so much regret.

FIELD MARSHAL SIR JOHN FRENCH.

FROM GENERAL SIR JULIAN BYNG (COMMANDING
 3RD CAVALRY DIVISION).

May 31, 1915.

MY DEAR DESBOROUGH,—I have been unable to write until now—as the Cavalry Corps have been holding a sector in the Ypres Salient.

I must tell you how high an opinion I had formed of

your Julian's capacity as a soldier. He was gallant almost to a fault, untiring in his work, and a splendid example. I never knew him before the War, but during the time he was in my Division I conceived a most warm affection and high admiration for his endearing qualities.

My sympathy for you and Lady Desborough is most sincere, and I know how hard it must be for you to feel that this splendid boy is gone—and I can only hope that it may in some way relieve your sorrow to know that he received his wound whilst setting an example for courage and devotion.

Please do not trouble to answer this,

Yours very sincerely,

JULIAN BYNG.

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FROM GENERAL CAMPBELL (COMMANDING 6TH CAVALRY
BRIGADE).

June 12th.

DEAR LADY DESBOROUGH,—Of course I am only too pleased to give you any information I can about Julian. I was desperately afraid when I saw you on the Tuesday that there was little hope of his pulling through. Still he was so strong, and such a great-hearted fellow, that I did not give up hope till I saw the announcement in the paper.

On the evening of the 12th I was ordered to occupy a line of trenches running northwards to the railway from HOOGE Lake. I put the 3rd Dragoon Guards and North Somerset Yeomanry in the front line, and kept the Royals in support behind Railway Hill, a small hill about 500 yards in rear of the front line. At 4 a.m. on the 13th the Germans started a terrific bombardment. About 7 a.m. the Brigade on my left gave way, which left my flank entirely exposed. I ordered Steele to arrange to have a good look-out kept, so that I might have early information of any dangerous move round the flank.

About 12 o'clock, I should say, Julian, who had been up visiting the look-out post, came and reported that a good many of the enemy were working round. I went back with Julian on to the hill. It was pretty hot work, as they were shelling the hill hard—one 'Black Johnson' burst

about 20 yards from where we were standing, and, a second afterwards, one burst about four yards off, knocking us both down—Julian falling on the top of me. I recovered after a few minutes sufficiently to get down to the ‘Dug Out,’ and Julian was carried in. At first he thought he was dying, but recovered wonderfully in a short time, and talked quite quietly and naturally. He was taken to the clearing station, and I did not see him again. I cannot tell you how we miss him—he was one in a thousand, and a more gallant man never lived. He makes one more pal who I look forward to meeting when my time comes, and the number increases every day. Please let me know anything I can do for you, and with deepest sympathy, I am

Yours sincerely,

DAVID CAMPBELL.

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FROM MAJOR PHILIP HARDWICK (TEMPORARILY
COMMANDING ROYAL DRAGOONS).

B.E.F. : June 4, 1915.

MY DEAR LORD DESBOROUGH,—I felt a brute the morning I saw you at Boulogne. I went to the Hospital full of hope, from what I had previously heard, and having ascertained the truth I ought not to have bothered either you or Lady Desborough. I fear there is little to tell you. We were sent up to the trenches E. of Ypres, and the first day passed quite quietly except for intermittent shelling. On the 2nd day, at 4 a.m., the Germans opened a terrific shell fire and kept it up for 14 hours. We were unsupported by artillery, so there was no chance of keeping it down. It was while we were moving up to support the 1st line trenches that most of our casualties occurred. Julian was here there and everywhere. His example, in a situation I can only describe as hellish, was splendid. I saw him for a few moments only after he was hit, and he was quite conscious. Before the doctor arrived I was sent up with the Regiment (or what was left of it) to support the North Somerset Yeomanry, and I didn't return till 3 a.m. the following morning, so I never saw him again. On the following day, after Steele had been wounded, the

command devolved upon me, and as C.O. I recommended Julian to the notice of the G.O.C. for excellent work done the day before; and in this I know the General will concur, as he saw a good deal of him that day, and in fact they were together when he was hit. Some few days before we went up, we were talking about things in general, and we said we must have a 'B' Squadron dinner in London, when this was all over. I expect it was that to which he was alluding; and when my wife used to send things out to us, he used to write and thank her. Well, he died as I knew he would have died if it had to be, but even that thought cannot bring very much comfort. I cordially agree with what your second boy's Colonel wrote. He *was* a 'Lion-heart.' I had the greatest admiration for his talents and his character and his great capabilities as a soldier, and in addition I had the greatest affection for him. I shall miss him sorely. I know something of what he was to you and his mother, and I am more grieved for you both than I can tell you, and also for his sister. It is quite impossible for me to write what I feel about it, or how I feel for you.

I hope Lady Desborough is well, in spite of all she has gone through.

Will you please remember me very kindly to her, and say how sorry I am I bothered her the other day at the Hospital.

Believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

PHILIP E. HARDWICK.

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FROM LIEUT.-COLONEL MACLACHLAN (COMMANDING
8TH BATTALION RIFLE BRIGADE) TO BILLY.

May 29, 1915.

MY DEAR BILLY,—I heard to-night, and tried to see you, as you know.

It is too big a tragedy in your life to discuss in this hurried line—yet I want just to let you know how desperately sorry I am.

Julian has set an example of light-hearted courage

which is famous all through the Army in France, and has stood out even above the most lion-hearted.

I can't even imagine the shock it must be to your people. I am so frightfully sorry for them.

Anyhow in case I don't see you to-morrow morning, please remember to come and ask if you want leave, or let me know what I can best do to help you just now.

Yours,

R. MACLACHLAN.

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FROM LIEUTENANT CHARLES LISTER.

Blue Sisters Convent, Malta: June 3rd, 1915.

DEAR LADY DESBOROUGH,—I can't write what I feel about dear Julian. The void is so terrible for me, and the thought of it quite unmans me. I'd so few ties with the life I left when I went abroad—so few that is to say that I wanted to keep, and I always felt as sure of Julian's love as he did of mine, and so certain of seeing his dear old smile just the same. We did not often write or anything of that sort, just for that reason, and now the whole thing has gone. How much worse it must be for you and yours. All of us loved him so, and I'm sure if I were back with Father and Diana we should be in the depths, and feel almost worse than I do now that one of our nearest and dearest has gone.

I suppose that if death meant wholly loss, all recollection would be wholly bitter; but the consciousness that we are calling memories of one who may still be near us makes recollection precious—an abiding realisation of what is, and not a mere regret for what has ceased to be.

I suppose everybody noticed dear Julian's vitality, but I don't think they were so conscious of that great tenderness of heart that underlay it. He always showed it most with you; and with women generally it was his special charm. I think now of the way he used to take my hand if he had felt disappointed with anything I had done and then found out why I'd done it. I remember a time when he was under the impression that I'd chucked Socialism for the 'loaves and fishes' etc, etc;—and of course that sort

of thing he couldn't abide, and he thought this for a longish while; then found out that it wasn't that after all, and took my hand in his in the most loving way.

I don't suppose many people knew what an ardent love he had for honesty of purpose, and intellectual honesty, and what sacrifices he made for them; and sacrifices of peace-of-mind abhorrent to most Englishmen. The Englishman is a base seeker after happiness, and he will make most sacrifices of principle, and admit any number of lies into his soul, to secure this dear object of his. It is want of courage on its negative side, this quality, and swinish greed on its positive side—the man on the knife-board in College Chapel yearning after cushions. Julian, in his search for truth, and in his search for what he believed to be his true self, caused himself no end of worry and unhappiness, and was a martyr who lit his own fires with unflinching nerve. Out stalking, he always wanted to do his own work, and he was just the same in his inner life. Surely the Lady he sought with tireless faith, the Lady for whom he did and dared so much on lonely paths will now reward him? God, it is glorious to think of a soul so wholly devoid of the pettiness and humbug, the cynicism and dishonesty of so much that we see. There is a story in one of Miss Kingsley's books of a West African Medicine man who found himself at death's door. He applied all his herbs and spells, and conducted all his well-worn rites before his idols, and with his friends' intercessions—without any effect. At last he wearied of his hocus-pocus, and took his idols and charms down to the sea-shore and flung them into the surf, and he said 'Now I will be a man and meet my God alone.' Julian, from the time I knew him, had flung away his idols and had met God. His intense moral courage distinguished him even more than his physical bravery from the run of common men—and his physical bravery was remarkable enough, whether he was hunting, boxing, or whatever he was at.

I think he found his true self on what we all knew would be the scene of his glory; and it is some melancholy satisfaction that his services received recognition. What must

make you still happier must be the glorious glowing tone of those letters of his, and the knowledge that his last few months were 'crowded hours of glorious life'—stronger in death in that they abide. I shall never forget how much they heartened me, when I came to see you to get your kind offices for this show. The recollection of them will be a constant strength. No one wrote of the War like that, or talked of it that way—and so many went from Leave, or after healing wounds, as a duty, but without joy. Julian, apart from the physical delight he had in combat, felt keenly, I am sure, that he was doing something worth while in the world; and looked on death and the passing beyond as a final burst into glory. He was rather Franciscan in his love of all things that are, in his absence of fear of all God's creatures—death included.

He stood for something very precious to me—for an England of my dreams, made of honest, brave, and tender men; and his life and death have surely done something towards the realisation of that England. Julian had so many friends who felt for him as they felt for no one else, and a fierce light still beats on the scene of his passing, and others are left to whom he may leave his sword and a portion of his skill.

You must have known all this splendour of Julian's life far better than I did; so I don't know why I should write all this. But I am so sad myself that I must say something to you, because you knew how very fond I was of Julian.

One can seek comfort at this time in the consciousness of the greatness of our dead, and the work they have left behind them, and the love we have borne them: and such comfort is surely yours—apart from any larger Hope.

Yours affectionately,

C. LISTER.

Charles Lister was killed that same Summer at Gallipoli. In his last letter, he wrote 'I know now that I shall live. I do not mean that I may not be killed.'

FROM LIEUTENANT LAWRENCE JONES.*

Bedfordshire Yeomanry: May 30, 1915.

DEAR LORD DESBOROUGH,—I must send you one word of deepest sympathy. I have just been reading Julian's poem in the 'Times'—and I feel that it contains the root of all the real solace and comfort you will be able to feel. It is rare to find such splendid poetry and idealism in so vigorous, practical, and active a fighter as Julian was—and for such an one to die on the field of battle was the meet and desirable death.

I suppose Julian was easily the most fearless and the most direct man I ever knew. His was a splendid simplicity. He just took the whole of life in both hands, enjoyed everything in it good and enjoyable, pursued fiercely all that was false or hollow or humbugging, feared nothing in it, loved much; and yet with all his clean-cut directness, there was no subtlety, no humour, no fancy or whimsicality which didn't appeal to him strongly. There are simple people and there are subtle people; but Julian was both. I wonder if any other man in the British Army could have knocked out a heavy-weight champion one week and written that poem the next? But it was more than mere versatility in Julian; he never just turned from one thing to another for the sake of distraction, or to exercise his very diverse gifts. He did things because they were the natural spontaneous things to do at the moment. I shall never forget how impressed I was with that when Julian first came up to Oxford—there, as you know, men fall into sets; there is the riding, horsey, Bullingdon set; the rowing men; the 'saps.' Julian knew nothing of sets, but just did everything, and shone in them all. He rowed, and he hunted, and he read, and roared with laughter, and cracked his whip in the quad all night; bought greyhounds from the miller of Hambledon, boxed all the local champions, capped poetry with the most precious of the dons, and charmed everybody from the Master of Balliol to the ostlers at the Randolph. And he was the best of friends and the dearest of men. The only things he couldn't

* 'Jonah.'

stand were pose or affectation, and he could be a terror to the occasional Maudie still to be met with in Oxford. Otherwise, all human interests and activities had their interests for him; but first and foremost he was a fighting man, full of the joy of combat and the laughter of one who knew no fear.

It is not for me to speak of your personal loss. His friends will mourn him deeply, but thrill at the thought of his last months and his death, none the less. You will know with what sympathy they will remember your sorrow, and the awful gap in the family. And they will also remember what a wealth of comfort you will some day find in the pride for his splendid life.

Please don't bother to answer this.

Yours very sincerely,

LAWRENCE JONES.

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FROM MAJOR CHARLES GRANT (COLDSTREAM GUARDS).

36th Corps: May 29, 1915.

MY DEAR LADY DESBOROUGH,—I feel I must write and say how wretched I am about Julian. To know him even slightly was to love him, and he was of all human beings so alive, and so full of strength and health, that one can hardly bear to think he is dead. I remember so well making his acquaintance out hunting, and wondering who the attractive young man was who called Mrs. Leo 'Marie.' And ever since then I felt I had made a friend. It's not my place to speak of his talent and true military instinct—others will tell you all about that; but some little time ago I asked Geoffrey Robinson out here who had written a certain letter in the 'Times,' the best description I had seen of an attack in this country, and he told me at once that it was Julian.

I used to see him often out here at different times, always well and cheerful; and I was so pleased when I saw him twice mentioned in dispatches, and give the D.S.O.

Of all the gallant souls who have given their lives for

their country, one cannot help feeling he is one of those who can least be spared.

Forgive me for writing to you.

Yours very sincerely

CHARLES GRANT.

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FROM MR. RUDYARD KIPLING.

Bateman's, Sussex : May 29th, 1915.

MY DEAR DESBOROUGH,—We saw the news yesterday, side by side with the poem that rounded out that splendid young life. No words can mean anything to you now, but we lie under the shadow of a similar loss sooner or later, and we both send our love and our sorrow and our sympathy to you two.

Ever yours most sincerely,

RUDYARD KIPLING.

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Speaking to another friend of Julian's poem, Mr. Kipling said 'his lips must have been touched.' His own only son, Second Lieutenant John Kipling, Irish Guards, was reported missing in the autumn of that same year.

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FROM THE MASTER OF TRINITY (MONTAGU BUTLER)
TO WILLIE.

Trinity Lodge, Cambridge : May 28, 1915.

. . . I said lately in Harrow Chapel—dear to us both—and I most earnestly believe, that these brave young heroes who give their lives so freely for their country's righteous cause, are real 'Benefactors.'

They give us their best, and their best is priceless. . . .

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FROM THE MASTER OF BALLIOL (STRACHAN DAVIDSON)
TO WILLIE.

Balliol College : May 19, 1915.

. . . I grieve to see that your dear Julian has been seriously wounded, 'when leading his squadron of Royal Dragoons in action.' That is where one would be sure to find him for life or death. I will keep up hope; a man with his splendid physique and good condition should have every chance in his favour. But it is very grievous to think of so splendid a creature on the bed of pain and danger. Give my love to him.

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May 28, 1915.

. . . This morning came the tidings that your dear boy's troubles are over. One cannot grieve for him, he has found an honourable rest, and he was incapable of fear or flinching. But for you and for his mother I do grieve deeply. Who could help loving and admiring him? . . .

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FROM MR. CHARLES STEWART, THE PUBLIC TRUSTEE, TO
WILLIE. (His two sons had just been killed.)

May 27, 1915.

. . . I feel so much for you and Lady Desborough. It was very kind of you to write to me about our boys, when you have such grief of your own. When one can arrive at the point of putting oneself entirely out of consideration, the sense of sorrow and sadness disappears, and one can see how blessed one has been to have had sons who have gained such quick promotion.

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FROM SECOND LIEUT. OSWALD BALFOUR, 60TH RIFLES.

May 14, 1915. 5 a.m.

DEAR COUSIN ETTIE,—I am writing from the firing line in the Ypres Salient. Yesterday afternoon the Royals came up in support on our immediate left. During the

morning they had been heavily shelled, their casualties were very heavy. Julian had gone forward with the General, and a shell had burst near him and wounded him. They thought he was all right, but a bit hammered. They had taken him down to the ambulance. We gave some of them a much-needed meal. They all said how *splendidly* Julian had done, and gave one a picture of him going about with two rifles sniping the Bosches.

The fighting here is pretty severe, and this battalion has been in the trenches 26 days. You must excuse illegibility, but the place is a sea of mud. We are holding on all right, but the casualties are heavy. Of our 4th Battalion, for the now four-days-old fighting in this wood, there remain two officers and seventy men. Princess Pat's C.L.I. are in like case. The R.B.'s are very nearly as bad. The Leicester Yeomanry did splendidly yesterday, they were shelled out of their trenches, all officers and men save 70 killed. They rallied themselves, and retook their trench. I hope Julian will be home with you by the time you get this.

Your affectionate
OSWALD.

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FROM MRS. WARRE-CORNISH TO MAURICE BARING.

The Cloisters, Eton College: May, 1915.

. . . We are deeply struck by the poem printed in the 'Times' to-day. Julian's verse reveals himself; there was something of the lark's upward flight about his gaiety when he came to meet you here as a boy.

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FROM MR. ROCHFORD MAGUIRE.

3 Cleveland Square: May 29, 1915.

. . . You will be able to feel that all is not lost, and how little life is to be counted by years. There are some of whom the memory does not fade or grow dim, and Julian was one of them. Like his great ancestor, he has passed away:—

'Yet not before the goal of honour won,
All parts fulfilled of subject and of son;
Swift was the race, though short the time to run.'

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FROM DIANA WYNDHAM. (Percy Wyndham, her husband, had been killed in the previous September.)

May 29, 1915.

. . . They are all in a glorious partnership, and they are all together. Heaven seems to grow more and more home-like, and one longs to leave this world, and to be with them. I can never forget Julian's lovely face of sunshine, and his beautiful strong figure; and now he is a shining radiant knight, and he can never grow old, or be tarnished by the sorrow of this world. And when you are allowed to be with him, and I am allowed to be with Percy, they will be still more beautiful in spirit and in body, than when they left us. . . .

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FROM MR. HENRY JAMES TO EVAN CHARTERIS.

21 Carlyle Mansions: May 26th, 1915.

I apologise for having kept that copy of verses in order to be able to read them to a friend whom I knew I should see today, and to whom I did read them this afternoon, with all the moving effect I foresaw. I return them to you, with infinite thanks for your having bethought you so kindly of how profoundly they would interest me. I can't tell you how moved and distressed I am that so splendid a young life and nature are probably suffering the last hideous extortion. And he was what you say; and he wrote that noble, sincere, that brave and beautiful thing; and the insatiate devourers demand him. I veil my face from the horror and the pity, and I do not dare to think of his parents. You have my liveliest sympathy in your own sore share of it. The stanzas have the truest, finest force and rush, they ring with reality.

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21 Carlyle Mansions : May 29th, 1915.

. . . I participate deeply in what I can so easily conceive Julian Grenfell's tragic (if 'glorious'!) death to cause those who had the privilege of really knowing him to feel their souls seared with the sense of. I am myself affected in that way, even though my knowledge is so at second-hand. This proves what a perfect impression of him you had admirably conveyed to me—and how, I suppose, those extraordinarily living and breathing, ringing and stinging verses, did the rest. . . .

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FROM LADY PLYMOUTH. (She had lost two sons.)

Hewell Grange : June 1, 1915.

. . . But I cannot be sad in thinking of your glorious Julian, and I know that for you, to whom he was so much more than life, the joy of having had such a son must outweigh even the bitterness of parting. With such as he was, one feels there can be no real parting. He will always be there on the horizon, visible to all who knew him or heard of him, giving courage and inspiration.

I read his poem in the 'Times,' and I think it is so wonderful. Someone who never knew him wrote to me about the poem, and said 'I have read and re-read it. It shows how utterly free and untainted a spirit, however sensitive, can be in all the awful horrors and realities of War. Serene, and one with nature, and all spiritual things, and, through all, nearer to them.'

I think of you guarded by his shining courage and serenity, and am thankful. . . .

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FROM MARY HERBERT.

Pixton Park : June, 1915.

. . . Julian has been the ideal man and soldier in this War. One of the few people whose attitude towards it has saved one from dwelling solely on the grim horror, and made one realise that the heroic and splendid have been there all the time. It must be wonderful to feel that his life

and his youth have been given so whole-heartedly and so happily, heart-and-soul absorbed in the War and believing in it.

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FROM MRS. COLLINS.

Maidenhead : May 28, 1915.

. . . I know what it is to lose a son, although he did not die such a heroic death, which must soften the blow, but I hope One above will give you strength, for I for one know how hard it is to learn to say them three words Thy will be done. . . .

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FROM HUGH CECIL.

20 Arlington Street : June 3rd, 1915.

. . . Julian has gone in glory to peace. One can only feel how splendidly he has used his life. It is no waste, but a most noble spending of what he had. Or rather, it is putting it out to interest; he is the richer, we all—the whole world is the richer—for such a noble death.

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FROM CAPTAIN GEORGE MONCKTON-ARUNDELL
(1ST LIFE GUARDS).

June 1, 1915.

. . . We have only just come back from Ypres, where we have been ever since that fatal day; the 13th. During this last ghastly fortnight I have thought of you always, and prayed so fervently that all might be well. He was such a splendid officer, and had done so well, and was adored by both officers and men, and his courage and bravery were renowned. He was a real leader of men, and the men he led would have followed him anywhere. We mourn our beloved friend, but, though he has been taken from us, he has left for all of us an *example* of heroism and devotion to duty.

There seems out here to be a complete upheaval of every idea, especially about death. Here one is so much in

the midst of it, and the result seems to change the outlook. Before the War I had always looked on it as something fearful, something to make one shudder—it seemed like going down steps to some dark and damp cave—but now it seems so different; it seems now like going up a staircase to some bright and brilliant place. So also with general character. Things are so changed. One forgets the mean and trivial things of life, and thinks so much more of the things worth having—true friendship, and courage, and loftiness of character. They seem to be brought out by the time of trouble. And if any of us are spared to come to the end of this terrible time, surely they will be the foundations on which we rebuild our lives. . . .

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FROM BRON LUCAS.

Wrest Hospital: May 29, 1915.

. . . You know that I was fonder of Julian than of any living man, and never can anyone else be the same to me that he was. It was not merely that we had so many things in common, and that never was I so happy as when I was riding or shooting or fishing with him. I think his personality counted for more. When he came back he always brought into one's life, stale and stuffy with all the things that seem so small now, great gusts of fresh air. Each time I saw him he used to make me feel at once the great expansion that was going on in him. And now, when the fulness of the powers that were in him seemed in sight, he is gone. In these short months he made himself a name as a soldier, and he is killed. I think of all the happy times we had, and of his spirits, his keenness, his skill, his intense enjoyment of everything that boy or man, sportsman or poet, loves; of the way he made everyone adore him, of the way he was the centre of all he did; and it seems that a great part of my life is torn from me. . . .

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FROM CYNTHIA ASQUITH.

62 Cadogan Square : May 30, 1915.

. . . It must be wonderful to think of Julian and all his glamour as so utterly unassailable; to know that he 'carries back bright to the Coiner the mintage of man.' And yet to feel that he had already found time to fulfil himself as the perfect Happy Warrior. He was one of the rare precious interpreters who help to make the War bearable to the spectators. How lovely his poem is, and how happy. I think his is one of the deaths that *must* confirm one's belief in immortality. He is so obviously inextinguishable.

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FROM CAPTAIN MAURICE BARING (FLYING CORPS).

France : June 2, 1915.

. . . The last time I went to see him he was lying asleep on a sheaf of corn in a barn. The Regiment had been standing-to for hours, and had just been told not to go on, and he had fallen asleep at once. The sun was streaming on him, and he looked so happy and radiant.

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FROM LIEUTENANT RAYMOND ASQUITH (GRENADIER GUARDS).

Richmond Camp : May 29, 1915.

. . . I have been thinking about Julian all these days, and always believing that his glorious strength and pugnacity would save his life. . . . You know how I loved him, his gaiety and fierceness and grace. How brilliantly he fought, and in how good a cause, and how his name will live upon our tongues, and shine for ever on the starry scroll of imperishable youth and valour. . . .

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FROM SECOND LIEUTENANT MICHAEL HERBERT (WILTSHIRE YEOMANRY).

Forest Row : May, 1915.

. . . For all of us who were Julian's friends it is the deepest grief, for we know that there never will be anyone

who can fill Julian's place in our lives or in our hearts. I feel that if one had only seen him but once it would have been enough to realise his charm, his attraction, and his invincible vitality. He was born to be a Hero, and he has fulfilled his destiny, and died the only death worthy of his life and of himself.

If it is possible to find comfort, it must be in the fact that you are the mother of such a son. . . .

FROM MISS ETHEL SMYTH TO MAURICE BARING.

Coign: May 28th, 1915.

. . . I did not know that Julian Grenfell was a poet, and to-day, before I got to the other part, I read and read with tears rolling down my cheeks, his poem in the 'Times.' The real thing; not 'literature,' but the acute fore-shortened statement. Fore-shortened unconsciously. Small as the key that opens the door. I remember how fond you always were of those boys.

FROM MISS ETHEL SMYTH TO JULIAN'S MOTHER.

July 15th, 1915.

. . . I am so glad to think that hearing of the deep impression your son's poem made on me gave you pleasure. I was looking down that column in rather an absent-minded way, and shall never forget how the thing blazed out at me. I am certain that as long as War lasts—that is, as long as this world lasts—it will be read, and overwhelm the reader as it did me and others. I have so often hoped that it might be some consolation to you to know that he wrote it just before his own hour struck. What a 'last song' to have sung!

Betty Montgomery may have told you that we discussed the possibility of my composing it; but I felt, and still feel, that to attempt it would be doing it violence. It seems to me that out of it another sort of music thunders; and if you hear that, as I do, how can you set it to mere crotchets and quavers? It would be to substitute an

almost obvious thing for something terrible and mysterious—rather as if God had appeared to Moses from behind the storm in the shape of the bearded Ancient of the Sistine, instead of speaking in a still small voice. Or rather it would be like setting the still small voice to music. It would anyhow be like interfering with a thing perfect in itself; so at least it seems to me. Bits of it could be set to music; but it is just the quiet deadly continuity of it, from beginning to end, that should not be broken.

There has never been, and never will be, anything like it—so simple and direct, and so terrifying and heart-rending. . . .

FROM SIBELL GROSVENOR.

35 Park Lane : June 8, 1915.

. . . I always see the vision of Julian's St. Michael face shining into this house, two or three times before he left. His work was finished here, and he has joined the wondrous company who have been found worthy to enter the golden gates of the heavenly city in the joy of their youth. . . .

FROM CAPTAIN FRANK FITZGERALD (ROYAL DRAGOONS).

July 21, 1915.

. . . Julian has been one of my greatest friends ever since we were at Eton together, and he is a frightful loss to all his friends and to the Regiment. I think he was the bravest man I ever met, and he had an absolute contempt for danger in any form.

He was one of the few soldiers in Flanders who really enjoyed the War, and I am quite sure he would have wished for no other fate. . . .

FROM MRS. BUCKMASTER.

Maidenhead : May 30, 1915.

. . . Your dear Julian has gained his promotion so gallantly; he was always such a brave boy, even from a

baby; I know how proud you must both be of him. When one thinks of all the young soldiers 'somewhere in heaven,' somebody's sons, who have now, after their hardships and sufferings, only a long eternity of glory and perfect happiness, it is very comforting. One hopes and prays that mothers and fathers will be helped to realise how near they are, and quite their own boys still. The happy meeting always before them. . . .

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FROM ARTHUR BALFOUR.

The Admiralty : May 29, 1915.

. . . Yet I will not call this a tragedy. To you the loss is immeasurable: to his friends, it is irreparable. But when I think of Julian and what Julian himself must think, I cannot use such language. The noblest of deaths in the greatest of causes he would have deemed no ill-fortune for others, and would have gladly welcomed for himself. For he was cast in a heroic mould: deeply moved by noble causes, loving peril for itself, and glorying in battle. To live greatly and to die soon is a lot which all must admire and some of us envy; indeed to my thinking it cannot be bettered. . . .

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FROM LIEUTENANT SIR PHILIP SASSOON, M.P.

Headquarters, 4th Corps : June, 1915.

. . . Ever since I first knew Julian in the old Eton days I have had the most tremendous admiration for him. There was no one like him. In his many-sided character boundless enthusiasm and mature judgment, impulse and diffidence, intelligence and spirit, all formed a glittering whole with that compelling vitality and high courage which have upheld him through all these bitter months, and made his death into a rite. You will not feel that one who in a few short years has achieved so much, and left so great a mark, has had an uncompleted life. 'He leaves a white unbroken glory, a gathered radiance, a width, a shining peace, under the night.' Such deaths as his strengthen

faith—it is not possible that such spirits can go out. We know that they must always be near us, and that we shall see them again. . . .

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FROM CAPTAIN JOHN ASTOR, D.S.O. (1ST LIFE GUARDS),
TO WALDORF ASTOR.

June, 1915.

. . . Everyone in the Cavalry (and probably Infantry) knew about Julian, and talked of him as one of *the* tigers of the War. . . .

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FROM MRS. LAMBERT.

Jeppes, South Africa : July, 1915.

. . . I am a working woman, and my eldest son is leaving to fight in Europe. Why I am writing is through his wish, to offer you our greatest sympathy in your sad sad loss. When my son was working at the Carlton Hotel out here, the Lieutenant Grenfell was a visitor there; he got up a boxing-display, and offered a sovereign to the lad who won fair. He was very keen on it. It fell to my lad to win the pound, he was carried shoulder high by Lieutenant Grenfell and others. I cannot tell you how grieved my son was when he just heard of your son's death.

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FROM BETTY MANNERS. (Her brother John had been
killed in the previous September.)

London Hospital : June 2nd, 1915.

. . . I did so pray and hope that the best had happened and you would get your Julian back. . . . The world feels so empty without the young glorious boys like Julian and John, who made us all feel what a splendid thing Life is. All who came in contact with Julian felt his compelling charm and untiring energy. I remember so well, when I first came out and before, feeling there was no one so splendid and wonderful, and being so proud to be his

friend. And now he will always remain young and beautiful, still conquering all before him. I try to feel that we have been lucky and blessed in having those glorious beings, and being loved by them; and we did realise every moment of their radiance. But my heart is aching for you, because I just do know what it is; nothing can be the same, but we live on in proud memories which they have gilded for us.

FROM EVAN CHARTERIS.

London: May, 1915.

. . . The name of Julian has come to be linked in my mind with all that is swift and chivalrous, lovely and courageous. The months of the War have given him a fame beyond his years; the best of his country was in all his actions; and in all that he did he had you in his heart, it was for you he won and wore his honours. Life is changed for all of us, we have to call up new forces within ourselves, we have to find fresh energies, to avoid being utterly crushed; nothing but the superb courage which was his can avail now, that and the deep faith that this cannot be the end of a being so vital. There is victory and beauty in the serene survival of his lovely spirit. What a perfect life, and how bravely ended; of all men he the Happy Warrior, for gathered about him seems to be all that has been said or thought of the glory and romance of War. For him it was the field of gay and conquering valour, the supreme adventure, made wonderful by the spirit which his poem showed.

In the universal sorrow Julian stands out as a shining figure, passing to another company of brother-soldiers, of soldier-saints. As in his poem, he had pierced already beyond the limits of our knowledge, and seen the infinite things.

I cannot imagine a greater or finer solace than that poem, for there is the spirit transcending death, the crowning expression of himself. . . .

The War throws open many windows. Suddenly the qualities thought and sung of, praised and aspired to, are made manifest in daily practice, and shown to be what survive and triumph. The world has become very dark, but the darkness is thick-set with stars, filled with an untold splendour. I see you conscious above all things of the radiant companionship that is yours, of the perfect memories; of his life so full and true which is continuing now beside you. I see you in the shining company of those twenty-seven years, each moment with a glory of its own, each filled and running over with the abundance of life; not one hour missed, each one a lifetime of radiant love, and each, while you live, to remain and guide you through the chances and changes of existence here. . . .

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FROM CAPTAIN LORD DESMOND FITZGERALD, IRISH
GUARDS. (He was killed in March, 1916.)

May 31, 1915.

. . . You know the love and deepest admiration I had for Julian. He has set a wonderful shining example for every soldier to follow. It will comfort you to know that he died the death every soldier must envy, and the one he above all would have chosen. 'There is an honour which may be ranked among the greatest, that is of such as sacrifice themselves to death for the good of their country.' In these days one must not grieve for those who are killed, but rather be thankful for them, and admire their great examples. Only I am so so so sorry for all of you.

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FROM NORAH LINDSAY.

Sutton Courteney: May 29, 1915.

. . . The days in front can never hold the radiance of the ones gone by, all those wonderful years with that bright and glorious boy, so flawless in body, so piercingly sweet in mind; with every gift, every chance to find Life perfect, and who made it so without any effort, and found

in the horror and din of battle that unfading beauty and joy which comes in supreme sacrifice of self, and the laying down of life at its fullest and highest. I will never forget the last morning of his four Oxford years, when he stood at this door, by his horse, and said goodbye to Sutton and me—who had been his happy slave. And I watched him go, in the hot sun, thinking how dull our life here would be without his lovely figure in that old green jersey, and his sunny head. His glamour can never fade from this place.

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June, 1915.

I send you the little Kodak of Julian; I shall always remember him like that—wild and sun-lit—life too cramped for his soaring spirit; now he has come into his happy kingdom, and all his horses are winged, and they are mounting beyond the bounds of finite being. . . .

One very curious incident happened as I was returning in the station-motor from Didcot; seeing an officer wanting to take it too, I offered to give him a lift; and we fell at once to talking of the one topic, and if the War would last long. He said 'All the best fellows are already gone, no one hardly left but shirkers,' and then he said 'Fellows like Julian Grenfell can't be replaced; he was the bravest man I ever knew.' I said 'That is strange, as I have just come from his home.' It turned out that he was a Buckinghamshire man, and had often hunted with Julian. I did not ask his name. I loved the fact that Julian should be a byword for braveness, so that strangers talked of it. . . . How proud his love must be now, as he realises that you reach out to him just as easily, and know him always near you.

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FROM SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Oxford: May 29.

. . . Nothing that anyone can say can possibly be half so consoling as Julian's noble poem. No evil could ever happen to the writer of that. He is a wonder. He accepted and rejoiced in both the means and the End. He

lived in Eternity, which is a manner of living, not a length of life. Our extra days seem poor things. We all pass on, fortunately.

Words are no use; the live glorious complete thing that is a splendid human history is too much for them. It's over; but there is some standard other than our feeding and breathing, or even than our memory; and if we could only see it, nothing has perished. Our weakness cries for comfort, and I dare not try to think how you will learn to do without Julian, day by day. But I love to think how lightly he would talk of his own death, if we could hear his voice.

It was the Civil-War Duke of Ormonde who said, when someone offered him pity, that he would rather have his dead son than any living son in Christendom. That is true for you. It's almost true, with very deep changes, for me—I never met or heard of anyone who was so entirely the perfect soldier. He put a new face on War, or revealed the real face of War. . . .

June 7th, 1915.

. . . I do hope we may have some of Julian's letters, and his poems, in a book. I keep on thinking of them; it would make a Soldier's Testament. It is not the memory of him that matters, he's far beyond that and above that; but it's the use of that rare faith on this earth. There is such a lifting of the heart in every word he writes. Death has nothing to do with him—only with us, and his letters help to save us.

FROM ARCHDEACON SOUTHWELL.

Casualty Clearing Station 10: June 10, 1915.

I was most truly sorry to hear about your son; but he himself had no fears and no sorrows. He spoke to me soon after he came in, and said 'I only want to know, I am not in the least afraid.'

I read his verses in the 'Times,' and they seem to me very wonderful. With such a grip on things as he had,

nothing could be sad to him. Mixing so much as we do here with men, one cannot value too greatly the example of such a man. The work here would be almost too sad if the men who came through were not so splendid. I think if the people at home could see a clearing-station they would be stirred beyond expression. I should greatly like to accept your kind invitation when this War is over. I have undertaken to stay here as long as it lasts. My only son is in the Navy, and I think he is glad that I should be here.

FROM COLONEL SARGENT.

Boulogne: June, 1915.

. . . Quite apart from their surgical aspect, there are a few patients towards whom one feels strongly drawn from the very first, and Julian was one of them. There was something about him which appealed at once, even to a stranger like myself. It was not only his charm of manner, but the calm fearlessness in the face of what I am sure he realised was a critical injury, which cannot be assumed, and which belongs only to the truly heroic. To watch him and those he loved was at once an example and an inspiration. Amongst the forces which upheld you, not the least powerful must have been the consciousness that, of the many noble lives which have been given for our country in this terrible War, you have given one of the very noblest.

FROM ANNE ISLINGTON.

8 Chesterfield Gardens: May 27, 1915.

The pitiless War has taken Julian too. I prayed so that he might be saved. But he will always be linked here by the unforgetting love and admiration of all who knew him. He was one of the rare people about whom one always felt the same tenderness and love, when he was absent and when he was with one. What a son to have had. What a son to lose. How hard it is to think of having to live

on, when the other land has now so many who made this world beautiful. I wish you could have been spared this terrible grief, and that the country could have kept gallant beautiful life-bringing Julian. It seems as if all our candles are being put out; and only the memory of those we love will lighten our darkness.

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FROM LADY FRANCES BALFOUR.

Achnashie : May 28, 1915.

I read of your Julian's death in the 'Times' as I was travelling down the Clyde, getting into the circle of the hills of home. The sunset was everywhere—light at eventide. So it will be with you. Through the grave and gate of his death you will pass into the peace and light with him and for him. There is something very wonderful in motherhood today. We were given our children at a time when they would be ready to fight the good fight. Their half-day's march is done, and it is given to us to know that what we have given of ourselves has done its duty. They have ended well, 'wrapt from the fickle and the frail,' we can never be anxious about them again. The aching pain of the empty place is our part of the sacrifice. It will last as our scar from the scorching fight; but it will be borne by you and by others with the courage our dead soldiers showed as they faced the valley of the shadows. . . .

The name of this place means 'The Field of Peace,' it is a garden on a loch-side under the hills. May the strength of the everlasting hills be given to you.

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FROM LADY BETTY BALFOUR.

Fisher's Hill : May 29, 1915.

Julian was glorious through the War, so young and splendid, so magnificently brave and magnificently enduring; and now like some swift radiant comet his life here is over. I simply can't believe that all the brilliant

youth which has been sacrificed in this War has ceased to be; on the contrary, one is almost compelled to believe that there is some specially great work on the other side needing to be done, and to which they have been called. The hard part is to know how our poor Earth can go on without them, but I believe that their spirit is immortal here, and will put something of youth and greatness and courage into the oldest of us. . . .

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FROM THE 'SPECTATOR.'

June 5, 1915.

Some of the best poems which have been inspired by the War were written by soldiers who let their minds hover about the thought of death, and found that the 'Arch-fear' (in Browning's phrase) had ceased to be a ghastly spectre, but had a friendly face and shining raiment, and was the comrade and understander of youth. In that spirit Rupert Brooke wrote the fine sonnet which described the kind of spiritual extra-territoriality which would belong to a soldier buried in a foreign land. His grave would be a piece of England. We find the same thing again in the remarkably beautiful lines which were written by the late Captain Julian Grenfell and were published in the 'Times' last Saturday. Deep feeling and art—something of the art of Chaucerian simplicity—are joined in these lines. Like Brooke, Julian Grenfell did not make death seem preternaturally glorious by contrasting it with hollow life and cruel Nature. He saw life full of companionship and Nature full of smiles and beauty. But these things supported and taught him. He wrote:—

'The fighting man shall from the sun
Take warmth, and life from the glowing earth;
Speed with the light-foot winds to run,
And with the trees to newer birth;
And find, when fighting shall be done,
Great rest, and fulness after dearth.

* * * * *

The woodland trees that stand together,
 They stand to him each one a friend;
 They gently speak in the windy weather;
 They guide to valley and ridges' end.

The kestrel hovering by day,
 And the little owls that call by night,
 Bid him be swift and keen as they,
 As keen of ear, as swift of sight.'

We are grateful for such a message as that from youth
 to youth.

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FROM THE LITERARY SUPPLEMENT OF THE 'TIMES.'

October 21, 1915.

There is nothing so fatal to art as anxiety, at least anxiety about the subject-matter of the art. A poet may escape from actual anxiety into the tranquillity of his art if his subject-matter is not concerned with his anxiety; but where he is anxious about his very subject-matter he can only escape into a feigned tranquillity which causes his art to be feigned also. What is it that moves us so powerfully in the poem by Julian Grenfell which Professor Knight republishes in his preface to this book? * It is that he, the soldier, has found tranquillity in the midst of battle; and that he communicates to us the joy of one who has passed beyond the fear of death.

The fighting man shall from the sun
 Take warmth, and life from the glowing earth;
 Speed with the light-foot winds to run,
 And with the trees to newer birth;
 And find, when fighting shall be done,
 Great rest, and fulness after dearth.

That is his intuition which he won for himself, which came to him after duty done. He knew what had happened in his own mind, and that knowledge made his poem. But such intuitions cannot come to poets at home, still watching and waiting in the anxiety of mere spectators;

* 'Pro Patria.'

and if they pretend, artistically, to them, then art itself will be a pretence. They may try to hearten us with resolute verse; but they are, at the same time, trying to hearten themselves; and, again, it is a fictitious poet, happier and more at one in his mind than any real poet can be, whom they create for that purpose.

FROM THE 'MORNING POST.'

November 29, 1915.

Mr. Birrell, birrelling at Bristol the other day, declared that 'he, for one, would forbid the use of poetry during the war.' It was one of those would-be-clever remarks which make one wish that certain persons could be deprived of the use of prose, whether written or spoken, until the coming of the Cocqigrues (see Kingsley's 'Water Babies' for the precise date). If this half-baked statesman's wish had been granted, we should have missed Rupert Brooke's triumphant war sonnets and Julian Grenfell's enraptured vindication of the soldier's vocation—poems which are wrought of

Sidneian showers
Of sweet discourse, whose powers
Can crown old Winter's head with flowers,

and, preludes as they were of Sidneian deaths, are title-deeds to immortality for themselves and their makers.

FROM THE 'SYDNEY MORNING HERALD.' AUSTRALIA.

December, 1915.

But, on the whole, it is the less known men who show to the best advantage. Particular interest attaches to 'Into Battle' written in Flanders last Spring by Julian Grenfell, the young captain, who so soon after met the death he would himself have chosen. He speaks of the soldier face to face with the elemental facts of life finding his mood reflected in the harmonies of nature; of the sheer clean zest in conflict that the fighting man knows:—

And when the burning moment breaks,
 And all things else are out of mind,
 And only Joy of Battle takes
 Him by the throat, and makes him blind.

Through joy and blindness he shall know,
 Not caring much to know, that still
 Nor lead nor steel shall reach him, so
 That it be not the Destined Will.

The thundering line of battle stands,
 And in the air Death moans and sings;
 But Day shall clasp him with strong hands,
 And Night shall fold him in soft wings.

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FROM THE 'SATURDAY REVIEW.'

December 11, 1915.

No family has given of its best more generously in the war than have the Grenfells, and no individual record is more moving to consider than the glorious one of Captain Grenfell, D.S.O., Lord Desborough's eldest son, who fell in France on 26th May. It needs the pen of the Royalist historian who drew the portraits of Lord John Stuart and of Falkland to do justice to the theme; for in Julian Grenfell was a rare union of what that historian called the 'cholerick' soldier, who did not disguise his love of battle, with the writer of magical English verse. Oxford has turned out of late years no completer Englishman. 'Julian,' writes one who can speak of him from the most absolute intimacy, 'was a fighting man and not a poet,' and that is so, essentially; he was the professional soldier, the amateur poet. And his brief and splendid story was largely one of physical prowess. He was a good rider, and a boxer of renown. In South Africa Julian Grenfell won many races, and brought off the record high jump at the Johannesburg Horse Show—6 ft. 5 ins. He defeated the champion boxer of South Africa after a severe fight, and 'was always ready to take on anybody with the gloves if he could get the chance.' In the week in which he wrote

in Flanders, last April, his famous poem on the fighting man ministered to by all Nature—the stars, the sun, the winds and the birds—he was employed in knocking out two professionals in boxing meetings at the Front.

Julian Grenfell then was the casual, strictly the amateur, poet; and his scattered lines, when presently they are collected, may be too slight to describe as ‘works.’ But one at least of his verses will live on and make a sure appeal when perhaps the great bulk of printed matter, poetry and prose, of our day has been completely forgotten. There is not the faintest doubt about the quality of his lines on the fighter and the glory of fighting. They are matchless among the verses of to-day; and we believe they will pass into the living body of English literature, partly through pure poetic merit and partly through the high renown of Julian Grenfell. They were printed for the first time some months ago, and lately the Society for the Protection of Birds has given them in part on its Christmas Card. We are glad of the privilege to reprint the lines here, so that readers who have been haunted by their beauty and strength, and by their glorious sense of surging youth, may enjoy them once again in full. Hitherto they have not been quite accurately printed as regards the arrangement of the lines; the first verse, as Julian Grenfell wrote it, should consist of eight lines, the second of six, and the rest of four apiece.

FROM THE ‘MORNING POST.’

April, 1916.

And then, let none forget it, there is the late Captain Julian Grenfell’s song of the light and delight of battle; the joyous liberation of a Crashaw-at-arms; the one incorruptible and incomparable poem which the war has yet given us in any language. Never has the soldier’s fellowship with all striving creatures been more nobly vindicated than in these stanzas. It will live as long as the English language. And yet English schoolchildren, who should have it all by heart (as I have) are still compelled to commit to memory ‘Casabianca’ and ‘Excelsior’ and

other essays in the mock-heroic. We have been told that this poem was written after nights of solitary scouting, in the very same week in which the poet knocked out two highly-skilled professional pugilists. I had the good luck to see him box three rounds with Lieutenant Huntingdon in the officers' competitions at Aldershot some years ago; it was a contest of epic greatness which will never be forgotten by those who saw it with a judicious eye. At one time both men were as nearly as could be knocked out; if only the soldier-poet, who was the first to recover, had been able to see his opponent in time he would have won without a doubt. He had a beautiful right, which would have made the fortune of any professional heavy-weight. Yes, he boxed as he wrote, in the grand style.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THESE were some of Billy's letters that Summer.

TO LAURA LOVAT.

June 8th, 1915.

. . . Julian has passed into another field of brave endeavour, leaving us his lovely memory and shining example. He had the Happy Warrior's death which he desired. It is only those who remain behind to grieve for him who are to be pitied. You were his wonderful friend always.

TO CON MANNERS.

June, 1915.

The strong brave spirit of you and yours upholds and comforts us. I know you feel with me that John and Julian have only journeyed a little further on the road, and that there is nothing good or fair in them but is increased and multiplied, both to them and us. . . .

Death is such a frail barrier out here, men cross it so smilingly and gallantly every day, one cannot feel it as a severing in any way. Pray that I may bear myself bravely when the burning moment breaks.

TO ANNE ISLINGTON.

July 11, 1915.

. . . I feel so strongly, as you know, the littleness of our life here and the nothingness of death, that Julian seems more vivid and valiant, and his influence more uplifting and inspiring even than before. The passage between the two worlds is crossed so gallantly and light-

heartedly by hundreds every day out here: it seems a gateway, not a barrier, and a path I am sure to joy and freedom. How fortunate too to die at the zenith of strength and glory, rather than old and gouty-fingered, and hated by one's numerous progeny and friends. 'Those whom the Gods love die young.'

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FROM COLONEL MACLACHLAN (8TH BATT. RIFLE BRIGADE)
TO WILLIE.

June 2nd, 1915.

. . . There was no more gallant officer in the whole Army than Julian, and his deeds of daring are famous out here. The country can ill afford to lose such a leader in these critical times. Billy is standing the shock—and it was a grievous shock to him—bravely, and he goes about his work very quietly, with a stout heart. At present he is up in the trenches. I came out with two Companies last night.

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BILLY TO HIS FATHER.

Stafford House, Flanders: June 4th, 1915.

MY DEAR DADDY,—I send you a line to Taplow to let you know that all goes well.

What a terribly sad home-coming for you all. But I feel more and more that our dear boy has just passed on to fuller life. Nothing could extinguish his spirit, or dull the living force of his glorious example. . . .

We are having a pleasant rest-cure here, vis à vis to a different partner nightly; first Prussian Guards, then spiteful Bavarians, and now, judging from the complete quietude, the homely and domestic Saxon. These are splendid trenches, or rather sandbag-breastworks. A man of more than ordinary size can waddle along and only be sniped here and there. There are two shifts, 12 a.m. to 12 p.m. and vice-versa. The night shift is the liveliest; Maxims, fire from fixed rifles, trench mortars, flares etc;

quite like the Crystal Palace Displays. We reply with rapid fire and derisive hoots.

By day the artillery have their turn ; K.'s guns are short of practice, and try it on the Huns, but generally land on the napes of our necks. We bawl down the telephone, but they are past improvement. The German guns are dashed good ; they have the range to a yard, but have left us alone lately—mercifully.

We are in with the Staffs. (T.F.) 'for instruction' ; they are a charming lot, and live like princes, (Lord, how one loves one's meals here !) and work like beavers, repairing parapets, and making auxiliary trenches through the cornfields in front.

My men are taking kindly to the game. The sentries at night have to keep their heads clear above the parapet, which is trying for them with so many bees about. But they get acclimatized—even careless—very quickly.

'Gas' is the great cry out here now, and everyone claps on a pig's snout and looks supremely ridiculous ; but we haven't seen any yet.

How are Mummie and Casie ? Give them my very best love.

I will write again as soon as I can.

Yours ever,
BILLY.

BILLY TO HIS MOTHER.

June 6th, 1915.

Just a word to tell you that I have got your letters, and Casie's, and Daddy's, for which great thanks go to you all. I have had such dear letters from Cyncie, Con, Angie, Adèle, and Laura—and send them all for you to see. What a lovely Sonnet in Saturday's 'Times' about Julian. Just what I feel. Who wrote it ? I love 'unfooted asphodel,' and 'leapt the golden stile'—how beautiful that is ! It is wonderful to think that his unconquered spirit is inspiring the British Army. My Tommies are so simple and dear and sympathetic about him. I am so glad that you are at last sleeping better, my very dearest. God

will be your Refuge, and the thought that Julian's immortal spirit is now a step nearer to Him.

What is our life but a sleep and a forgetting? Everyone here carries it so gallantly and thoughtlessly in their hands. It is the least and the most that they can give, and how willingly they give, and how glorified they are in the giving. 'Those whom the Gods love die young.' I have written a résumé of our movements to Casie, which must serve for you both, as I am a trifle short of sleep. Very very best love, my darling—

BILLY.

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Sans Souci, Flanders : June 11, 1915.

Just out again, reaching here at 6 a.m., for the best bacon and eggs I ever tasted. The mud is up to one's armpits after 24 hours rain, it gives one an idea of what it was like in the winter cold. We only had two men hit in my platoon, one very slightly, and one badly in the head. The former roared like a bull, and slightly upset the nerves of the others. It is the very devil getting a stretcher along these narrow trenches.

These occasional hits are the only things that make one realise that this is War, and not a Brock's Gala at the Crystal Palace with orchestral accompaniment.

The 7th were two hours late relieving us, and we had to walk out in grey twilight and greyer mud. The pace regulated by a wounded man, $\frac{1}{4}$ mile an hour. However the Huns missed their chance. Their snipers are brilliant and ubiquitous. I am losing my military bearing, and adopting the Carpentier crouch. One night I spent in putting up a few amateur loop-holes along the top of our parapet. They spotted them in the first flush of dawn, and shot them to blazes. We used to give them Hell occasionally, volleys over the parapet. We have devised a loop-hole now which we hope will beat them at their own game.

The men and self are very bloodthirsty, and enjoying ourselves immensely.

B.

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Pippa-in-the-Ring: June 14, 1915.

Just a word to let you know that we are all well, and luxuriating in a different pastoral setting every day. Such green trees, and deep meadows, and Hobbema landscapes, not seizing to the eye, but infinitely restful.

Pippa is not very near the firing line, so it is presumed that the Division is concentrating here, to be thrust in when the moment comes.

It is a deuced long time coming; tell the pet of the aristocracy, Lloyd George, to send along the shells. The people here are Walloon and pro-Boer. They have heard no news since 1900, and so have no settled convictions on the present War.

There is really no news. Let me know about inner politics and foreign secrets when you write? We get nothing here but 'official' news, so glaringly fabricated that not even the Tommies can swallow it. You might send me out my thin silk vests and drawers, and 'The 100 Best Lyrics,' in Greek, Latin, English, and French—published I think by Nelson.

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Friday, June 18, 1915.

I loved your dear and brave letter about Julian. How right you are. This is written under some difficulties, in the rearmost trenches near Y. with a battery of R.F.A. pooping off in my ear; the moral effect of our guns at close quarters is very deleterious. We are in support of a local attack. They started Wednesday morning, took three lines of trenches, were shelled out of one by our own guns, out of the second by the Huns, and are holding the third. Troops engaged, one Division, and two New-Army Brigades in reserve. One Battalion streamed back through our lines on Wednesday night, saying 'Tout est ver-loren' etc; but it was quite untrue. They had merely been sent back because there was no room for them. We are going back tonight to our bloodstained huts. I am not sorry, as we live the life of the hunted here. You cannot go out for a walk without everyone bawling 'Get under cover, German aeroplane.' And whenever I go on a little looting-party to Ypres, I find that we have been



BILLY GRENFELL AND THREE RIFLEMEN COOKING,
FLANDERS, 1915.

ordered out at a moment's notice, and that all my Platoon are out after me calling cuckoo. Our official secrecy is perplexing to no one but ourselves; I doubt whether it is really an advantage in modern war that . . .

Ypres is just a pile of broken bricks and empty bottles now. The Cloth Hall must have been a gem of mediæval art. There is still good bathing in the moat. We lack for nothing here in the way of supplies. Give Daddy my very best love.

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Vlamertinghe : June 20, 1915.

We are here having a siesta, in a treeless land, about 90° in the shade. This is a rest-camp so-called; it looks rather like the park at Taplow on the day after the fête. This War is so gigantic that apparently only a very few can take part in it at the same time. But thank the Lord I have learned patience if nothing else in my training as an Infantryman.

Our sister-Brigade caught it pretty hot in support the other day at Y.—pushed into crowded flooded trenches where they were not wanted, and lost several hundred men. They are not lucky, because as they marched out to their rest-camp afterwards a Jack Johnson came from nowhere, and knocked out about 20. It is sickening to feel our vast superiority man for man to the Huns, and to be so kept in check by their mechanics, human and otherwise—guns, machine-guns, gunners, and snipers.

The soldiers here lead hunted lives; each one implored to use his initiative, and heavily floored if he does; as e.g. if he slopes off to a pub, when supposed to be 'standing-by' the pig-tub.

The weather is too glorious, and the junior officers full of beans. We are thinking of escaping to Paris for 24 hours. Meanwhile we vegetate in confident expectation of 'Der Tag.'

I loved Charles Lister's letter, 'tender and true'; and the 'Spectator' article about Julian. I hope dear Dads is better? Your cakes were so good, and the tobacco. Send some more Tiptree Jam. 'Little Scarlet Strawberry' we like best.

près d'Y. : Sunday, June 27, 1915.

Thursday night we went on one of our little Divisional Staff divertissements—a digging-stunt; we marched into Ypres six hundred strong, pushing off at 6 p.m. We were met by a Sapper Officer, our guide, who did not even pretend to know the way, lay down for ten minutes whenever a shell came over, and between whiles ran like a rabbit up the narrowest and muddiest communication-trench, with our gallant six hundred ploughing after him. At 1 a.m. we reached an insanitary-looking trench, miles from where we were expected. The Sapper pushed a few men into it, shouting nervously 'Improve the parapet, improve the parapet'—but immediately reappeared with a queasy screech, having seen two corpses reclining in a corner, and led a disorderly retreat, again in the wrong direction. We reached home at 4 a.m.; the Sapper reported 'We began work, and made fair progress.' This is inevitable out here; no lie is too mean to tell to immediate superiors. Of course these minor fiascos are merely amusing, but one trembles for the larger adventures if conducted in the same spirit. E.G. the 'holding attacks' round Y. have been peculiarly foolish and costly.

We have been out of the trenches a week now, and shall be for it again shortly. Being under moderate fire is, curiously enough, rather pleasurable. I have sought for excitement all my life, and am now getting it in restrained doses. Some of our philosopher-officers are glorious, particularly Les Woodroffe,* our 2nd Captain, who has the most Platonic contempt for terrestrial danger. He told me the other day that he had never even envisaged the possibility of getting hit himself; and he certainly saunters about most placidly among the bullets.

Those wretched Slavs seem to be taking it in the neck. We are much better off for high explosives now, 'Granny' is not far off, and knocked out a barracks and a church with one shot the other day. Please thank Daddy very much for his letter, and give him my dearest love, I do

* His two brothers were killed. The youngest one got the V.C. He himself was very severely wounded, recovered, and was killed on June 4, 1916, the very day of his return to France.

so hope he is better now? Monica sounds happy, back at her Wimereux hospital, how very splendid she has been, and you to let her go.

Send me my *own* telescopic-sight, as I understand it better than the other.

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July 3, 1915.

Mog's Lemon-Squash was *awfully* good, and your galantine and grapes. We are starving and dying of drought in these trenches, where there is nothing more palatable than Bosch corpses in varying stages of decay. It is pretty hot sometimes, atmospherically and otherwise, but we are all well and enjoying ourselves. One officer in D. Company slightly wounded, Captain, A. Company, killed by a gas-shell. A few men, but only one of mine. Forgive haste, I am digging a little watch-tower to snipe the Huns.

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Trenches north of Y. : July 6, 1915.

I got a delicious letter from you yesterday, and one from Daddy. I did laugh about —.

I am really enjoying myself here, having got perfectly used to every form of frightfulness, from hand-grenades to Jack Johnsons. The gas is pleasant to the senses, but deleterious I am told in large quantities. Yesterday they let off a trench-mortar at Ronnie Bachus, the naturalized South-American I told you of, and buried him and his two sergeants; and fifteen ignoble Huns in great-coats followed up with bombs to take the trench. However Ronnie burrowed out, and outed them with hand-grenades, and we caught them on their return journey and bagged all but two with rifle fire. There is always something going on; R.F.A. men experimenting with trench-mortars, which invariably explode and damage our permanent defences; or wiring parties outside the trench by night, or the Miners' Battalion walking about with nothing on but their trousers and picks, attempting subterranean warfare. This morning the Division on our left made a big attack, supported by our guns, to which the Huns replied with

interest. It was Hell let loose, and all kinds of tinware hurtling about; one fragment of the main sewer broke, alas, our treasured cruse of vin-du-pays; but we only had one man hit in this Company, which was lucky. My watch-tower is a great success, we loose off from it day and night; I made one Hun move sharper than ever before, but the distance is too great, 500 yds, to be really accurate. My telescopic-rifle will be a great boon.

Oh, about General —, it is too angelic of him even to suggest it, but I do not really entertain the idea for a minute; the 'extra A.D.C.' is regarded with such well-deserved loathing and contempt out here; all the tufts and toadies like — and —, as they come ambling past our clay-stained columns on lady's hacks or in Limousines. Besides, what earthly good would I be to —, beyond washing his bottles and relieving him of the press of business by losing his more important papers? Nor *could* I really leave the Battalion, which is already five officers short; I know how you will agree. The men are glorious, I do love them. All the boring platitudes about them are thrice true; and we have such good jokes, about the food mostly, as at Summer Fields, and about what we will do to the 'Keyser.'

Noise becoming perplexing, so will stop now, with fondest love to all. I am so glad you are better. Send this on to Casie at Wimereux, and I will write to her at the earliest opportunity.

July 11th, 1915.

MY DEAREST DADDY,—Will you please use your political influence and get my little .275 Mannlicher rifle sent out here, by the most expeditious route. Perhaps one of the King's Messengers could possibly get it as far as Bailleul or neighbourhood, or a returning officer? and I could fetch it from there. Also, if possible, 500 cartridges for same. Telescopes would be a good thing out here, as one could shove them up in the holes between the sand-bags, which will not admit a field-glass. The Army and Navy Stores used to sell quite cheap ones, but good enough

for the purpose, about 18/-. *Please* get the rifle through if possible, so that we may have it for our next tour in the trenches. I could see nearly 1200 yards down the German trenches from my watch-tower, but could not make really accurate practice with open sights. The National Volunteers are appreciated at last at their true value. I do wish they would send you out with an Army Corps. Our Generalissimos have not all got that iron nerve or that push-and-go which is requisite. We can always rid ourselves of one authority by saying 'Excuse me, Sir, two men were shot dead by snipers just there; for God's sake, Sir, keep your head down, and move along at the double.' Off he goes, lathering with fear, never to reappear.

Very very best love, from

BILLY.

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July 11th, 1915.

My specs. have arrived, also telescopes, cigarettes, Lyrics, lemon-squash, jam, Yorkshire-pie, and other delicacies, for which most grateful thanks. My 'Life Guard' periscope was smashed, please send me another.

We came out at 1 a.m. on Friday, and marched 14 miles here through Poperinghe, oh, the smell of the cows and the new mown hay, after being in the cage with 22 unburied Germans. Such heavenly country and seclusion. However, the spirit being willing, I have asked to go upon a machine-gun course among the pom-poms at Bailleul.

Do you know, I had not seen a corpus vile since I was fifteen, at the Morgue, and dreamed of it for weeks afterwards. I guess you could not show me much new now in that line. I had to bury five K.R.R.'s one afternoon in a shell-hole in full view of the Germans. I longed to signal that we were making a sepulchre and not a fort. However, we got it done somehow, and read the burial service. That same evening we collected 28 British rifles in a little wood in front of my trenches, mostly tightly clasped by their late owners.

Only one other incident, after 7 days bully-beef, we felt we *must* have lobster and white wine, my usual luncheon

before the Varsity tennis match, and very invigorating; so we sent an unwilling party of three to the only shop standing in Wipers:—hours later one returned, saying that one comrade had been gassed and the other sunstruck, but bearing four tins and four bottles.

My servant is ex-footman to Lady Beecham. The other day he was getting me some afternoon tea, when a 'crump' crumped most effectually the dug-out in which he reposes for 18 hours out of the 24. I have forbidden him to mention his 'providential escape' to me again, under pain of being returned to duty. We are out for ten days you will be relieved to hear. . . . Darling Julian is so constantly beside me, and laughs so debonairly at my qualms and hesitations. I pray for one-tenth of his courage. All love to everyone.

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July 14th, 1915.

MY DARLING CASIE,—I take the opportunity of writing to you, in the intervals of the most boring cricket-match I have ever played in. I feel we should be a stronger and a braver people if cricket had never been invented. Mummie will send on to you my 'Chamber of Horrors' letters. We have been resting for three days now, and are already bored with inaction. Alas, we get no leave, being in 'Divisional Reserve.' There are no amusements here, but lots of food and wine. The German infantryman is contemptible, but their machines are dashed good. I often wish for your strong brave hands; my one idea of dealing with the wounded is to mend them with strong stickphast or gum. I will write if there is a chance of getting down to see you at Wimereux. All dearest love.

BILLY.

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(This letter is full of delightful drawings.)

July 15th, 1915.

DARLING MOGS,—Thank you so much for your letter and the lemon-squash. I am sorry about Mr. Phillips the guinea-pig. We have Belgian hares for dinner some-

times. Whenever I see a German I have a shot at him. The shells make everyone jump 6 ft, except the cows. I hope the Huns don't turn on the gas. Love from,

BILLY.

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July 18th, 1915.

MY DARLING DAD,—Thank you so very very much for the HAM. It was delicious, and much applauded. It is most awfully good of you to see about the rifle, etc, for me, when you have so many more important interests to look after. But the Colonel would really be delighted if you could get some telescopic-sights from Gibbs. Also please send a couple more of the cheap telescopes from the Army and Navy Stores. The trenches are so taxing to the nerves of the men, and it is all important that they should feel on the top of the Huns in the way of sniping; attrition of nerves means as much as attrition of bodies. We have been resting for a week now. I begged the Colonel to let me do a Machine-Gun-Course, as the routine is dull after the real thing, and I believe I am beginning tomorrow, so it looks as if we should have another week out.

We went digging last night in torrents of rain in motor omnibuses. I was cross. The R.E.'s think that they are the only people since Adam to understand spade work, regardless of the fact that we did little but dig for ten months. It is with the greatest difficulty that I refrain from kicking them, which would be subversive of Military discipline.

The Russians seem to be hanging on a razor's edge; what do they think of it in England?

I am sorry you are giving up all the hot-houses, what will become of your carnations?

Our transport officer went over the other day and bearded Lloyd George in the Munitions Office, and got him to order 5000 'snipo-scope' rifles weekly. I got the periscope, and also wrote to Mother that I would like dear Julian's Burberry, sleeping-bag, and trench boots; she asked me if I would. Maurice might bring my rifle. He returns on the 19th. Best love, will write again when there is more to say.

Your, BILLY.

St. Jean la Bièvre : July 20th, 1915.

DARLING MOTHER,—We are for the reserve trenches on the ramparts of Y. tomorrow, quite comfortable I believe, though full of insects. There is fine bathing, one general shop, and unique opportunities to study the ruins. You cannot imagine how tawdry unvenerable ruins are, fragments of chests of drawers and house-maids cupboards, instead of skeleton oriel windows. It looks like a spring uncleaning.

I got the periscope quite all right. Do try and get out my Mannlicher rifle and ammunition. It ought not to be difficult. The Tiptree jam is awfully good. I like the strawberry and blackberry jelly best. Do send a few good novels, I have never read 'Clayhanger' or 'Hilda Lessways,' and send some of the Thomas Hardy's that I have not read. I adored 'Bealby,' and Rupert Brooke's poems. What a fiery poignant spirit, and how unassuaged by this life, I do not remember anything so nakedly personal since Catullus? It don't appear he was ever in love, but had drained 'love's sad satiety' to the dregs. His sonnet to the Dead is lovely, and his witty and cynical philosophising in the Fish, and Mamua;—God, how he *felt*. I am glad not to be in England now. What a sad, disgraceful, unennobled, burglarious huckster among nations we are; and we are not doing much out here to right it, whether because we cannot or because they won't let us, the Lord knows, but one suspects the latter; but at least we are cheerful and willing, except when some glaring Harmsworthian 'cotton' or 'coal' catches our eye.

The lady of this farm has twelve flaxen-haired unwashed brats, I expect you would love them as much as I hate them. I asked her the other day, as it always made me giddy to count them, how many there are. 'Douze, et pas un mort,' she said in a tone of unfeigned regret, so she must agree with me and Malthus.

The fog of War envelopes the machine-gun and its numerous slots, gams, cams, and friction rollers; I can only press the button and pray to Allah, like the Turks. Very best love to all at Taplow. Send me some mixed chocolate, we can only get plain here.

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July 26th, 1915.

Just a line to let you know that all goes well. We are in support here, in a palatial villa of the Petit Trianon epoch, and living, I am glad to say, in the height of idleness and luxury. This inaction is all very pleasant in its way, but one don't quite see where it leads to. Attrition at this rate might last for years; of course, as Hilaire so lucidly puts it, we can outstay the Huns *whatever happens*, but I do not see why we should not accelerate the processes of nature. And then there is always the gnawing fear that the politicians will step in with an inconclusive peace, and our loved ones will have died in vain. The modern Englishman seems to cling to life with unnatural tenacity. We read without a tremor of 100,000 Russians having kicked the bucket, but blanch at the thought of one Britisher in danger. I do not think we are thorough enough. What do the big-wigs at home think of it all? We are going up round the crater at Hooze in a day or two, so I guess we will be too busy to think of higher strategy then. I loved the new 'Irish R.M.' book. Please send me another ham. I will write again when I have something more interesting to say.

July 28th, 1915.

All thanks for your letter and 'Clayhanger.' We are still in our Château, and go up round the 'crater' for a week to-morrow. I had a troubled day yesterday. I had a digging party of 50 just behind the firing line; when the time for returning came, the question arose whether we should go down a bottomless communication trench or chance it down the road—all was quiet, and you can guess which I chose; and we had hardly gone half a mile when I bitterly regretted it, since every piece in the Hun repertory seemed to be directed at us. We moved for safety at a smart pace, and got through, God helping us, without a single scratch. At every discharge, the fainter spirits rolled over like rabbits and lay in the ditch; I thought they were surely dead, but they doubled rapidly after their comrades when I got near enough to use my boots. The amusing thing was that the Corps General and Brigadier,

and their respective Staffs, were coming up the communication trench at the moment, and lay with their faces pressed into the mud until the fun was over. I had vamoosed long before they had sufficiently recovered to send a Military Policeman to take my name and address.

On Sunday one of our scout-planes brought down a Taube from 5000 ft. amid the cheers of the troops and villagers. It fell *blazing*, with most splendid rapidity; the observer did a fair imitation of a Swedish dive from 1000 ft., but fell rather heavy.

What luck for you going to Sawley, and getting the Wigglesworth shooting for Ivo. I do not hear anything about Leave for us. Very best of all love.

BILLY.

On the evening of August 2nd the news reached Taplow that Billy had been killed, leading his platoon in a charge near Hooze on Friday afternoon, July 30th.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THESE were some letters from soldiers about Billy.

FROM COLONEL MACLACHLAN (8TH BATTALION,
RIFLE BRIGADE).

31st July, 1915.

DEAR LORD DESBOROUGH,—You will have heard from the War Office that Billy is missing. Alas—I fear it is even worse—I would give the world not to have to write it, but no finesse can lighten the blow for you both. Billy was killed in action yesterday afternoon about 3 p.m. when gallantly charging over the open at the head of his men.

It is all too tragic, and I dare not think what this double shock can mean to you.

I've but a few minutes to write. We were fighting for exactly 24 hours yesterday, and I've just marched into billets with a casualty list of 19 officers, and one's only inclination is to sit and sob. I can't grasp the magnitude of the loss. Of course I cannot yet give you the place or occasion of this horrible happening; but I recall Billy's note to me when Julian was killed, and I am convinced that the boy went forward confidently and proudly to what he knew was almost certain death.

I don't feel I can tell you more now, but I hope that by catching the very first possible post, you will get this before the bald statement of fact from the War Office. We had to leave him lying out in the open, as all life and vigour died out of the attack under the most terrific machine gun fire, and most of the leading line were killed or wounded. We were withdrawn last night, and so there was no opportunity of getting Billy or any other officer in. However I feel it would be cruel to hold out false hopes,

R R

as several men who saw him hit say there was no possibility of doubt.

He was such a dear fellow, with his quaint original ways, and just with the heart of a lion; and such a beloved personality. I don't feel up to writing more. My Adjutant has been killed among others.

With all my sympathy

RONALD MACLACHLAN.

FROM CAPTAIN SHEEPSHANKS (8TH BATTALION,
RIFLE BRIGADE).

August 1, 1915.

The Colonel has already told you the sad news of Bill's death. He died splendidly, leading his men over open ground up hill in the face of a tremendous fire from machine guns. His Platoon Sergeant saw him pitch forward with a bullet in the head, and thinks that he was hit again in the side as he fell. He must have been killed instantaneously, as he was not seen to move afterwards. Both as his Company-Commander and his friend I shall miss him enormously. His platoon all loved him, and he had somehow *inspired* them with a fighting spirit, and it was only a few days ago that I told the Colonel that Bill's platoon was the best fighting platoon I had. Words are useless things at these times, so I will say no more except to send you my very deepest sympathy, in the name of D Company officers and men, and especially No. 15 platoon.

FROM COLONEL MACLACHLAN (8TH BATTALION,
RIFLE BRIGADE).

3rd August, 1915.

DEAR LADY DESBOROUGH,—I wish I could give you further news. Fighting is still going on in the line where Billy fell, and his body has not been recovered, as far as I know.

His great friend Eddie Grant came to see me, and said he would write to you, and I found a Sergeant who was with Billy at the end. He died most splendidly—right in

front of his men, and, when the counter-attack failed, no officer or man was nearer the German trenches than Billy had reached. I still feel it almost impossible to write about. From the very first I somehow felt I should lose him. His casual contempt for all forms of danger was simply extraordinary. Only a day or two before, he had been out with a digging party all night, and returned in the morning in full daylight with his whole platoon right across the open—I saw him walking slowly along, carrying a man's rifle, with shells all round him, and quite unmoved. I know it's the death he wanted. He wrote me a little note about Julian, and said there was nothing finer to be hoped for.

I feel no words are adequate to tell you how sorry I am for you. These cold dry notes I write can help but little. Yet perhaps when I tell you that I've lost practically all my officers, who I have trained and lived with for a year, and who were one and all so fond of the Battalion, and so loyal to me, you will realize that I can sympathise with you in some small way.

Yours very sincerely,
R. MACLACHLAN.

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FROM COLONEL MACLACHLAN (8TH BATTALION,
RIFLE BRIGADE).

14th August, 1915.

DEAR LORD DESBOROUGH,—When the trenches were retaken I at once wrote and asked if a particular search could be made to find Billy's body, and asked to be allowed to send up a search party. However, I got an answer to say that the situation was still obscure, but the troops on the spot would be specially ordered to make a search. The next night I got another message that nothing could be done at present. I fancy the ground really has not been in our area at that spot.

However, we have now heard that we may send a search party by night, so Sheepshanks and one or two others are going. I would so gladly go myself, but it is impossible, as we are up in another front, and I have no one left to

take charge. It will be a labour of love for anyone who goes, as Billy was loved by everyone; and we knew, in spite of every care others might take of him, that he would one day do the biggest thing of all.

One feels rather desperate—only Sheepshanks really left, and I can't believe that a batch of 14 new officers have any right or claim to even attempt to fill the places of all those splendid young officers who have gone.

I will write to you, if possible, the result of to-night.

Yours in great haste,

R. MACLACHLAN.

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FROM LIEUT. SCOTT (8TH BATTALION, RIFLE BRIGADE)
TO WILLIE.

14th R.B. Belhus Park, Purfleet: August, 1915.

As one of the officers who remain of the 8th, I must write and tell you of our grief at the loss of dear Billy. I was in 'D' Company with him all the time, and was lucky enough to knock about with him a good deal, especially abroad. He was always so friendly with everyone, and the way he discussed the War with old peasants at our billets was delightful. His life was full of charming little incidents, and I wish I could tell you all of them. One moment he would produce his pocket Testament, or a tiny volume of Latin Lyrics, and be engrossed in it; and the next he would go off and buy cigarettes for his men, who would have done anything for him. He was quite imperturbable in an emergency; and always cheering in trying circumstances. For his eternal humour we were very often grateful. He was absolutely fearless, and he fell in the way he would have chosen, 'leading his men in a counter-attack.' The Colonel writes to me 'Billy was a lion on that day.' The sorrow and sympathy of all of us are very deep.

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FROM LIEUTENANT RUPERT FELLOWES.

Headquarters, 14th Division: August 17th, 1915.

. . . Billy was one of the leaders of his generation. He would have led us to fulfil many of the ends of which we

dreamed, if this war had not broken out. He was great enough to dominate his own successes; we cared for nothing in him but just himself.

To the end of my days, whether long or short, I shall never cease to think of and to grieve for him; his strong personality, his utter simplicity, his wit and charm, his power of seeing where others cannot, his loathing of vulgarity and dullness.

We had moved Divisional Headquarters forward to Ypres on the day of the attack at Hooge, and we sat in our cellar in the Ramparts listening to the bombardment which raged outside. The assault was timed for 2.45 p.m.—at 3.30 we heard that ‘the attack has been held up by machine-guns.’ We knew what that meant.

But when the long lists came in, I thought only of Billy and Gilbert Talbot. For in worlds of sorrow it is always one’s own sorrow which counts.

I was anxious to have Billy buried in Vlamertinghe cemetery where Francis Grenfell is buried, but that proved impossible.

I know that Colonel Maclachlan has written to you.

Yesterday in Ypres the pouring rain made the place more dismal than ever—I thought of the French ‘Ah, il pleut dans la ville comme il pleut dans mon cœur.’

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FROM SIR WALTER LAWRENCE.

94 Eaton Square, S.W. : 6th August, 1915.

Forgive me if I intrude on your cruel grief. I have just returned from France, and on this day fortnight I saw your brave and distinguished son. I was taking three officers of the VII. K.R.R. into Poperinghe—two of them, Douglas Radcliffe and Robinson, were killed, and the third, my son, wounded, on the 30th. Your son was riding back to camp, and they all hailed him. I asked who it was? ‘Grenfell; and the best of the lot of us.’ On August 2nd I found my son, in hospital, and with him were two other officers of the 41st Brigade. They were deploring the death of their friends, but they all said that the most deplorable from the Army point of view was the loss of

Grenfell, Talbot, and Radcliffe. With all my heart of sympathy to you and Lord Desborough.

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FROM CAPTAIN LESLIE WOODROFFE (8TH BATTALION,
RIFLE BRIGADE).

August, 1915.

Of Billy I saw much during our training, and more still at the Front. I shall always be proud of his friendship. He was the very life of our Mess, and always kept us in the best of spirits with his quaint ways, his humour, and his original views on all subjects. At Bordon we played many a game of golf, with my brother,* who was killed on the same day as Billy, as a third. At the Front we used to get up stump-cricket and rounders. One day we tried to drive our Company pony to Poperinghe in a local cart, and were twice upset in the ditch—dear Billy was driving. The Colonel often said that Billy was far the best 'fighting officer' in the Battalion; he was always devising some new method of harassing the Huns. Billy and I were associated to the last, we were the two officers in the front line in the counter-attack. I got a bullet through the thigh while we were getting out into position, ready to charge when the artillery 'lifted' at 2.45. I tried to crawl down to him to tell him to give the signal to lead the way, but could not get along. I was pretty sure Billy hadn't got a watch on him which would go, so a rifleman went with the message, and at 2.45 off they went, Billy leading the way. I did not hear the result (though I guessed it from the heavy nature of the firing which had been opened on us), nor of Billy's death and my brother's, till late that night when I crawled in.

I expect he told you how he was mistaken for a spy at Bailleul and chivied by the suspicious Military Police to the Provost-Marshal, who then proved to be a friend of his, and lent him his motor to return in. Also how he was arrested in Ypres. But the rest of the deeds of Billy, are they not written in the hearts of those who loved him and admired him, as we *all* did?

* This was the brother who got the V.C.

FROM LIEUTENANT EDWARD GRANT (9TH LANCERS).

Monday, August 2nd, 1915.

I can't tell you what I feel about Billy's death. I am miserable myself, and I don't know what to say to you. He was killed on Friday afternoon, and I heard of it on Saturday, so I went up with Arthur Grenfell the next day to find out what I could, and see if it was possible to get him in.

I saw Colonel Ronnie Maclachlan, and also found out what I could from Sheepshanks, his Company-Commander, and from Billy's Platoon-Sergeant. So I will try and give you a few details in case you haven't heard them.

The Battalion was ordered to counter-attack the trench on either side of HOOGE crater at 2.45 in the afternoon; the trench had been taken by the Germans early in the morning. Apparently our bombardment had not covered certain portions of the German trenches, as the whole situation was rather confused, and the Germans were in possession of certain communication-trenches in rear of part of our line. The counter-attack, which had to be made across 250 yards of open ground, up hill, was one which could only succeed at very heavy cost. But it was made with magnificent gallantry—as everybody who saw it told me—by that splendid 8th Battalion. Billy and his platoon had to bomb their way up a communication-trench held by the enemy, before they could deploy in front of our wire to attack. This they did with the most splendid success, but as soon as they deployed into the open they came under a terrific machine-gun fire. Billy never hesitated for a single moment—as his Sergeant kept on telling me—but led his platoon straight ahead with that complete lack of fear he always showed at everything. He got about 70 or 80 yards. . . . He led his platoon through that infernal machine-gun fire just as he used to ride through bottomless bogs in the New Forest—because he *meant* to get to the other side, and because he feared nothing that stood in his light. Of course, Billy had many greater friends than me, but there is no one on earth I would so gladly have given my own life to keep. But he lived and died gallant and fearless, God bless him.

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FROM MAJOR TOD (2ND IN COMMAND, 8TH BATTALION,
RIFLE BRIGADE).

Denmark Hill Hospital: August, 1915.

We all loved Billy, and his men to my certain knowledge adored him. It couldn't have been otherwise, because ever since we went to France he was always to the fore, and (what the men always like) never expected them to do anything he couldn't do himself. His gallantry was remarkable, and fear he didn't know the meaning of. As you know, he died at the head of his men, leading the counter-attack. I am positive that, of all deaths, it is the one he would have chosen.

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FROM CAPTAIN THE HON. GEORGE MONCKTON-ARUNDELL
(1ST LIFE GUARDS).

August 5, 1915.

The sympathy I feel for you all in this tragedy is far far too deep for words; please accept it however inadequately expressed. . . . I have heard few, if any, details so far, but as you know we occupied the Crater of the mine close to Hooze. After a heavy shelling, and use of burning liquid, our men were driven from the trench, and the Germans got a footing in Zouave Wood. A counter-attack was organized, but very late; in fact the original attack on the trench was at 3 a.m. and the counter-attack was not delivered till 3 o'clock in the afternoon. The counter-attack was launched from Zouave Wood, and I was told that Billy was killed early in the counter-attack while leading an assault. Here is a rough plan of the place.

We still hold Hooze, and it was there that Francis Grenfell was killed while holding out.

Nothing can describe how I feel for you: I cannot help thinking of those happy days such a short time ago: I cannot help thinking of dear Billy as a great personal friend, and of his death as a great personal loss. Billy was too great a man for this murderous form of war: he should have lived in the days when strength and courage won the fight, as in the days of Crécy or Agincourt; he was too precious to lose—in this ghastly form of war, when an

individual has no chance against machine guns or high explosive.

Those lines he wrote about John Manners ring in my heart; they are so truly what I feel about Billy.

But for you all, the sorrow I feel can find no words.

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FROM A FRIEND TO FIELD-MARSHAL LORD GRENFELL.

August, 1915.

I do not know Lady Desborough, but could you tell her how really and truly grieved I am at her son's death, it is a personal sorrow to myself. Still, it was a glorious way to meet what we must all meet, and I wish it had been permitted to me to have been with them. There are boys, as I told Mrs. Talbot at Farnham, like Grenfell and Gilbert Talbot, who, whilst one can teach them much in the professional way, still, as you watch them, their characters and their influence, one can also learn much. Nothing ever struck me more than to observe this in the New Army, (quite new to the work as officers), the hold the young officers in many cases, and notably Grenfell and Talbot, got over their men; they seemed to spread an influence for good around them, and to raise the whole moral tone to a pitch that one would not expect to find in the class from which the first New Army was so largely recruited. It was this that made the discipline so good, and the men be so fitted to behave well in action; the very high sense of duty and in a way sacrifice that these young fellows, daily and hourly mixing with and gaining an influence over their men, inspired the latter with.

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FROM FIELD-MARSHAL LORD KITCHENER.

Windsor Castle : 9th August, 1915.

MY DEAR ETTIE,—You know how sincerely I grieve with you. It is sad for us, but not for them. You have given your country of the best, for they were both splendid and gallant soldiers, and have done their duty nobly.

We all wish sometimes that the trumpet would sound

for us, but we have to stick it out, and do our very best until the release comes. I only wish I could do more, or rather that what I do was better work.

I am glad to think that you are standing the terrible strain, and thank you so much for your letter.

Give my love to Willy, and say how much I feel for him.

Yours always,
K.

FROM FIELD-MARSHAL SIR JOHN FRENCH.

Headquarters, British Army: August 9, 1915.

MY DEAR DESBOROUGH,—I can't tell you how deeply I feel for Lady Desborough and you in the most recent loss you have sustained.

It is poor 'comfort,' but still I only want you to know how I sympathise, and how deeply I appreciate the splendid conduct of your gallant sons who have gone, and the glorious sacrifice made by your family for their country.

Yours sincerely,
J. D. F. FRENCH.

FROM CAPTAIN ARTHUR GRENFELL (9TH LANCERS)
TO WILLIE.

31st July, 1915.

I have only just got back, rather beat, but I feel I must write you a line before I turn in, to tell you how my heart goes out to you and Ettie. I have seen the saddest and I think the noblest sight of my life—the remnants of a regiment of gentlemen—splendid heroes—dragging themselves back with heavy hearts through Ypres—alas having left Billy behind. I had heard of the attack with fire of yesterday morning, and knew the 7th and 8th Battalions were up at Ypres—and so went off today in case if anything should have happened to your boy, I might be of some use—and was much grieved to hear the sad news. The battalion was practically wiped out. When I found them they thought they had 700 casualties, but some more men have come in since. I saw Billy's Company-Commander, a real

plucky fellow (Sheepshanks) hit twice in the face, but still carrying on. He told me that Billy was leading the whole attack, he saw him fall forward, and thought he had been hit in the head; the Sergeant told me he saw him hit again as he fell; they were unable to recover his body, but they were both sure that he had been killed instantaneously. I could not get leave to go up and see if I could get it (of course I am with the Cavalry, and so had no business to be there) but I will go in again tomorrow and find out anything I can, and try and collect his things for you. There was a tremendous fight going on this evening. The burning flame upset the men a good deal, but I don't think it did much actual harm; it is a small comfort to know that Billy wasn't hurt by the flames, and was killed in the counter-attack in the afternoon, leading the whole show. I know this is where you would have wished him to be.

I cannot tell you how desperately I feel for Ettie and yourself—you have paid a terrific price, but your boys have died generously and well.

I don't know how old your third boy is, but, though you may think it impertinent, if he is anywhere near the enlisting age, I hope and pray you will forbid it. I think our family has done its share; those who are already committed will I hope see their bit through in the same spirit as those who have gone on ahead, but I don't think we should run the risk of getting wiped out of the clan, and I do hope your boy is too young to have to go; failing that, that you will manage to keep him at home. I will write to you again tomorrow.

In the meantime, if there is anything I can do, let me know. I am about 20 miles from the Front now. I should have liked, if we could get Billy's body, to bury him near Francis, but I am afraid the cursed German holds the ground.

Goodbye, old Willie; keep up brave heart.

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9 Lancers, 1 Cav. Div. : 3rd August, 1915.

DEAR WILLIE,—I went back on Sunday to see if I could get any more news of Billy, but alas there was nothing more

definite than I had already written to you, except that Sheepshanks told me on Sunday that he had not actually seen him hit. The Sergeant is quite positive about it, and says he saw him hit twice and fall, and never saw him move again; and several officers think that if he had been only wounded he could have crawled to a trench on his right, but unfortunately, leading the leading Company, he got 150 yds from our trenches, and therefore was nearer to the G. trenches than ours. Our artillery is still pounding away at the Germans so as to prevent them putting up wire etc; so we may be going to have another go to recapture the ground and the bodies of our heroes; they put up a splendid fight, a really wonderful one, and have given a great example to the rest of K.'s army, but I wish it just hadn't been that particular lot. They were the very best—the poor Colonel told me he couldn't find strength to write to you again, he feels Billy's loss most *frightfully*—but he will do so in a day or two. I got all his things together—of course the small things which Ettie would like are with him, and unobtainable, but the rest will be sent back through Cox & Co.; Eddie Grant, my subaltern, was very keen to go and try and get his body in, but I had to forbid him. We had no business there, and I am afraid it would have been trying the impossible. Had there been any chance I should have gone myself on Saturday, but the line is back several hundred yards. Goodbye, Willie, Yours affectionately,

ARTHUR M. GRENFELL.

9 Lancers, 1 Cavalry Division: 14th August, 1915.

DEAR WILLY,—I had meant to write to you last week to tell you I had been over to Ypres to see the 8th, after our second attack, and find out if they had recovered Billy's body; but I am sorry to say they hadn't done so; as far as I can make out they had not retaken that particular bit of ground—in fact it is so heavily shelled that it is denied to both sides. Billy too had got so far forward that they are not sure of the exact place, but Ronnie Maclachlan was going up into the trenches again on Saturday and promised to let me know the latest news. I hope to get up there again

to-morrow or the next day, and will do my best to get news, and to find out about the rifle. The Battalion got such an awful smashing-up that it is difficult to find out anything. Two days after that attack, the Staff came round to get information from our people about the ground; of course our Regiment has been there so long—Francis was killed just beyond Billy—that they knew every inch of it; and we told them they could not possibly succeed from Zouave Wood, but showed them two other ways—the result was the attack succeeded, with comparatively few losses. But why did not they know more about the ground before launching that counter-attack? Especially as they had twelve hours to think it over. They asked the 7th and 8th to do the impossible, and they attempted it so splendidly that their bodies, I am told, are still out there in perfect rows, the dressing as correct as on parade. We gave the Germans a very severe shaking in the next attack, I believe we bayoneted over 500. They must have had at least 2000 casualties.

After seeing Ronnie, I went to see our digging party, just returning to their camp for tea, and arrived there almost exactly with a salvo of German shells. It was the first time they had discovered us, and they fairly let rip, having the range to a sixpence; we made the men scatter, but 30 were hit. I had two killed in my Squadron, and two very badly hit. The 18th Hussars however got it worse than we did. I had one shell struck the ground two feet from me, and didn't go off. Some people have such luck; another burst just above my head, hit another officer, and about 10 men. We bound them all up; it is wonderful how plucky the men are, almost as soon as they become conscious they start chaffing. I think we have spotted the German guns, and are about to try and knock them out. They shot eight 17 inch shells into Vlamertinghe, one hole was 30 feet deep and 45 yards in circumference—an awful place. This War is simply going to be a pounding match between artillery. I expect we shall all have to become gunners.

I wish I knew Ivo. I would try and show him that his duty surely lies in carrying on your work at home, and not abroad. We all liked playing flying-man, but some had to play back-up post, and some goals, in order to win the

match, and we must play the game for the side. I am certain that his proper job is to prepare himself to take over your responsibilities, and assume the leadership of the family.

Yours ever,
ARTHUR M. GRENFELL.

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Sept. 3, 1915.

You can't realize what a tremendous name your boys and the Twins* have made. It is a wonderful influence; several of the men have told me this. When I was at the grave-yard tonight, some men of the 5th Leicesters were waiting to bury a Sergeant and a private, killed yesterday. One of them came up to see what we were doing, and, when he saw the names, he said how splendidly the family had done. He didn't know who I was, but spoke as if he knew them all better than I did, and yet he had only heard about them.

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FROM THE REV. NEVILLE TALBOT (3RD RIFLE BRIGADE).

August 16, 1915.

You will like to hear that I was able last night to get out and bury Billy's body.

Colonel Maclachlan and Lieutenant Sheepshanks had been up there the night before, and had tried to find it, but failed—but they had put some N.C.O.'s on to make a search; and first Sergeant Rogers (C Coy. 3rd R.B.) early next morning found the body, which, owing to sniping, he was not able to identify—and then about 5 p.m. yesterday Corporal Lawrence (C Coy.) who was I think on a post in a trench close by—a trench which we have been holding since the second and successful counter-attack—got to the body, and found the identification disc, *and all doubt was ended.*

The disc was sent in an envelope to Bn. Hd. Qrs. but somehow, whether dropped by the messenger or not, almost immediately mislaid. I heard that Lawrence had found the

* Arthur Grenfell's twin-brothers, Rivvy and Francis. Francis got the V.C. Rivvy was killed first. After his death Francis wrote to their old Eton tutor, 'You who parted us so often in the old days will know what it means to us to be parted now.'

body—so, after dark, I got hold of him, and went out and carried out the burial. I had a great ‘Balliol’ longing to do so, and to say the prayers of Christian hope for Billy and his men. We were able to retrieve his wrist-watch and flask. The grave is just where he fell—in the open, just to the North of a communication-trench called Fleet Street. Billy fell with a row of others, evidently caught by machine-gun fire—trying an impossible task. I am afraid the grave is in a place where shelling is going on, but it is a little sheltered by the side of the trench. We dug deep. I am having a strong wooden cross made by the pioneers of the 3rd Battalion, and I daresay Ronnie Maclachlan will send up another.

The grave is 250 yards due South of Hooze on the Ypres-Menin Road. It is North of the communication-trench called Fleet Street, which runs from Zouave Wood—out of which Billy led his men into the open—up to the Menin Road.

On the map which we use—B. Senes, Belgium, Sheet 28 N.W. Scale $\frac{1}{20000}$ —the exact spot as nearly as can be indicated is I 18. d. 3. 8. (any B.E.F. soldier will explain).

I think you would like to have the names of the men who helped in all this.

The man who did most was L.Corpl. Lawrence—he ran a considerable risk that afternoon, and was unlucky in coming in for shell fire, but lucky in not being hit. Sergeant Rogers put him in the way of finding the body.

Some other men who helped with the burial were

Sergeant A. Jex.

Rifleman W. Coleman.

„ R. Scott.

„ E. Pocket.

„ E. Day.

all ‘C’ Company 3rd R.B.

They were handy, at a post in the trench hard by.

I can tell from my darling Mother’s torn-ness how cruel this second blow must be to you—and am so sorry; but how gloriously they fell who got out of Zouave Wood. I will see if I can get that disc found.*

* It was found.

FROM LIEUTENANT SIR RICHARD SUTTON
(1ST LIFE GUARDS).

August 5th, 1915.

. . . I think, somehow, since one has been within an ace of death oneself, and seen so many killed, that one feels much closer to those who are gone on a little ahead into some better future. It brings it all home to one, seeing death so close.

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FROM MAJOR LORD LONDONDERRY (ROYAL HORSE
GUARDS).

August 5th, 1915.

. . . I know that nothing can overwhelm your spirit; the same spirit which has made an everlasting name for your boys, and furnished an undying example for all who come after.

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FROM GENERAL PULTENEY (COMMANDING THIRD CORPS).

August 5, 1915.

I only heard it yesterday afternoon. I had the most extraordinary presentiment that Billy would follow the call of his brother, so as to be happy together once more. May God help us to live so as to remember them both is the one wish I can think of.

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FROM CAPTAIN LORD DESMOND FITZGERALD
(IRISH GUARDS).

August 5, 1915.

I did pray that you would be spared any further suffering; but as I said to you before, one cannot help being proud of those who died for their country. 'They are gone while the silver cord was still taut and strong, and the golden bowl was still untarnished and undimmed. To the eye of sight their lives may seem broken fragments. To the eye of faith another vision may be revealed—it may see their young lives, arch linked to arch, spanning the dark and misty valley of today, and bearing on solid piers

the broad highways of a tomorrow which, in the providence of God, shall be worthy of the bridge that had first to be built, and all that went to its building.'

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FROM LIEUTENANT HERBERT ASQUITH (NAVAL MACHINE GUNS).

August, 1915.

They were both most rare and beautiful. You must feel a wonderful pride in them. I admired Julian enormously; I loved Billy, and his charm was very great for me. I do not feel that these splendid fellows really die. I know you believe with me that men who fall like this live.

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FROM GENERAL THE HON. SIR WILLIAM LAMBTON.

General Head Quarters, British Army in the Field: August 5, 1915.

. . . It is too cruel to think that both Julian and Billy should be victims to this dreadful War, and I am afraid that nothing can be said to help your sorrow, beyond that Billy died gallantly, leading on his men to a counter-attack.

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FROM MAJOR PHILIP HARDWICK (ROYAL DRAGOONS).

August 4th, 1915.

It is a curious coincidence that this should happen within a mile of where Julian was wounded. I suppose that in spite of all the suffering you must be proud of having had two sons like those two, and proud of the grand way they died.

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FROM LIEUTENANT LORD ELCHO * (GLOUCESTERSHIRE YEOMANRY).

Egypt: August, 1915.

. . . What sons to have had, and in what an hour. There never were more magnificent men than Julian and Billy. If anything ever comes my way, they will inspire me.

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* Killed at Katia, Easter Sunday, 1916.

FROM LIEUTENANT THE HON. EDWARD KAY-SHUTTLEWORTH
(7TH BATTALION, RIFLE BRIGADE) TO WILLIE.

August 7th, 1915.

I cannot tell you how much I miss Billy. Though we were not in the same Battalion, we often met, and at Aldershot we used to be in the same barracks. Last Friday was the most appalling day, and it seems incredible that so many lives can be thrown away in a few hours, and so little to show for it. I had seen Billy and talked to him a good deal a few days ago, and he seemed to be so awfully keen about the sniping and reconnoitring, etc. His initiative and enterprise and courage will be an irreplaceable loss to our Brigade.

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FROM THE REV. H. GIBBON.

Head Quarters, 2nd Indian Cavalry Division : August 11th, 1915.

DEAR LORD DESBOROUGH,—The heart-breaking news has just reached me that Billy has been killed. He and Julian have died like the gallant and true-hearted gentlemen they were and are, but they have gone from our sight. Your two sons were to me like my own boys, I loved them, and I know that they loved me. They were constantly in our house in Oxford. I taught them the Bible, and I prayed with them and for them. Heart, mind, and body, they were magnificent specimens of our race. May you be comforted with thoughts of that better hope of another, a brighter and enduring life.

Yours truly,
H. GIBBON.

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FROM LIEUTENANT SIDNEY HERBERT (WILTSHIRE
YEOMANRY).

Willingdon Camp : August 6th, 1915.

. . . It is so hard to write. But I do feel as if I were your son writing to you, and there is no one on earth except your children who can share this sorrow with you as I can. I loved Billy (with Michael) more than any man

in the world. I have had no other friendship in my life. It was so certain, so sure, its roots so deep in truth, it produced its own ideals and was never framed on preconceived theories, it depended not at all on proximity or on any continuity of intercourse. All that delicious alive sensitive time, during which we grew through boyhood to youth, we were together, and together we compared every impression, and welcomed every new phase of life with common alert interest. Through all those million phases of youth we went together, when we could hardly recognize in ourselves the selves of a year ago, and yet no shadow of strain was ever put on our friendship. Always I worshipped Billy, and always I recognized in him the genius and the glory of a superior being. To me there comes now, in the midst of grief, the bitter irony of my position now—I, who was so often the moderator of his impetuous gallantry, compelled to stay here while Billy has gone to glorious death.

I wish I could have died a million deaths for you and for him. We loved you so together. We used to talk so much about you together at Eton, in Billy's little room at Goodhart's, he eating endless chocolates in a giant's armchair. I wonder if you ever realized how much you influenced at all times his life—and mine too—how much your opinion secretly affected our judgments, or how really conclusive it seemed in our most wildly rebellious moods.

I do pray and believe that the great superhuman strength which has turned all the slumbering peoples of the earth into warriors like gods, may uphold you still. Your letter to Michael, when Julian died, gives me more strength now than anything in the world. . . .

It must indeed be glorious to have borne such sons. I do feel that Billy achieved every purpose of life. His life was splendid and *complete*. How I loved his incredible gallantry, his wild Berserker rage. He never did a mean thing, and he did a thousand glorious adorable silly things. His genius was the genius of the love of all that was exciting and great in the world; he was the despair of the pedant, the lode-star of us all.

FROM MR. WILLIAM MACDONALD.

Durban : September 9th, 1915.

DEAR MADAM,—One of the last men I saw at Potchefstroom was your son Julian. Before that I had had the pleasure of his acquaintance when he and the other officers of his Regiment shared with us the Country Club at Johannesburg.

It is the memory of a talk we had together one evening that lives with me, when your son revealed the tenor of his mind regarding the things that are 'not seen.' And the thought has come to me, on reading of the second sacrifice that you have made, that perhaps the record of one who is a stranger to you of the indelible note struck then might be a solace. Apart from his physical qualities, his spirit was untarnished, and desirous of the life that is beyond our stress and struggle.

I am waiting, after the German S.W.A. business, for a commission in the Imperial Service. Otherwise, when England is giving her best, I would not dare to write this.

Very truly yours,

WILLIAM MACDONALD.

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FROM MRS. MARSH.

St. Giles' Rectory, Colchester : September 15th, 1915.

DEAR LADY DESBOROUGH,—I am unknown to you personally, but I think you will understand why I write when I tell you that one of our old choir and C.L.B. boys is in 'D' Company of the 8th Battalion of the Rifle Brigade, and has just come home after being wounded in the charge at Hooge.

We had a long talk yesterday, and his intense admiration for your son, though boyishly expressed, was such that I longed to be able to convey something of it to you. Doubtless you know from many sources all that he could tell of your son's wonderful power with his men, and his splendid bravery. Yet it seems as though every detail, especially from one who has been in direct personal contact, must be precious. This boy, Herbert Humphreys,

(acting Corporal), and his elder brother, Corporal L. Humphreys, were Scouts under your son at first, and he took them with him when he was transferred to (?) Platoon (or Section?) 15.—'15 had a bad reputation, and at first even he had a lot of trouble with them, but he would often laugh about it himself, and he never minded us laughing either, and after a bit the men began to know him and understand him, and everything was changed, and they would simply do anything for him and go anywhere. It was wonderful.'

In the trenches later he was always cheering them up, and making jokes. One was about his height, which he often forgot, so that he would let his head show above the trench until a bullet would come very near and remind him. Then he would duck his head and say, laughing, 'Oh, I think my head must be showing,' so that it became a standing joke.

Before the charge on July 30th, which was to be made at 3 o'clock, he spoke to them quietly, telling them, amongst other things, to remember that they were Englishmen, and to do nothing to dishonour that name. 'And the chaps would just have done anything in the world that he told them.' When the whistle sounded, he led them off, 'and he *could* run, it was splendid to see him.' And then, so terribly soon, while they were doubling across, the boy chanced to look towards your son, and a moment later saw him fall, about fifty yards away, and knew by the way he fell that all was over for him. And then he himself was hit by shrapnel and fell. He dragged himself to some long grass where he lay till dark, and then dragged himself by inches to our trenches. It was a bad wound, and aggravated by seven hours of waiting.

The brother was wounded in the morning. He too has been home, and his mother told me tonight that 'He could never say enough of some of their officers, especially one, Lieutenant Grenfell, who he thought was the bravest man that ever lived. He used to take Lawson out scouting with him and into all sorts of dangerous places, but he never knew what fear was, and so those with him did not think about it either.' What such an example must mean is beyond words, and though in one way it adds to the

magnitude of the loss, in another it must create a force beside which Death is as nothing, and the passing from sight only a promotion to a higher rank in leadership.

I need not say that the boy had no idea that I should write to you. All that he told me was quite spontaneous, and came in the course of his description of his experiences. Both the brothers have medals for Football, won at Aldershot by your son's team. Their eldest brother is with the Canadians.

Please do not trouble to answer this letter, I only wish that I could have told you all that the boy told me and as he said it. When a boy of that age shows his feelings it means so much.

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September 22nd, 1915.

Thank you with all my heart for sending me those words of your son's. They make one thank God and take courage; coming from one who was himself facing death almost every hour, they have a force and beauty unlike anything else that I have ever seen.

I wish you could see the Humphreys boys. They can never speak enough of your son. Like so many of our seemingly stolid Essex boys they have a keen appreciation of humour. The men used to call Lawson Humphreys 'Lieutenant Grenfell's Mascotte.' As I told you, he always took him when there was any Scouting or special work of that kind to be done. It was always 'Come along, Humphreys,' and he was distressed when Lawson was wounded that morning. But to their great delight—Herbert's and some other men's—when they were preparing for the charge in the afternoon, your son caught sight of Herbert, and the familiar 'Come along, Humphreys' caused a laugh even at that moment.

Someone speaking to me today said 'Hasn't it brightened everything to discover the Heroism there still is in the world?' and that is just what one feels about such characters as your two sons. They brighten even the very darkest places with the reflection from the King of Glory.

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LETTER FROM DR. MCAFEE* TO WILLIE.

Cooleen, West Kirby, Cheshire : Oct. 2nd, 1915.

DEAR LORD DESBOROUGH,—A short time ago, when motoring through Oxford, I called at the Military Hospital on the chance of seeing any of the men who had been at Hooge on the 30th July.

I found a Corporal Rich, who had been wounded at Potijze on the 30th August.

He belonged to the 8th Batt. R.B. and was in your son's Company. I give you as nearly as possible his own words. You will have had reports from officers; this from one of the N.C.'s is of interest.

'I saw Lieut. Grenfell several times during the day between 7 & 12 a.m. A good many thought he would not survive the day because of his fearlessness; that was the general opinion among the men, that he didn't know what fear was. I only heard of his death late in the evening, when we were reorganised to leave the trenches. I was in the 15th Platoon and saw a great deal of him. He turned out to be one of the best officers we had. He was soaked with water from the trenches when I saw him. Some of the trenches were knee deep in water, and he had quite a different appearance because of this, from his usual looks.

'The charge was timed I know for 2.45. I was in one of the communication trenches, to hold it with bombs. A Sergeant put me there with others to keep the Germans from coming along. This was the trench between A and B Company. I had been in the second row of trenches (reserve) most of the time. The firing was on both sides of us and in the front, from the enemy. It was absolute suicide for the men to go into it. No man could have stood up in it and lived—it was asking for death.

'I had a periscope in the trench and could see the wounded crawling back, but one could not help them. We thought the charge was ordered to deceive the Germans, to make them think we were stronger than we were. We were fighting till between 1 and 2 o'clock in the morning, when we got into some R.E.'s dugouts for 20 minutes rest.

'They started with liquid fire in the morning. Hans

* His son was killed the same day as Billy.

said that about fifty men were found burnt in the trenches by the liquid fire. I could not vouch for this.

'We came back in single file, and the Germans must have seen us, for they threw up a bright light in the sky. I never saw anything like it before. It burst into stars and showed up everything. They then sent off "Whizz bangs." You hear nothing of them till they split into immense pieces.

'The shelling in the wood during the day was appalling. A Sergeant with us, who had been at Mons and along the retreat, said it was worse than anything he had seen or heard. There was great danger of the trees falling upon them in the wood, and one tree fell into one of the trenches and filled it.

'Captain Sheepshanks took part in the charge. He had been hit early in the day.

'Mr. Grenfell did most extraordinary brave things. He was trying to find out various scraps of information about the disposition of the troops.

'The weather was bright and warm. The Germans suffered great loss. A Machine-gun Sergeant said his guns accounted for over 400. He said he fired 630 shots a minute.

'Our artillery caught their reserves coming up on the road, and inflicted heavy losses. They came on by hundreds in mass formation. They stick to that.

'It was all very confusing that day, and every thing was so mixed up. The attack on us was quite unexpected by us. We saved them from getting through us.

'I heard Mr. Rae was missing, but did not see or hear anything else about him.

'We had Bandsman Rice among us. He was an Army Champion boxer, and we hoped he'd meet Mr. Grenfell some time, but I suppose it would not be right for a non-commissioned officer and a commissioned officer to fight.

'Mr. Gladstone, in D. Coy., was very popular too.

'I left a situation in Cairo to come home for the war. My place is kept open for me.

'Many of the men went quite soft and off their heads. Some of the wounded are at Clacton.'

This soldier is now at a convalescent home at Abingdon, 'Teardale Home' I think. 'I went out to see him next morning.

I hope it will not distress you to hear this. Everything points to very gallant conduct of the 8th on that day. 'The very pick of Oxford and Cambridge,' was the expression of an officer who had served with them for a time, but now has a Staff appointment at the War Office.

Please thank Lady Desborough for her kind letter, which arrived when I was from home. Should the photograph you returned be of any use to her it is quite at her disposal.

I hope you and your family are very well.

Yours very sincerely,

WM. McAFEE.

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FROM SECOND LIEUTENANT L. A. McAFEE TO MAJOR A. TOD (8TH BATTALION RIFLE BRIGADE).

July 30, 1915.

Have seen yours to Second Lieutenant Bevis, and acknowledge for him.

1. What is left of A. and B. Companies are at present mixed up in this wood—Zouave. We'll try to get them together.

2. Equipment and rifles all astray but doing best to collect them.

3. None of the men have had any water at all today, nor we. I suppose that's the same all round.

4. Also I have no maps left, and am not sure where C.8. and C.9. are.

5. Can't find Sills anywhere? and we've only one full Sergeant left.

6. However!

L. A. McAFEE, Lieut. O.C. 'A' Coy.

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(This message was sent on the battlefield. Lieut. McAfee was killed that afternoon.)

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

THESE were some other letters about Billy.

FROM LORD ROSEBERY.

38 Berkeley Square : August 5th, 1915.

. . . There is perhaps only one poor comfort, besides the splendour of their end. It is this, that in long days to come these two lads and their valour and their deaths will be the eternal glory of your name. I suppose that the Pictons and Howards who fell at Waterloo were bitterly mourned, but now the sorrow has passed, and their name is immortal. The name of Grenfell will glow in like manner in the annals of this terrible War.

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Rosebery : November 4th, 1915.

I must disobey you and thank you for those charming and beautiful verses. Julian's poem is surely the finest that the War has produced. It seems inspired.

And I was exquisitely touched by Billy's verses about John Manners, they bring tears to the eyes by their truth and simplicity. I can see the exact spot in the Playing Fields where you introduced me to one of those boys—Julian, I suppose it would be.

We live in the Valley of the Shadow of Death in these days. We do not walk through it, we remain in it, and you must feel this more than any of us.

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FROM NORAH LINDSAY.

August, 1915.

It seems like a dream that those two splendid golden boys were ever in our lives; and the reality will only come

in death for us all. Darling beautiful Billy is now rushing about with his best-beloved, and I suppose they would mind only one thing now, that those they loved more than life itself should be in an agony of woe. Yet to have been given such glorious sons, and then to lose them, young and beautiful—can life for you ever hold anything but pain? Their sweetness and love and gifts all offered unswervingly in one second of supreme sacrifice—in one flash riding into Valhalla amongst the heroes and saviours of England.

FROM MR. J. B. ATKINS.

Savile Club : August 24th, 1915.

At the risk of being tiresome, I must ask you whether you used to read Bunyan to Billy, as you read Chaucer to Julian? What Billy wrote about Julian is splendid, and the magnificent piece in the last chapter of the 'Pilgrim's Progress' was evidently running in his mind. What words for a soldier to think of at such a time. Probably you know by heart the lines about Valiant-for-Truth crossing the River, but anyhow I copy them out, on the bare chance that you may not remember them all. I think you must have read them to Billy when he was a child, and at the end he remembered them and pondered on them, and they meant a great deal to him:—

'Then said he . . . "My sword I give to him that shall succeed me in my pilgrimage, and my courage and skill to him that can get it. My marks and scars I carry with me, to be a witness for me, that I have fought His battles who now will be my rewarder." When the day that he must go hence was come, many accompanied him to the river-side; into which as he went he said, "Death, where is thy sting?" And as he went down deeper, he said, "Grave, where is thy victory?" So he passed over, and all the trumpets sounded for him on the other side.'

FROM ARTHUR BALFOUR.

4 Carlton Gardens : August 5th, 1915.

. . . I do not pretend to offer consolation; in one very real sense there is no consolation to be offered. The blow, the double blow, has fallen, and the shock which threatens the very citadel of life can be softened by nothing that I or perhaps any other can do or utter. Who can measure the pain of separation? Who can deny that, normally at least, death *means* separation? And that between the living and the dead there lies an impassable gulf which no longing and no love is able to bridge? For this there is no remedy; we must bear it as we may; but to me it seems that in many cases the sorrow caused by death is due to something more and other than the sense of separation. It is due to a perhaps unacknowledged feeling that the separation is to be unending. Now if this be the settled conviction of the mourner, there is nothing more to be said. But if this is not the case, if the conviction be the other way, if the certainty or even the possibility of a future life be admitted, then we know that there is something wrong if the agonies of bereavement are more than those which should follow on a severance which though complete is temporary.

For myself, I entertain no doubt whatever about a future life. I deem it at least as certain as any of the hundred-and-one truths by which I, and all mankind, direct our daily actions. It is part of the frame-work of the world, as I conceive the world. It is no mere theological accretion, which I am prepared to accept in some moods and reject in others. I am as sure that those I love and have lost are living today, as I am that yesterday they were fighting heroically in the trenches. The bitterness lies not in the thought that they are really dead, still less in the thought that I have parted with them forever; for I think neither of those things. The bitterness lies in the thought that *until I also die* I shall never again see them smile or hear their voices. This pain is indeed hard to bear, too hard it sometimes seems for human strength.

Yet measured on the true scale of things it is but brief;
death cannot long cheat us of love.

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FROM GERALDINE LIDDELL TO BETTY MONTGOMERY.

August, 1915.

I've thought of Ettie oh simply days and hours, and of those two wonderful *magnificent* boys; the most wonderful mixture of fighters, brave as tigers, and gentle mystics on the other side. Julian's poem is the most beautiful I have ever read. I long and long for a sort of Idyll to be composed for it. If only I had genius—I can't think of anyone who has enough—but that it should be played by the most glorious orchestra, in a dark hall, and a sort of very quiet reader to read the words. I can sometimes hear what I want. The verses about the trees, the horses, the blackbird—it's too beautiful and musical and mystical.

The Service with that hymn :

‘ Brother clasps the hand of brother,
Stepping fearless through the night ’

is so touching

I think that she will be given a great drink of some sort of heavenly courage to help her, and poor Lord Desborough too. To have had such glorious boys must be something to glory in, only one can't face the loss for her and all. I once saw Julian at Panshanger, and had such a quick culte for his fine face and make and *look*. I always think when people speak of him of : ‘ Blessed be the Lord my strength, who teacheth my hands to War, and my fingers to fight.’

I believe Julian was *convinced* of people just going on; and, as Evelyn says, ‘ It's as if there was no Door now between us,—Life and Death are so near.’

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FROM ANGELA MANNERS.

August 4th, 1915.

The world is all black now. When Billy was here there was still one perfect gallant knight left; and now he too

has joined the noble company. I always knew he was among 'The little band of brothers,' and thought that he would not be spared to us.

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FROM LORD MILNER.

Sturley : August 18th, 1915.

I cannot say what I feel, nor could you perhaps bear to read it if I did; but I have hope; such hope as one can have from your own true instinct and high courage. You will not fail those who are gone, and whom, could they see us now, nothing would pain so much as to know that their loved ones were overcome by grief, devastated by it. Not that they would not wish to know themselves missed, mourned; but if I may judge of others from my own heart, I have always felt when contemplating death, that I should wish to be longed for and remembered by the very few really dear to me, but not to desolation.

The greatest terror death presents, in fact I think the only terror to brave men, is the fear that those they love might be crushed by losing them. We owe it to the dead, above all to the heroic dead, not to let ourselves be crushed; saddened we must be. I know the sun can never again shine so brightly for you, or for any of us; saddened indeed, but not broken, not weaker, or less resolute to fight out to the end what is truly the Battle of Life.

You know that absent or present I am unalterably and increasingly, as sorrows multiply and the sky darkens over all of us, your devoted friend.

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FROM EVAN CHARTERIS.

August, 1915.

As long as there is a breathing thing on this planet, I feel that Julian and Billy Grenfell will be names to conjure with. The pair, so great in their generation, so supreme in expression of the splendour and the tragedy of War, so unique in the fulness of their lives, their achievement, and their promise; the story of their relation to you one of such romance and wonder. They are linked in immortality,

and each one adds to the fame and beauty of the other even as one thinks of them.

Sometimes one gets a little entangled, even a little doubting, about such thoughts as Country, Freedom, Sacrifice; but were there nothing else to straighten out one's ideas, one has only to turn to Julian and Billy, and learn again and see again all the values adjusted; and feel that what was true to the Greeks is ten times truer today, that it has remained true in increasing force ever since the departure of those days, and that the truth of it will continue to grow while the stars endure.

I am certain that they are together, brave in their death and beautiful in their lives, passing almost hand-in-hand from the fever and the fret; and now, as one's deepest instinct tells, united above the reach of sorrow, realising the truth of their serene idea of death, and yet living still on earth, their home unbroken in your heart.

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FROM WINSTON CHURCHILL.

Duchy of Lancaster Office : August 6th, 1915.

I know that you will summon all your courage. Such sacrifices must not be in vain—be sure they *will not be*.

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FROM KATHARINE ASQUITH.

August, 1915.

You know how I loved Billy. I can see him in almost every happy day of the past. There were never two like Julian and Billy, and Billy was part of all that was most joyful in my life. The last time I saw him was at Boulogne, when he was just starting out on that long adventure, and I have been thinking of him all the time ever since. We all had such pride in him, his strength and beauty, and the way he used to make us laugh. There was no one like him. The days have grown so sad, and I dread what they must be for you, except for the comfort you must have in those two being just exactly what they were.

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FROM MRS. WARRE-CORNISH.

The Cloisters, Eton College : August 7th, 1915.

There are no words, but to your Hero thoughts and memories and blessings are poured forth by every heart that knew him, and by my old heart, with thanksgiving for knowing how gentle and observant he could be amid all his power and strength. I seem to guess what he was to you. There is no parallel to your love, for there was none like Billy. What a consummation of all his achievements, that he gave his life for his Nation at twenty-five. My husband has been perfectly overpowered by thinking of Billy. What a fine nature he revealed, not once or twice, but in every talk and in every trait, as a scholar and a young critic of life and books. We *wish* to write of him, but how attempt to express our sense of what he was? Poor Maurice knows it! May he and your noble-hearted Ivo learn with you and through you to be thankful for every moment that has been so beautiful.

We are in a Novena of prayers for victory of the right. I know that yours is the faith of almost certitude, in the progression of the soul; and that you sustained your rare son with that faith. How wonderful to think that he sees and knows Justice Absolute, whilst we grope and pray for it 'dans la nuit de la foi.' For him the light and joy of that Justice for which he gave his precious precious young life.

I always used to think of Billy, with his rather critical faculty, that if the Law were indeed his profession he would make a very just Judge. Accept my deep thanks for many things, but above all for bringing Billy to our house, for ever enduring memory.

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FROM MARY WEMYSS.

August 5th, 1915.

How often Christ's cry upon the Cross re-echoes through one's aching soul; that most desolate and piercing cry, the saddest ever uttered in this sad world—that cry to which none heard the answer—that cry that came from the bitter-

ness of a betrayed and broken heart. We do not know how God answered it; but we believe that, in spite of cruelty and sin and death, the answer is peace. I think the answer to you comes through the testimony, the living proof, of those most glorious boys; who never looked back, and went to death like Bridegrooms, like Phœbus Apollo running his course; Phœbus, who sent his shafts to Julian in his last moments on earth, and was answered by the flicker of his eyes; that gleam from Julian which will speak to you, in the long hours of waiting and darkness, of the immortality of the soul and the deathlessness of love. . . .

I went to see my Mother, and we spoke of you. She seemed so near the other world, and spoke in a way that gave one life. She told me of an old fable, of a man who had everything swept away, and found that 'Where there is nothing, there is God.' She will write to you. Although she seems all spirit now, her human heart still bleeds and feels for human agony.

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FROM LORD MIDLETON.

Grimsthorpe Castle: August 7th, 1915.

I had hoped and prayed that this cup might pass from you, and yet even when we sat together in your room I felt it was very near. God alone knows what is to be the fruit of what He has laid upon all of us, and whether these sacrifices are to bear something to the Nation which will somehow compensate us. Half of those dear boys who were round us when they were young are gone; Billy, with all his charm; but their example is upholding us all, and encouraging us to endure through the purification seven times in the fire which lies before us.

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FROM DIANA MANNERS.

August 4th, 1915.

There was nothing more glorious ever born than Julian and Billy. As their mother I should have been mad with pride; *that* you will still be. To have possessed them, made them, had them (even to have loved them from afar

as I did) is a rejoicing to stand against the heavy cruel scale of misery.

FROM EVELYN DE VESCI.

28 Bruton Street : Aug. 8th, 1915.

You, your home, those dear children, the green summer stillness round Taplow, it is all in my heart of hearts. For you it can never be the sorrow that is mere misery; the thought of their glorious young lives burning and quickening to the utmost in the great Movement, passing into new exultant life and infinite peace, must transfigure your sorrow even though your heart is broken. They and you knew somehow that it is fuller life, and not death. I think Julian's poem tells one that he *knew* what we have perhaps had rare glimpses of, and that he gave out and received on every side wonderful messages, very wonderful and beautiful.

You have given them such great things, and received most glorious tidings from them, making this life simple and glorious, and one with the unseen. I think there can be no mother more proud and thankful.

FROM MR. GEOFFREY ROBINSON.

'The Times' Office : August 6th, 1915.

I knew Billy very well, and, like everyone else, was tremendously attracted by him. He was exactly the sort of man that can be spared from England least, and the most certain to be killed if there was anything dangerous to be done.

FROM THE REV. H. BOWLBY.

Lancing College : August 4th, 1915.

It is unthinkable that they are not alive. Both were to me the incarnation of vitality, wild and elemental, refined and mature; and alive they are still, and not divided; it is only we who are left behind and cannot yet see them.

Pride will master longing; pride at having been the mother of two such glorious sons, caught away to yet nobler achievement on the crest of their powers; eager, strong, unwearied, untarnished, burnished by effort and sacrifice to a glow of devotion and fame.

I wrote to you when Julian was covering himself with honours—somehow I was hit too hard and felt too deeply to write when he was taken. He is a portion of the loveliness which once he made more lovely. Billy too, and all his brilliance. My son Henry wrote to me a month ago saying what a fine fighting officer he had shown himself. I feel proud and thankful for their memory, and the living hope of such lives; and thankful for a share in the knowledge of what they were, and are.

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FROM VIOLET ASQUITH.

10 Downing Street: August 6th, 1915.

Julian and Billy, those perfect glorious beings: 'They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided.' How they loved each other, how they loved you. Who has given England so much as you have? I do feel so calmly and certainly that all is not over, that nothing is lost, and that we must look forward to them—our beloveds—and not back, and keep our relationship with them a green and living and daily thing.

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FROM AN OLD LADY WHO HAD LIVED FOR MANY YEARS
IN TAPLOW VILLAGE.

August 8th, 1915.

You have lost your dear sons, those good, fine, young boys; but nothing is lost, only gone before, with all the love and care you both have lavished on them. And it brings Heaven nearer to us when we have such dearly loved treasures there. I was looking over papers and such things the other day, to clear away, and save trouble when I am gone; and there among a few others was a small packet of your dear little children's letters; three from

Julian; a rather round hand, then one from Summer Fields, and the last when he was twenty-one; and one from Billy too. I felt I really could not tear them up. Julian had died so splendidly for his home and country, and Billy was then still fighting for his. I know how proud you must both be of them.

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FROM MR. BELLOC.

August 10th, 1915.

I will not speak of your sons, because you know what all the world thinks of them. The glory of their achievement is like all great light—a thing that grows and continues to move, and move full of its own life. And it is not only that most splendid of all renowns which will continue to clothe their names. That would be true of any heroes in any great story. It is true of those in this War that they are the saviours and therefore the creators of this beloved England. There could not be any more enduring title, and there will be none higher. All the world conspires to make it immortal.

Nor ought I to say anything of what you know they were to all their contemporaries, the younger men among whom they were so conspicuous—none of these things are any support till much later. At the beginning they only increase the intolerable silence. I know that. The great matter is to judge rightly of this kind of separation, and to see what we may believe about it.

Great human affection is not of the stuff that passes and that changes. Its quality is not perishable, neither are its objects. That, it seems to me (not as it seemed in youth, but as it seems, or rather is now, fixedly, after the most grievous test) is the conclusion. We should not deny the fact of separation, nor deceive ourselves with imaginary things, because any falsehood or illusion is a drug, and unworthy of human majesty. We should accept the full burden of what is plainly true, absence and separation, but we should not make our final conclusion upon that, or let the mind stop there in its judgment. All that would be to give separation far too much, and to make it what men

have made of it in those brief times, like the very end of the pagan time, when all the world had lost footing for a moment.

It is separation and no more. It is terminable. It is not the master of our ends any more than is a journey. If it were so, the human soul would not know its own Destiny as it secretly does. There is no great love that believes itself capable of ending, or that does in fact end. It is of the very stuff of immortality. The awaiting of its restoration is but a matter of duration in the things that extend beyond the world, as much as in the little things that are done wholly within the world.

And the restoration of what we have so loved will I conceive be the very heart of beatitude. For beatitude is a necessity of the soul. Not a dream at all, but an appetite, a food that must be given it. We are not we unless these intense affections are immortal; they await us in immortality.

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August 19, 1915.

I wish I could write to you as I feel; in the main what possesses my spirit in that chief matter never changes. It is that the nature and fate of the soul must be grasped, and that, till one has such knowledge, all that lightens or relieves is valueless. One must know. The very heavy weight of all tradition is in favour of its being a separation and an absence, not a departure. It seems that the vital affections are built upon a scale quite other than that of this world, and outlast it; like a palace standing out from the waters of a lake, or the music which transcends the instrument. That we cannot in this world seize immortality troubles me not at all. Neither can we, on the globe, grasp the system of the universe. I believe in the Resurrection of the Body; not as the figment of desire, not as a drug of consolation, but as truth arrived at. The full human burden remains, but the abominable thing is at least sane, and stands in right proportion, if one sees it as it is in the full Destiny of Man.

One mighty effect of this greatest and worst accident in life is suddenly to make life—which was everything

before—become very little indeed; is it not? And the things that enchanted and filled one, landscape or sounds or words, grow dull and lose their power. The stuff is out of them. That is to me a further proof of the resurrection, and it is a further proof that the vital affections are on a scale greater than that of this world, and that this world attaches to them, not they to it. It is they that are restored.

I am afraid that I have written far too long a letter; but the matter fills my spirit continually, and I do most ardently desire to give whatever aids I have found within myself.

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FROM LADY BARRINGTON TO LIZZIE GRENFELL.

August 5, 1915.

I never forget seeing Billy once at Westminster Abbey after the King's Funeral. He was standing against the Dryden Monument, and a shaft of sunlight came down on his head; and I thought what a beautiful picture of manly youth. I asked who he was. He looked like a young Knight who would ride into battle with joy.

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FROM LADY ULRICA BARING.

August, 1915.

You had too much to lose. Julian I had not seen since he was a little and most fascinating boy; but Billy! Do you remember how I thought it must be so wonderful to have such a radiant son? One cannot help seeing that there is a great priority of joy for those who pass out of life while it is still full of glowing colours; and at this awful time one feels with relief that the suffering is all here, and that they are beyond its reach.

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FROM THE OLD WOMEN AT THE MAIDENHEAD WORKHOUSE.

August 6, 1915.

DEAR LADY DESBRAIGH,—I rite this in behalf of all the old Ladys in the room to say they tender their deep

semptly to you in your great sorrow for the loss of your dear noble sons on the Battle-field. We loved them, and your grief must be great to lose them both all most at one Blow. We pray God to comfort you in your sad Berevement. We can but say they died for their King and Country.

Yours humbly,
MRS. DATTON.

FROM LADY MANNERS.

August, 1915.

To have had two such sons as Julian and Billy (how the dear names go together—Julian and Billy—always the trumpet sound in our ears) this day three months ago, and now both dead; and we live on with our quarter lives. The time will not be so long for you and me and Willie and Hoppy to see them again, but for the young ones, and for England—one cannot but feel what a loss men like John and Julian and Billy and Gilbert Talbot and Twiggy are to our poor distracted country. It cannot be true that Billy is dead—his sweetness, gaiety, marvellous wit and intellect. I hold, and shall always hold, Billy nearer my soul and heart than anyone.

FROM LORD HALIFAX.

August, 1915.

Sorrow after sorrow comes, and surely there can be none greater than to lose such sons as you have lost, sons who must have filled your heart with joy and pride every time you thought of them. And now they are gone—the very best that any mother had to give, the very best that any country could send to die for its sake. Your home is desolate indeed; only remember, for it is the one thought that helps, that they have exemplified in themselves that love which gives its life for others, that they have followed in the steps of Him who gave His life to redeem us all. To have been granted sons to whom such a lot has been assigned is an honour and a glory, and contains within

it the promise of blessings for them and for you greater than the heart of man can conceive. They have the supreme glory of winning the battle on behalf of right and truth and justice now, and the joy of eternal peace hereafter.

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FROM SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

Oxford: August 5, 1915.

I know the ordinary consolations; they do not seem to me to be quite real. But there is something quite real and consoling, if human nature could take it without ceasing to be human; we cannot work it out, that's all. But we couldn't do without Julian's life and Billy's. They are not gone, we breathe them, they are the temper of the British Army at its best. It would not matter even if they were not remembered, they passed on the flame undimmed. If we could take as they gave, there would be no trouble. The great things seem cold, but they are there all the time, and Julian and Billy believed in them, and had splendid lives. Anyhow they have made life the little thing it is. Because of them I am ready to say 'Take it' more easily than before. What must it be for the people they fought alongside of? . . .

I do not know how I could stand it. The reason is all right, quite sane and quiet, but the flesh rebels. The reason tells you that you are happy, and you know you are, but it does not fill the long day.

I go limping along. . . . And I am glad to have met and known such soldiers.

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LETTER TO IMOGEN FROM A LITTLE GIRL OF SEVEN YEARS OLD.

August 8, 1915.

MY DEAR IMOGEN,—I am so sorry that two of your brothers have been killed. Mother is very sorry too. I think you are very proud of having such brave brothers as you have. My brother Richard has read a poem that was written by one of your brothers. He thinks that it is very good and likes it very much. All my brothers wish

they were old enough to fight too. I wish I was a boy of 19 or 20 so that I could fight. I am trying to learn to swim, my big brother is teaching. His birthday is on the 19th of August. He is perhaps going to France after his birthday to see Father, he will be 16 then. Give my love to your Mother and Father. I send you a picture of a Fairy Queen.

With very much love from
KENNIS.

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12 Hobbs Place, Hoxton : August, 1915.

YOUR LORDSHIP,—Please accept my humble condolence on the loss of your two brave sons. God bless them both,
From your very humble Servant
SPIDER THE MINSTREL.

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FROM LADY LYTTTELTON.

Royal Hospital, Chelsea : September 7th, 1915.

Ever since your splendid Julian's fall I have had it in my mind to send you a little memory I have of him as a boy, one of those August times at Wrest. I write diffidently, as a woman who has no son to sacrifice on this great altar should. I saw your Billy's wonderful words of the trumpets sounding on the other side. How wonderful and rare a being he was. I see him, a big boy, walking up to the altar rails at the Communion Service at Eton, the last time I ever saw him to observe him closely.

My little memory of Julian is on a beautiful Summer night at Wrest,* when he stayed out in the woods quite late, not coming home for dinner—a moonlight night. He came in suddenly through the window after dinner, among us all in our stupid evening gowns, and, looking round at us like a man in a dream, only said 'Where's Mother?' He passed through, and found you, and came back with his arm round you, telling you how wonderful it was outside in the woods, and how you must come out and feel it and

* It must have been the Summer of 1904.

see it. You went out with him, and I remember a pang of envy of you for having such a son, so sensitive to the beauty and poetry of nature, and who had so overwhelming a wish for *you* to come and share it with him.

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FROM MR. A. L. SMITH TO WILLIE.

Oxford: 13th August, 1915.

I have just come back to Oxford and received the Master's letter, with the communication from Colonel Maclachlan. How can I express in words the deep sympathy I feel for you in this second loss? 'The heart of a lion,' that I knew he had; the simple and touching account just confirms what I always felt about him. There is something you would, I am sure, like to hear. Keith Rae, who has also fallen, and was of the same Battalion, was a sort of leader of the opposite party in College, but, for all that, told me he admired your son even while opposing him; he said, 'If there were a shipwreck or some such occasion, I would rather be with Grenfell than with anyone else.' It showed me how superficial and trivial the friction was, and how one of the best men in the College really understood and admired Billy. Well, they understand each other now. You have made a terrible but a noble sacrifice for the country, and we honour you for it. It is not those who fall who are to be pitied, of this I am absolutely convinced, but those who have to go on without them. And even we have the knowledge that never was there a more righteous cause, and the sure hope that these splendid young lives have not been given in vain, but that they will have made a better world for those who come after us. This is the thing we all have to see to, now. Somehow it is like the Dead March, not death but triumph; something greater than life, and greater than ourselves. But God alone can give you consolation. You will not mind my writing thus, because you know I always believed in Billy, and you must know my feeling towards you. May God comfort you.

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FROM MR. J. HAYNES TO WILLIE.

Pretoria : August 7, 1915.

It is with great sorrow that the news of the wounding and subsequent death of great good son The Hon. Julian is received.

He was much admired by all Britishers out here—as a great sport, officer, and gentleman—a true son of his Father.

I met him a good deal in his capacity of Editor of his regimental Journal 'The Eagle' when in Pretoria.

His fine fight in Jo'burg against one of our very best—although nearly beaten in the first round—will ever be remembered as one of the very best ever seen in South Africa.

Also his wonderful horse-jumping at Agricultural Show in Jo'burg where he cleared about 6½ feet.

Sir, we all most sincerely join in condoling with you and yours in your truly great bereavement.

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FROM DR. MONTAGU BUTLER TO WILLIE.

Trinity College, Cambridge : August 4th, 1915.

It is indeed a sorrow for us *all*. For all who have watched with joy and admiration your dear boy's splendid School and College career, for all who reverence in their heart of hearts the perfect devotion of the young to their Country's righteous cause. There *must* be something great and noble yet in store for those pure unwearied souls. To me this becomes more and more a stay and certainty, though one cannot prove it. These brave young ones become the teachers and almost the prophets of us elders, and beacon to us to follow them, as they followed the sacred call of duty. May every blessing of patience, fortitude, and resignation be granted to you. My own time must now be short, but as long as I live I shall never forget what you are now suffering by separation for a time from your high-hearted boys.

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August 15th.

One almost wonders how hearts can remain unbroken when so much beauty, charm, nobleness, happiness, and hope of yet greater things seem in a moment to be snatched away; when 'No more' seems to be a kind of epitaph engraved on every loved memory and every delightful prophecy of what was to be; and yet you know that those two noble sons, so highly gifted and so truly loved and honoured, have left behind them a completed, not an uncompleted work. It has done something permanent—permanent for good, and it will go on doing this in the hearts and characters of hundreds, both within and far beyond their own families. And then the great Life hereafter, in which you say that they both had a 'deep faith,' who can dream that that faith is now less deep than before? Which of us can believe that the strenuous work of their earthly lives is now less strenuous and less effective for good, or less revered by those who still profit by it? Surely we must trust that the same Spirit permits them to do infinitely more now, and with infinitely greater effect.

I am deeply moved by the beautiful allusion to your third boy, and I cannot help the hope that the hour for active Patriotism on his young part has not yet struck. He will have before him through life—God grant a long life—the glorious example of his two brothers.

The second year of this most terrible War begins amid many thick clouds, but I dare to believe that there is a great light not far behind them; and that even I may live to see it shine.

FROM LAURA LOVAT.

Gisburne: Sept., 1915.

Such beauty of mind and spirit can never die, and one feels them shining through the darkness. We've just got to be very brave, and try to prove ourselves worthy of the great and glorious sacrifice that we have been asked to make. Charles brought nothing but happiness to us all, and pride in everything he did, and though his brilliant

career was cut short by death, his death was perhaps his most brilliant feat of all. Our sorrow seems to fade in comparison to yours, and all this Country bathed in autumn sunshine brings them all very near to me, and I feel them very close, with their greyhounds and their horses and their radiant smiles. What it is to have had them in our lives, and to have them forever; we can never feel sad with this wonderful future in store for us, and I love to think of them waiting for us to come home, just as they used to wait for us here.

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FROM MAURICE BARING.

Army Flying Corps, France: August 25th, 1915.

Like Castor and Pollux they are together now, shining in some other place. How different the most terrible sorrow is to the blight of misery, isn't it? If there is any meaning in life at all, then there must be something beyond this life; and if there is, then all question of despair is eliminated. If there is not, if one were inclined to think that life after all might be a bad joke or a stupid blunder, then one is faced with the difficulty of accounting for the fields, the honeysuckle and the blossom, the sunset and the dawn and the night, the Parthenon, Shakespeare, St. Francis, Beethoven, Velasquez, Shelley, the very existence of such radiant beings as Julian and Billy. They must have been the expression and part of something, and that something cannot have been impish or wicked or mistaken. To make up the harmony of the world, to make an inheritance glorious and worth having, the youthful death of the very bright and the very brave is I have always felt not only a necessary but a precious element. Glorious sorrow is as necessary, is as priceless, as the nightingale, or the Evening Star. On that account it does not stab less keenly, but if it did not stab keenly it would not be sorrow, and it would not be glorious. There is such a beautiful prayer in the Mass, 'Be mindful, O Lord, of Thy servants who are gone before us with the sign of faith, and sleep in the sleep of peace. To these, O Lord, and to all

that die in Christ, grant, we beseech Thee, a place of refreshment, light, and rest.'

That is what I am convinced that Julian and Billy have reached, or are reaching.

FROM LORD CURZON.

1 Carlton House Terrace : August 3rd, 1915.

Now you have to put another flawless statue into that niche of which we were speaking. This War seems to demand that the sacrifice required should be not only of the best but of *all*, and that the cup of suffering is to be drained to the very lees. Maybe all the while you were training up those two brave young spirits for no other end than that they should be a perpetual type of glory; so that all men and women should look upon you and count you blessed. Some such object there must be. It cannot be merely the blind bludgeoning of chance. I shall always remember Billy with elation and pride, his joyous spirit and high-strung purpose.

You and dear Willie are going through the deep waters of affliction; let them not drown you. As I left your room before this fatal news came, I said to you 'Sursum corda,' Lift up your heart. I say it again in this hour of woe, and may God bless you both.

FROM MR. LUXMOORE.

Clovelly Court : August 5th, 1915.

I will not say a word of all that brilliant career and splendid promise, nor of all that you were to Billy in companionship and study and moulding of character; of all of which I have had glimpses from time to time. Only so short a time ago you were reading to me those gay and clever letters of his from Flanders, in his bereaved home; and only this morning a letter comes here from himself. It is all past words. I can only offer the sympathy and admiration of Eton for what he did, the pride of his old school in this glorious sacrifice of such a life, this fine crowning of such a career.

FROM LADY FRANCES BALFOUR.

Whittinghame: Sept. 5th, 1915.

I was talking on my way here yesterday to a Minister, a fine writer and preacher. He had written an article for the 'Scotsman,' in which he referred to that saying of young Francis Grenfell's, 'I loved my Regiment.' I, not specially thinking, repeated to him something that Betty had written to me, about Julian saying, after Billy had passed through Boulogne to the Front while he lay there mortally wounded, 'I am glad that there is no gap.' My Celtic Minister sprang up, 'Say that again—that is good cheer. May I use it?' I, remembering how our echoes roll from soul to soul and grow forever and forever, said 'Yes.' I know you would like this.

It is, with all its agony, a great Day in which to live and move. God be with you always.

FROM MARGOT ASQUITH.

February 6th, 1916.

These beautiful lines from Macbeth (Act V. Scene VIII.) bring your boys back to me, though they are never far away:—

'He only lived but till he was a man;
The which no sooner had his prowess confirmed
In the unshrinking station where he fought,
But like a man he died.
Had he his hurts before?
Ay, on the front.
Why then, God's soldier be he!
Had I as many sons as I have hairs,
I would not wish them to a fairer death.'

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